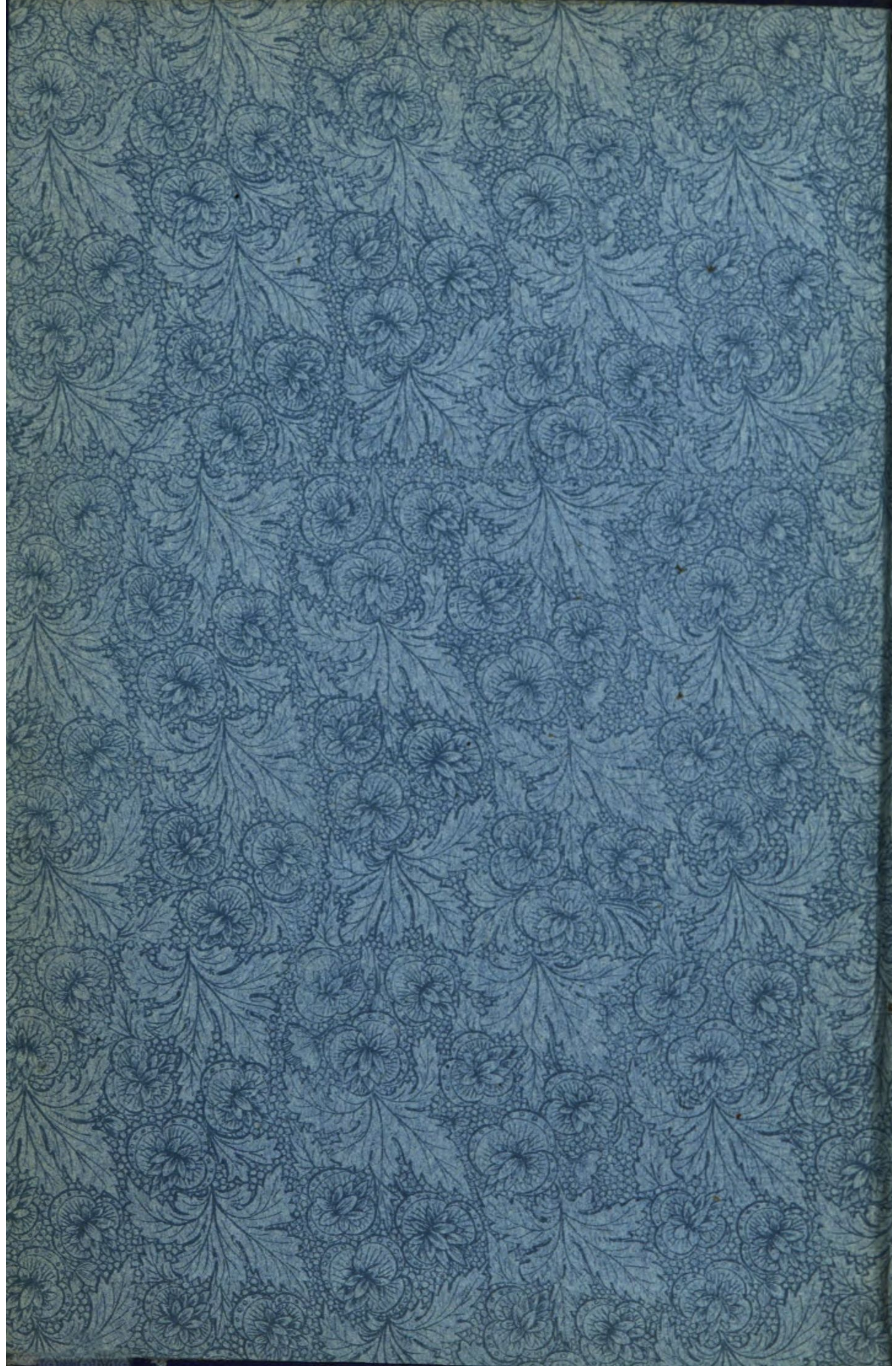
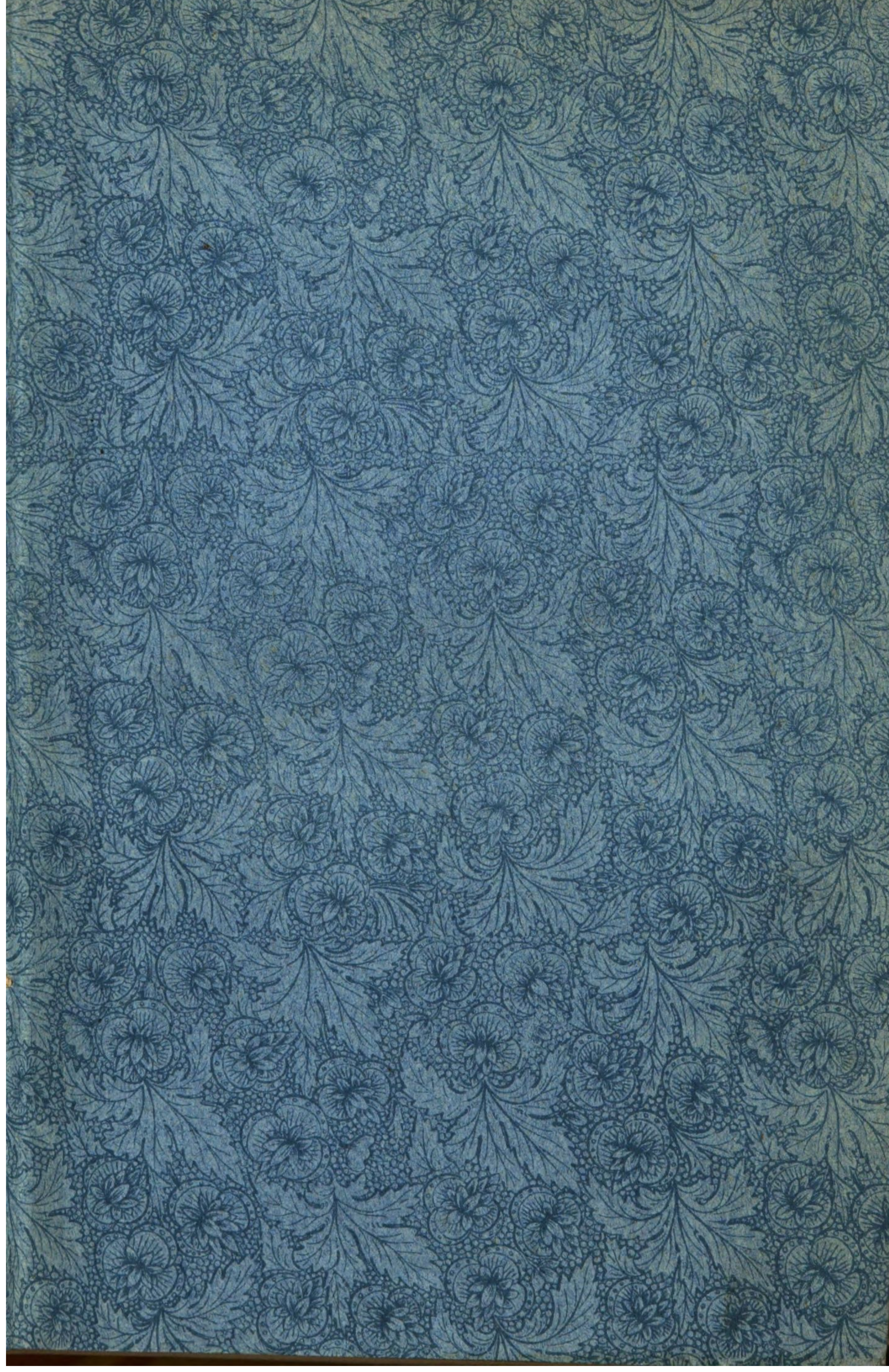








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MOORE'S
UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS





Thomas Moore

PROSE AND VERSE

HUMOROUS, SATIRICAL, AND SENTIMENTAL

BY

THOMAS MOORE

*WITH SUPPRESSED PASSAGES FROM THE
MEMOIRS OF LORD BYRON*

CHIEFLY FROM THE LONDON MANUSCRIPTS
AND ALL HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED

With Notes and Introduction

BY

RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1878



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LONDON : PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

INTRODUCTION.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of the volume here presented to the public is derived from manuscript sources. The Note-Books and Commonplace-Books of THOMAS MOORE, together with a large mass of Correspondence, and the original drafts and manuscripts of his principal writings, have been for some time in the possession of the present publishers, and were found on examination to yield so much matter of permanent literary interest, that it was thought advisable to place it beyond the possibility of future loss before the dispersion of these Autographs into various hands and places.

The beautiful dedication of his Juvenile Poems to his mother, and the curious prose fragment of Romance entitled *The Lamp of St. Agatha*, are now first printed from an octavo manuscript volume in which Moore has transcribed a number of his early pieces. To these are added the five maiden efforts of his Muse, one of them addressed to his schoolmaster, Samuel Whyte, which were printed in a brief-lived Dublin magazine, the *Anthologia Hibernica*, in the years 1793 and 1794. These constituted Moore's first appearance in print, and

already won for him a considerable amount of local celebrity.

In the second section of the volume we have disinterred a number of Squibs and Political Satires, equal in pungency and piquancy to any of those already collected, and dropped by the author at the time not on the score of inferior merit, but for reasons of the hour which have long ceased to exist. These are derived from a small quarto scrap-book of newspaper cuttings, carefully kept by Moore himself. All the pieces here given are marked by him as his own, and have numerous manuscript corrections in his hand in the margin, which have of course been uniformly adopted and followed.

Of the wonderful versatility of Moore's genius the third section of the volume, consisting of his contributions to the *Edinburgh Review*, never before collected, and ranging over a period of twenty years and over a curious variety of subjects, affords a striking proof. His early quarrel with Jeffrey led soon afterwards to a close intimacy and friendship between them. It was at Jeffrey's urgent request and reiterated solicitation that Moore was induced to send him an occasional article; and though he always remained rather averse to this kind of work, the little he performed of it showed him to be not unworthy of an honourable place in the brilliant constellation of contributors which the *Review* numbered during those years—Sydney Smith, Brougham, Hallam, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Jeffrey himself. It was with difficulty that the late Dean Milman could be brought to believe Murray's assurance, even when ratified by Moore himself, that the latter was the writer of

the article on *German Rationalism*. 'No, no,' he exclaimed, 'I know Moore to be very multifarious, but I don't think he has yet got to German theology.'

Nevertheless it was so, and it seemed as if there were no subject too abstruse or too recondite for Moore to illuminate it with the play of his wit and fancy.

Another proof of Moore's versatility is the very amusing Comic Opera produced by him in 1811, entitled *M. P., or The Blue-Stocking*. With the exception of a few of the songs he never reprinted it, however; and as the piece is now among the *rarissima* of collectors, we decided to include it in the present volume.

The unfinished prose story entitled *The Chapter of the Blanket* now appears in print for the first time. Its sunny brilliancy and gay play of humour, and the luxuriance of imagination displayed in it, make us regret its abrupt termination. The minute character of the calligraphy and the complicated interlineations and corrections in the two manuscript books containing the rough draft and second copy of this tale have made it extremely difficult to decipher; but we have succeeded in mastering these difficulties, and have now the pleasure to present this delightful fragment to the reader in a legible shape.

Not the least interesting section of the volume will be the final one—containing a selection from Moore's original notes for his *Life of Byron*—deciphered, also, with some difficulty from a rough manuscript book partly in pencil and partly in ink. The destruction of Byron's own memoirs, and the fact that much in these rough notes was eliminated, suppressed, or toned

down in the published Life, gives a peculiar value and importance to the paragraphs we have culled from a mass of memoranda, extracts from books, &c., in which they are embedded. They will, it is believed, aid in throwing some new light on the character and career of the singular and gifted being about whom there still lingers a nameless and mysterious interest unparalleled, perhaps, in literary history.

R. H. S.

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JUVENILE PIECES.

[From a Manuscript Book, containing other pieces already published in Moore's Collected Works, written out for and dedicated to his mother, and from a scarce Dublin monthly magazine, the *Anthologia Hibernica*, 1793-4, in which Moore's earliest effusions were printed.]

FOR her who was the critic of my first infant productions I have transcribed the few little essays that follow. The smile of *her* approbation and the *tear* of *her* affection were the earliest rewards of my lisping numbers; and, however the efforts of my maturer powers may aspire to the applause of a less partial judge, still will the praises which she bestows, be dearer, far dearer to my mind than any!

The Critic praises from the head; the Mother praises from the heart!—with *one* it is a tribute of the judgment; with the *other* it is a gift from the soul!

THOMAS MOORE.

TO ZELIA.

ON HER CHARGING THE AUTHOR WITH WRITING TOO MUCH
ON LOVE.

[The following lines were the first poetic effusion of Thomas Moore which ever appeared in a printed form. They were written at his father's residence in Aungier Street, Dublin, in 1793, and published in the *Anthologia Hibernica*,¹ in October of that year. They not only possess considerable beauty, but are singularly prophetic of the chord which he struck with such delightful effect in after years.]

'Tis true my Muse to love inclines,
And wreaths of Cypria's myrtle twines;
Quits all aspiring lofty views
And chaunts what Nature's gifts infuse,
Timid to try the mountain's height,
Beneath she strays, retired from sight;
Careless, culling amorous flowers,
Or quaffing mirth in Bacchus' bowers.
When first she raised her simplest lays
In Cupid's never ceasing praise,
The god a faithful promise gave—
That never should she feel love's stings,
Never to burning passion be a slave,
But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings.

¹ *Anthologia Hibernica; or, Monthly Collections of Science, Belles Lettres, and History*, 4 vols. 8vo, January 1793 to December 1794. Dublin: printed for Richard Edward Mercier and Company, 31, Anglesea Street.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.¹

Ан, Celia! when wilt thou be kind?
When pity my tears and complaint?
To mercy, my fair! be inclined,
For mercy belongs to the saint.

Oh! dart not disdain from thine eye!
Propitiously smile on my love!
No more let me heave the sad sigh,
But all cares from my bosom remove!

My gardens are crowded with flowers,
My vines are all loaded with grapes;
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
And assumes her most beautiful shapes.

The shepherds admire my lays
When I pipe they all flock to the song;
They deck me with laurels and bays,
And list to me all the day long.

But their laurels and praises are vain,
They've no joy or delight for me now;
For Celia despises the strain,
And that withers the wreath on my brow.

Then adieu, ye gay shepherds and maids!
I'll hie to the woods and the groves;
There complain in the thicket's dark shades,
And chaunt the sad tale of my loves!

¹ *Anthologia Hibernica*, October 1793, vol. ii. p. 299.

A PARAPHRASE OF ANACREON'S FIFTH ODE.¹

LET's, with the gaily-clustering vine,
 The rose, Love's blushing flower, entwine!
 Fancy's hand our chaplets wreathing,
 Vernal sweets around us breathing,
 We'll madly drink, full goblets quaffing,
 At frightened Care securely laughing.
 Rose! thou balmy-scented flower!
 Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power;
 Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,
 To gods themselves can give delight.
 Cypria's child, with roses crown'd,
 Trips with each Grace the mazy round.
 My temples bind; I'll tune the lyre;
 Love my rapturous notes shall fire;
 Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,
 While roses fresh my brows entwine,
 Led by the winged train of pleasures,
 I'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures.

TO SAMUEL WHYTE.²

HAIL! heaven-taught votary of the laurell'd Nine!
 That in the groves of science strike their lyres:
 Thy strains, which breathe an harmony divine,
 Sage Reason guides, and wild-eyed Fancy fires.

If e'er from Genius' torch one little spark
 Glow'd in my soul, thy breath increased the flame;
 Thy smiles beam'd sunshine on my wandering bark,
 That dared to try Castalia's dangerous stream.

¹ *Anthologia Hibernica*, February 1794, vol. iii. p. 137.

² *Ibid.* March 1794, vol. iii. p. 223.

Oh, then ! for thee, may many a joy-wing'd year,
 With not a stain, but still new charms appear ;
 Till, when at length thy mortal course is run,
 Thou sett'st, in cloudless glory, like a sinking sun !

January 1, 1794.

[Reprinted in the third edition of Samuel Whyte's *Poems on Various Subjects* : Dublin, 1795, p. 272.]

TO THE MEMORY OF FRANCIS PERRY.¹

LIFE'S fading spark now gleams the last dim ray—
 'Tis out—th' unfetter'd spirit wings its flight
 In happier climes to drink eternal day
 And mix with kindred souls in realms of light !

Farewell, blest shade ! (if bliss the virtuous find)
 While, loosed from earth, thou seek'st a heavenly
 sphere,
 And 'gainst a wreath by seraph hands entwined,
 Why yet, for thee, thus flows the sorrowing tear ?

Alas ! while memory can thy worth recall
 (For in thy mind each virtue claim'd a part),
 The dewy streams of grief, sincere, must fall ;
 The sigh must heave, untutor'd from the heart.

THE LAMP OF ST. AGATHA.

A FRAGMENT OF ROMANCE.²

'TILL the lamp in the cell of St. Agatha is extinguished,
 never shall the house of Malvezzi be in peace.' Such, says

¹ *Anthologia Hibernica*, June 1794, vol. iii. p. 461.

² From the MS. Book, containing a collection of his early pieces in verse, and the preceding Dedication to his mother.

the guide, were the prophetic words which the hermit of the mountain uttered before he died. He was a man of strange and mysterious habits, and many were the miracles which he performed in his cave; so that the villagers (as we learn from the legendary tradition of those times), agreed that he was either the devil or a saint. When he lay upon his bed of rushes expiring, just before the last gleam of life was out, his eyes seemed to glow with more than mortal animation, and he pronounced these words with a voice not of this world: 'Till the lamp in the cell of St. Agatha is extinguished, never shall the house of Malvezzi be in peace.' 'Here,' says the guide, pointing to a heap of stones which rudely peeped forth from amidst a wilderness of weeds, 'here are the ruins of the abbey, which adjoined the castle of Malvezzi, and here was the cell of St. Agatha, where the fatal lamp lay burning.

'Near a century had elapsed from this prediction of the hermit of the mountain, and still the house of Malvezzi was convulsed by the most bloody dissensions. Father against son, and brother against brother, conflicted with unrelenting ferocity, and murder was almost sated with its victims.'

'But did they not remember the prophecy of the hermit?' said the youthful stranger, who appeared most interested in the tale, and to whom the guide particularly addressed himself.

'They did,' answered the guide, 'and still the lamp was unextinguished; in vain was it exposed to the winds and the rain; it would hiss in the shower, and quiver to the blast, but it would not go out! No—it burned brighter than ever! Ill-fated family! when were your sorrows to have an end?

'It was on the last evening of the year 1450, which completed a century from the period of the hermit's

death. Vespers were just concluded, and the abbey was still lighted up. The unfortunate young Malvezzi and his followers had been offering their thanks to the Deity, for he had suffered that day to pass over them without blood! The Marquis lingered last in the abbey, and was pacing pensively towards the gate, when a female figure rushed precipitately by him, and, gliding along the abbey, disappeared through the subterraneous wicket. He followed the phantom, and she entered the cell of St. Agatha. "How interestingly beautiful!" said Malvezzi to himself, scarce repressing his astonishment, while he stole a glance at this unknown over a fragment of the wall of the cell. She stood over the lamp and raised her eyes to heaven; they had a mingled expression of pity and exultation; and while they softened with regret for the past, they seemed to brighten with a [cheerful] hope for the future! Malvezzi gazed with breathless astonishment, when suddenly a peal of music floated [solemnly] along the aisles, as if the organ of the abbey *was* [had been] touched by some visionary hand, and it seemed the sweet language of heaven breathing peace to the wounded spirit of the unfortunate!

'The female extinguished the lamp and vanished.'
 ['But how?' asked the young marquis. 'She'
 said the reverend guide.]

¹ That Moore attached some value to this clever youthful *jeu d'esprit*—a very felicitous parody of the absurd Radcliffe romances of the period—is evident from the fact that, while the body of the fragment is in the same juvenile hand as the poems, the corrections and additions here printed in brackets are in the mature hand of his manhood. That he should have thought it worth while to retouch this boyish trifle ever so slightly, must give it a certain value it would not otherwise possess; and, indeed, the final added touch, the naïve question of the stranger, and the guide's suppressed reply, which we may presume to have been, 'She *blew it out*!' has a perfectly alchemic effect upon the whole.—ED.

SATIRICAL AND HUMOROUS
POEMS.

[Most of the following pieces are derived from a Scrap-book formerly in Moore's possession, containing newspaper cuttings of his political squibs, with his own manuscript corrections, as prepared for the collected edition of his Poetical Works, from which edition they appear to have been omitted, either by accident or for some temporary reasons which no longer exist.]

ODE TO SAINT PATRICK.

(Written while half-tipsy over a solitary dinner, on the 17th
of March, 1813.)

THOUGH *solus* here I pick my bone,
And drown my shamrock all alone,
Yet ne'er the worse for that
I'll fill and drink (to make amends)
Both *to* and *for* all absent friends
To honour thee, Saint Pat !

And, faith, to thee I'd rather quaff
Than any saint on Heaven's staff
That ever Pope gazetted ;
Because to thee we Irish sinners,
Who love to sprinkle well our dinners,
Are very deep indebted.

There's good St. Swithin—had he given
(Instead of water) wine from heaven,
For forty days together,
Then truly, for a moist *set-in*,
Six weeks of *wet* would not have been
Uncomfortable weather.

But oh ! the liquor, gemm'd with beads,
That in my glass this moment reads
The Riot Act, so frisky !—

Sweet Pat, if e'er, in humorous vein,
 Thou takest it in thy head to rain,
 For Heaven's sake rain whiskey!

I wonder what in censure's way
 The devil's lawyer¹ had to say
 Against thee, Pat—*what* had he?
 The worst that Eldon's self could prose,
 (The devil's lawyer, he, God knows!)
 Would be to call thee 'Paddy.'

But, let them call thee what they will,
 Through life I'll love thy worship still,
 And when my race is over,
 Let shamrocks crown my bed of sleep,
 Let whiskey-dew the shamrocks steep,
 And friends say round me, while they weep,
 'Here lies a Pat, in clover!'²

THE TWO VETERANS.

'Hectora quem laudas, pro te pugnare jubeto,
 Militia est operis altera digna tuis.'—OVID.

OH! wine is the thing to make veterans tell
 Of their deeds and their triumphs—and punch does as
 well --
 As the Regent and Blücher, that sober old pair,
 Fully proved t' other night, when they supp'd—you
 know where,

¹ A person called the devil's advocate, employed at the canonization of saints to blacken the characters of those chosen for that honour.

² The shamrock is a species of clover.

And good-humouredly bragg'd of the feats they'd been doing

O'er exquisite punch of my Yarmouth's own brewing.
This difference there was in the modes of their strife,
One had fought with the *French*—t' other fought with his wife!

'How I dress'd them!' said Blücher, and fill'd up, sublime—

'I, too,' says the Prince, 'have dress'd men in my time.'

Bl. One morning at dawn—

Reg. Zounds, how early you fight!
I could never be ready (*hiccups*); *my* things are so tight!

Bl. I sent forward a few pioneers over night—

Reg. Ugly animals these are, in general, I hear (*hiccups*)—

The Queen, you must know, is *my* chief pioneer.

Bl. The foe came to meet us—

Reg. There I manage better,
The foe would meet *me*, but I'm d——d if I'll let her.

Bl. Pell-mell was the word—dash thro' thick and thro' thin—

Reg. Carlton House to a tittle!—how well we chime in!

Bl. For the fate of all Europe, the fate of men's rights,
We battled—

Reg. And I for the grand *fête* at White's!

Bl. Though the ways, deep and dirty, delay'd our design—

Reg. Never talk of the dirt of *your* ways—think of *mine*!

Bl. And the balls hissing round—

Reg. Oh! those balls be *my* lot
Where a good supper *is*, and the Princess is *not*.
And for *hissing*—why, 'faith! I've so much every day
That my name, I expect, in the true Royal way,
Will descend to posterity, 'GEORGE LE SIFFLÉ!' ¹

Bl. But we conquer'd, we conquer'd—blest hour of
my life!

Reg. And blest moment of mine, when I've con-
quer'd my wife!

Here the dialogue falter'd; he still strove to speak;
But strong was the punch, and the Regent's head
weak;
And the Marshal cried 'Charge!' and the bumpers
went round,
Till the fat toilet-veteran sunk on the ground;
And old Blücher triumphantly crow'd from his seat
To see one worthy potentate more at his feet.

THE BISHOP AND MIGUEL.

A RECENT CORRESPONDENCE.

Who, false alike in war and peace,
Hath nothing done but cheat and fleece,
His brother bilk, and rob his niece?

My Miguel.

Who, on his way to all this evil,
In London look'd so sweet and civil,
In Lisbon pitch'd us to the devil?

My Miguel.

¹ Like *Louis le bien-aimé, Louis le désiré, &c.*

Whose tyrant deeds e'en roused the spleen
Of tyrant-loving Aberdeen
To call thee names he didn't mean,
My Miguel?

Who rules his realm with guns and drums,
And sends poor devils to martyrdoms,
With 'little angels'¹ round their thumbs?
My Miguel.

Yet, ah! atrocious as thou art,
So well thou play'st the monarch's part,
Thou'rt dear unto a bishop's heart,
My Miguel.

For thine the sceptre and the purse,
And wert thou even ten times worse,
To us 'twould matter not a curse,
My Miguel.

THE ANSWER.

As welcome as a richer see
Would prove to Exeter, or thee,
Thy kindly greeting comes to me,
My bishop.

'Tis sweet to think, whoever draws
His sword against the people's cause,
Is sure, at least, of thy applause,
My bishop.

And whether 'tis old Nick or Nero,
With morals, like my own, at zero,
Thou'lt hail him as the Church's hero,
My bishop.

¹ Thumb-screws, so called. See Lord Morpeth's speech.

The world may hold thy 'Nolo' light,
 But where men come to ask their right,
 Thy 'Nolo' may be trusted quite,
My bishop.

Love to the bench—should you and they
 Chance to be ousted, some fine day,
 Pop over here to Lisbon, pray,
My bishop.

For though 'twill doubtless dull appear
 Without your thousands five per year,
 You'll meet some kindred spirits here,
My bishop.

IRELAND AND LORD GREY.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

Written July 1834.

ALAS! fated country, of friends and of foes
 Alike doom'd the bane and the victim to be;
 Even GREY's long illustrious life, at its close,
 Is cross'd by the shadow thy destiny throws,
 For his last act was binding a fetter on thee.

Oh mournful result of long ages of wrong,
 That he, even he, ever glorious before,
 Should be turn'd from his bright course, thy breakers
 among,
 Forget the true star he had steer'd by so long,
 And leave thus a wreck of high fame on thy shore!

Yet no, mighty spirit, though deep the heart mourns
 At this one passing shade o'er a life full of light,

Even this fades forgotten, when memory turns
 To the long track of patriot glory which burns
 Half a century through, marking grandly his flight.

Nor shall Europe when starting, with England for guide,
 In that march of Reform he hath foremost led on,
 E'er forget, when a *new* race shall rise, in its pride,
 On the ruins of wrong, that her thrall was untied
 By the noblest and best of the race who are gone;—

By one who will stand, in posterity's sight,
 When the mists of the moment have fled as a dream,
 Like some castle of chivalry, throned on a height,
 Where the day, going off, leaves the last of its light,
 Where the morn, coming on, brings its earliest beam.

THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

A TALE OF THE SANDWICH ISLES.

I'LL tell you a tale of the southern seas,
 You may laugh or cry at it—just as you please.

Scant was the growth of the bread-fruit tree
 On the beautiful Isle of Owhyhee,
 While, gift of heaven! it richly grew
 O'er the sunny fields of Woahoo;
 And it seem'd as Nature had placed these isles
 In the reach of each other's verdant smiles,
 That whate'er was wanting on either shore
 From the other might swift be wafted o'er;
 The Woahooan nymphs array'd
 In trinkets by Owhyheans made;
 While Owhyhee well fed would be
 By Woahoo's sweet bread-fruit tree.

But, alas! even happy isles like these
 Have a people upon them call'd Grandees,
 And where there are lords, I need not say
 Things *will* go on in a lordly way.

.

Heard you that cry, whose withering sound
 Saddens the sunny prospect round?
 From a million of voices it rings on high,
 'We starve, we starve!' their fearful cry.
 Know you what, 'midst such fertile scenes,
 That awful voice of famine means?
 Oh, list to me—in Owhyhee
 Were lords and squires of high degree,
 Who in bread-fruit held large property,
 And, of all afflictions, ills, and vices,
 Thought none so dreadful as low prices.
 Wherefore they held it just and meet
 That the world should not too cheaply eat;
 Nay, deem'd it radical insolence
 To wish to dine at a small expense,
 And swore, for sake of themselves and heirs,
 That, happen what might with *other* wares,
 No *bread* should be less dear than theirs.

In vain the Owhyheean said,
 'My Lords, we much respect your bread,
 But, with all due reverence for your Graces,
 Would rather have cheaper from other places.'
 In vain from the Woahooan shore,
 Barks, fill'd with bread-fruit, wing'd them o'er;—
 'Twas vulgarly cheap, and tax'd *must* be
 Before 'twas fit for good company;
 Nor must the poor devils swallow a bit,
 Unless they swallow a tax *with* it.

And what said the lords of Owhyhee,
 And the Owhyheean Squirearchy,
 In defence of their joint gentility?
 Why, they said that they and their sires before 'em
 Had shone in the senate, camp, and quorum,—
 Had all been rich—had managed to get,
 As became their station, deep in debt;
 And thought it hard that men of reading,
 Who had cost, themselves, so much in breeding,
 Should now fall victims to cheap feeding—
 Shorn of their beams of wealth and state
 To help low fellows to masticate!
 'How little,' said they, 'the thoughtless poor
 Can know what the suffering rich endure,
 In bringing up dozens of small Grandees—
 In paying off horrible mortgagees—
 To say nothing of assignees, lessees,
 And an endless quantity more of these
Uneasy things that end in *ees*.
 And, though (as honest Figaro says)
 If a gentleman owes, and never pays,¹
 'Tis just the same, be it great or small,
 As if he, in fact, owed nothing at all,—
 Yet, somehow, unless one *sometimes* pays,
 Lenders are bashful, nowadays.'

In short, if the bread tax once was gone,
 These lords and gentlemen 'couldn't get on';
 And they even hinted, awfully,
 That if e'er, in the Isle of Owhyhee,
 Bread-pudding in price should humbled be,
 All was o'er with the aristocracy;

¹ 'Quand on doit, et qu'on ne paye pas, c'est comme si on ne devoit rien.'

*One penny saved by clods who dine,
Being sure to bring our nobles to nine!*¹

Meanwhile, that cry, that dreadful cry,
'We starve, we starve,' rose loud and high,
Till—what was the upshot all shall see
In the Second Canto of Owhyhee.

THE LOFTY LORDS.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

THERE'S an isle far off, under India's skies,
Where the mariner oft at eve descries,
When the heavens are calm and the winds asleep,
Dark ruins, beneath the shining deep,
Of towers up-built, as the tale is told,
By lords of that isle, in days of old,
Who, aping the Babel builder's skill,
Heap'd stone on stone, aspiring still
Till, lodged aloft, on their piles of pride,
Earth, sea, and heaven these lords defied.

But little they knew, when towering so,
What a mighty power was at work below.
For, on land usurp'd from the giant sea,
They had built their halls of dignity;
Nor dreamt, while high in air they slept,
Of the world of waters that round them swept,
And the working waves that, day by day,
Were mining their massive mounds away.

In vain did the wise, whose prescient ear
The coming crash in the breeze could hear,
Forewarn these lords of the lofty towers

¹ According to the old arithmetical process of 'bringing nobles to ninepence.'

How vast were the deep's encroaching powers,
 How mighty the waves of that angry sea,
 Coming like crested chivalry.
 'Twas all in vain—unmoved they stood,
 Each, like Canute, to the swelling flood,
 Saying, 'Thou comest not to this spot ;'
 But the swelling waters heard them not.
 In the light of heaven one instant shone
 Both lords and towers, and, the next, were gone !
 Dark over them swept the mighty main,
 And the giant sea *had his own* again.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. II.¹

' I HAVE found out a cure for Dissent ;²
 I have found, when all other means fail,
 To soothe a Non-Con.'s discontent,
 The best way's to—put him in jail.'

Even so the Welsh parson³ averr'd,
 When John James into prison he flung ;
 And I loved the Church more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from his tongue.⁴

By the foes of the Church 'tis asserted
 She'll ne'er of her ground give an inch up ;
 Why 'twas but last month she converted
 A rectory into a gin-shop.

¹ Moore reprinted No. 1 only in his Collected Poetical Works.
 —ED.

² ' I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found,' &c. &c.—*Shenstone*.

³ The parish clergyman of Llanelly, who lately caused a dissenter to be imprisoned for non-attendance at church.

⁴ ' And I loved her the more, when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.'

Just call at All-Hallows, some day,
 And you'll find, to her very great merit,
 Though given to the *flesh*, as some say,
 She now and then deals in the spirit.¹

Talk of martyrs—if ridicule flay men,
 And saints be not deucedly tough,
 We've among us both churchmen and laymen,
 Who've, God knows, been martyr'd enough.

There's O'Sullivan, Marsyas of mummers,
 There's Poynder, who'd die, branch and root,
 For the rights of the Protestant drummers
 Of the eighth Native Regiment of Foot!²

But I care not what antics men play;
 Ev'n Dissenters their course might pursue,
 If it weren't that, when souls go astray,
 Fees and perquisites go astray too.

And a bargain I'd willingly strike,
 Which seems likely *both* parties to please,
 Let *them* hold what *doctrines* they like,
 If they'll only let *us* hold the *fees*.

They had best, too, look sharp—as, perhaps,
 If they vapour much more in this strain,
 We shall force them to put on square caps,³
 And read 'Bel and the Dragon'⁴ again!

¹ The glebe or rectory-house of All-Hallows, lately licensed to sell gin and other spirituous liquors 'to be drunk on the premises.'

² See a late letter of Mr. Poynder's, pleading in favour of liberty of conscience for certain Christian drummers of the 8th (or 19th) native regiment in India.

³ One of the great objects of *dissent* soon after the Reformation. When Beza was asked 'why he would not wear a square cap,' he answered, 'Because his head was not square.'

⁴ The Convocation in 1661 prescribed the reading of 'Bel and the Dragon,' much to the horror of the ministers.

ON THE LATE LORD —.

THIS lord, when young, had some pretence
 To honour, public worth, and sense ;
 But, just at forty—trying age,
 When, howsoever pure or sage,
 Both male and female, flesh and blood,
 Grow rather tired of being good—
 A riband which hung out, as prize
 For the first turn-coat, caught his eyes ;
 And—though as neat he, for a shilling or
 Two, might have of any milliner—
 He took it, and aloft was swung,
 One of those malefactors, hung
 In ribands, scarlet, green, or blue,
 For certain awkward things they do,—
 Leaving the world in scorn to laugh at a
 Man who damn'd his fame for ' taffeta.'

THE REFORM BILL.

OF all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
 By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,
 The saddest and worst is the schism which, alas,
 It has caused between Wetherall's waistcoat and
 breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity
 Had oft broken out in that quarter before ;
 But the breach, since the Bill, has attain'd such immen-
 sity,
 Daniel himself could have scarce wish'd it more.

Oh haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,
 Ye Atwoods and Wynns, ere the moment is past ;
 Who can doubt that we tread upon anarchy's border,
 When the ties that should hold men are loosening so
 fast ?

Make Wetherall yield to 'some sort of Reform,'
 (As we all must, God help us, with very wry faces),
 And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
 About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear braces.

Or, if those he has now have been long in possession,
 And, like his own borough, the worse for the wear,
 Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession
 To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,
 With a look something midway 'twixt *Filch's* and
Lockit's,
 While still, to inspire him, his deeply-thrust hands,
 Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets ;

Who that ever has listen'd, through groan and through
 cough,
 To the speeches inspired by this music of pence,
 But must grieve that there's anything like *falling off*,
 In that great nether source of his wit and his sense ?

Who that knows how he look'd when, with grace
 debonair,
 He began first to court,—rather late in the season,—
 Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair
 Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of Reason ;¹

¹ It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself boasted, in the House of Commons, of having sat in the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted
 All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love ;
 Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,
 As Wetherall's rants, ever since, go to prove ;¹—

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces
 Should go on rejecting, unwarn'd by the past,
 The moderate Reform of a pair of new braces,
 Till, some day, he'll all fall to pieces, at last ?

INVITATION TO THE TORIES.

BY THE REV. E. IRVING.

HITHER turn you, hapless Tories,
 Now's your time as Saints to shine
 Since you've lost all earthly glories,
 Now's your time to share in mine.

Though you've set your worldly trap ill
 Though disgrace is all you've caught ;
 Come, and in St. Irving's Chapel
 Be St. Stephen's all forgot.

I've, like you, been put to rout,
 Laugh'd at much by men of sin ;
Me they've from my place shut out,
You, alas, they won't let in.

¹ Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the sitter, shows that the symptoms are, at least, very similar :—

Spumea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora
 Effluit
 tunc moestus vastis ululatus in antris.

Arm we, then, in joint defence,
 Bring your *fœtus* Cabinet,—
I'll find lungs and impudence,
 So we *both* may prosper yet.

Hard as 'tis for pride to gulp it,
 Placing rivals by our sides,—
 R—d—n shall have half my pulpit,
 And at Cant work double tides.

Though my *primo* Tongue¹ hath flown,
 Lark'd to Yorkshire on a journey,
 Wetherall, at Tongues Unknown,
 Out and out, will beat th' Attorney ;—

Linsey-woolsey, hung with tassels,
 French, and Latin, and what not ;
 If we can't have Molly Cassils,²
 Wetherel shall be *Polyglot*.

Or, if Harrowby prefer
 Miracle more curious yet,
 We shall make some Waverer
 Sing the *Double-Tongue* duet.

And that all things, good and evil,
 May advance our work of grace,
 Whensoe'er we name the Devil,
 C——d shall show his face.

Oh, the blest Millennium we
 Then shall preach to Tory ears !
 Days, when all the world will be
 Mad in love with Kings and Peers ;

¹ One of the false brethren, a Yorkshire attorney, who betrayed the mystery of the Tongues.

² Miss Cassils, one of the chief Tongue-performers.

When, no more inclined to shrink
From our plunderers, as at present,
Loyal souls, we all shall think
Being robb'd extremely pleasant ;

And when, tame as Eldon wants,
Or as now the Duke would count them,
Nations shall, like elephants,
Kneel to let their drivers mount them.

Haste, then, hither, haste, ye Tories,
Bring, too, each his *Sposa* dear ;
Pleased they'll find we've Almack's glories
Acted, in a small way, here.

Once a week, th' *élèves* of Owen,
After his long opiate drams,
To the fiddle's sound set going,
Hop in parallelograms.¹

Though his audience be but middling,
Like my own, much given to snore,
Yet, 'twixt prosing, canting, fiddling,
What can Tory's wife wish more ?

'Tis, n short, the sole asylum
Where poor Ultras now can hope
To disgrace to reconcile 'em,
Without aid of knife or rope ;

Where Newcastle's weary head
Safe may rest from sense or riot,
And Bucky may be brought to bed
Of his little Mouse, in quiet.

¹ The evening lectures and dances of Mr. Owen are held under the same roof with the rev. gentleman's present conventicle.

POLICE REPORTS.

BREACH OF THE PEACE.

Two fierce-looking foreigners, charged with intending
 Some serious infraction of peace,—and of skull,—
 Which might take Law and Surgery some time in
 mending,
 Were had up to-day before old Justice Bull.

One gave his name ‘Jonathan,’ t’ other, ‘Mounseer,’
 Both, speakers and writers,—as who now is not?—
 Both, taught at the very same *Free-School*, we hear,
 Though Mounseer has, of late, all *his* learning
 forgot.

The dispute turn’d on moneys to Jonathan due,
 A demand which Mounseer thought it high-bred to
 quash ;
 And while *one* took to dunning, as tradesmen will do,
 T’ other talk’d of his ‘honour,’ but still kept the cash.

Things grew at length serious—Mounseer still de-
 murr’d,
 While Jonathan, angry, presumed ev’n to say
 That ‘Mister was squiggling,’ (his own very word)
 ‘And would slink from the debt, like an eel, slick
 away!’

This drew down from t’ other on Jonathan’s head
 A loud voluble volley of ‘*Sacré*,’ ‘*Morbleu*,’
 ‘*Peste*,’ ‘*Diable*,’ and other words *not* so well-bred,
 Mix’d with ‘honour’ and so forth—but still not a
sou.

In short, he seem'd readier to fight than to pay,
 Which 'Nathan observing said, 'Choose *which* you
 will;
 I guess I've a 'nation 'cute knack, *either* way,
 And can draw on you just *which* you like—sword or
 bill.'

As 'twas fear'd two such heroes might do something
 rash,
 Both were brought before Bull (of the *Fleet-street*
 Police),
 And Mounseer, who had counted on keeping the *cash*,
 Now found himself bound to keep only the *peace*.

As they parted, shrewd Jonathan spoke thus his mind,
 'As I calculate, Mister, your gumption's but dull,
 If you wish to know how I treat Nobs who're inclined
 To take liberties *with* me, or *from* me, ask Bull.'

SOME ACCOUNT OF A NEW GENUS OF CHURCH- MAN, CALLED THE PHILL-POT.

[*To the Editor of the MORNING CHRONICLE.*

Sir,—As I perceive that the late achievements of a certain
 bustling bishop have already been noticed as they deserve by some
 of your poetical correspondents, I should have hesitated in trou-
 bling you with the following trifle had I not recollected that, in
 the good task of exposing such priestly mountebankism, 'every
 little helps;' and that, as Luther truly says, 'Religio maximè peri-
 clitatur inter Reverendissimos.'—Yours, &c.]

As that old married pair, Mother Church and the State,
 Have giv'n birth to a new sort of offspring, of late,
 Called by *savans* the Phill-Pot—a race which unite
 All that's wrong in both parents with none of the right;

And as no one can doubt such a nicely mix'd breed
 Will be sure both with sinners and saints to succeed,
 We shall soon have the land, blackening over with
 swarms

Of newly-spawn'd Phill-Pots, in all sorts of forms ;—
 Not a spot of our isle but will soon be o'errun with 'em,
 'Lordships' and 'Graces' each black mother's-son of
 'em.

This being the case, and a breed now so curious
 Being likely, if multiplied thus, to grow spurious,
 Some test is much wanted—and that, too, no slight
 one—

To tell if a Phill-Pot's the wrong breed, or right one ;
 And, anxious from all such impostures to screen us,
 The present Right Reverend head of the *genus*
 Has drawn up some Questions, so framed as to show
 If one's Phill-Pot is really a Phill-Pot, or no ;
 Nor could Irving himself with his famed Polyglottism,
 Evade, it is thought, this strict Test of Phill-Pottism.

We subjoin, just to show how they baffle evasion,
 The Questions and Answers drawn up for th' occasion.

1. What's the Church ?

A large money-establishment, given
 To pamper up priests, for the honour of heaven ;
 And inspiring a zeal in each reverend man
 Just proportion'd to what he gets *by* it per ann.

2. Name the Orders.—

First, Curates, the lowest in larder ;
 Then Rectors improved much in fat and in ardour ;
 And so on through Bishops the fervour increases,
 Extending its glow ev'n to nephews and nieces ;

Till—waxing yet warmer, as upward its motion,—

In Primates it bursts with a blaze of devotion

Of which hungry curates have not the least notion!

3. Do you hold that all Christians who differ from you
Are idolaters, heathens, and so forth?—I do.

4. Are you ready, with St. Athanasius,¹ to damn
Every man, woman, child of the Greek Church?—I am.

5. Can you prove, if required, that the great Irish Dan
Is the ‘lion’s whelp’ mention’d Deut. 33? ²—I can.

6. Through the whole Book of Numbers I’ll thank you
to run,

And say *which* the parson loves best?—Number One.

So far we’ve the youth in *Theology* tried:—

We shall now see how well he’s with *Ethics* supplied.

1. What’s your pretext for now taking orders?—Devo-
tion.

2. And what’s your sole object henceforward?—Pro-
motion.

3. Do you think it much matters, when good things are
got,

By what *methods* we get them?—No, certainly not.

4. Have you any slight twinge of those scruples we call
‘Self-denial,’ ‘humility,’ ‘shame?’—Not at all.

That will do.—

Here th’ Examiner closes his task;

A more promising pupil no bishop need ask:

And the Church gladly welcomes to feed on her clover

A youth who has proved himself Phill-Pott all over.

¹ See a Defence of the Athanasian Creed in a letter addressed to Mr. Canning by the Rev. Henry Philpotts.

² ‘And of Dan he said, Dan is a lion’s whelp.’—Deut. xxxiii. 22.

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LORD THURLOW'S POEMS.¹

[SEPTEMBER 1814.]

OUR modern heroes, poetical as well as military, are endowed with a rapidity of motion and achievement which keeps gazettes and reviews continually on the alert. Indeed, so difficult do we critics find it to keep pace with the 'celeritas incredibilis' of some of our literary Cæsars, that we think it would not be amiss if each of these poetical chieftains had a Reviewer appointed expressly, *auprès de sa personne*, to give the earliest intelligence of his movements, and do justice to his multifarious enterprises.

The Poems of Lord Thurlow—whose prowess in this

¹ *Poems on Several Occasions.* By Edward, Lord Thurlow. Second Edition. 8vo. pp. 349. London, 1813.

Moonlight, a Poem, with several Copies of Verses. By Edward, Lord Thurlow. 4to. pp. 75. London, 1814.

The Doge's Daughter, a Poem; with several Translations from Anacreon and Horace. By Edward, Lord Thurlow. 8vo. pp. 66. London, 1814.

Ariadne: A Poem in Three Parts. By Edward, Lord Thurlow. 8vo. pp. 58. London, 1814.

[Jeffrey writes to Moore, 'Edinburgh, September 14, 1814:—Your castigation of Lord T. is admirable, though far more merciful than I had expected, as are also your *incartades* on a certain great personage. I suspect your heart is softer than you know of, and you look upon that as extreme severity which to harder-fibred men is mere tickling. However, nothing can be more entertaining, or more cleverly written; and, if your taste for reviewing keep any proportion to your genius for it, I shall have many such packets from you.' *Memoir, Journals, and Correspondence of Moore*, ii. 40.]

way is most alarmingly proved by the list prefixed to this article—come graced and recommended to notice by two or three very imposing considerations. In the first place, the rank of the writer is not without its prepossessing influence;—‘a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn:’—and we could name but one noble Bard, among either the living or the dead, whose laurels are sufficiently abundant to keep the coronet totally out of sight. Lord Thurlow himself seems fully aware of this advantage; and we are not quite sure that he did not mean a sly allusion to it, in the following motto from Shakespeare prefixed to one of these volumes—

And then *my state*
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate.

In the next place, his Lordship is evidently an enthusiast in his art, and loves the Muse with a warmth which makes us regret that the passion is not mutual. Indeed we doubt whether the shrine of Apollo ever boasted a more ardent worshipper; and if, unluckily, he but seldom feels the approaches of the god, it is not for want of invocations many and importunate. At times he even contrives, by the mere force of devotion, to work himself up into a sort of mock inspiration, like that of the young priestess Phemonoe in Lucan;¹—but, like her too, we fear he will fail in passing off his spurious ecstasies upon any one at all acquainted with the true symptoms of divine afflation.

Another peculiarity by which this noble author deceives us into a momentary feeling of interest about his writings, is that air of antiquity, which his study of

¹ ———Deum simulans, sub pectore ficta quieto
Verba refert, nullo confusæ murmure vocis
Instinctam sacro mentem testata furore.

Pharsal. v. 148.

our earlier writers enables him to throw not only over his verse but his prose. This charm, however, is of short duration. A mimicry of the diction of those mighty elders ;—a resemblance, which keeps carefully wide of their beauties, and is laboriously faithful to their defects alone ;—the mere mouldering form of their phraseology, without any of that life-blood of fancy which played through it—is an imposture that soon wearies, and, if his Lordship does not take especial care, will, at last, disgust. He must not be surprised, if some unlucky critic should fall into the tasteless error of Martinus Scriblerus's maid, and, in scouring off the rust from the pretended antique shield, discover but a very indifferent modern sconce underneath it.

The first poem, of any length, that occurs, and perhaps one of the best that Lord Thurlow has written, is 'Hermilda in Palestine.' We are assured, indeed, by no less an authority than Dr. Busby, that the Hermilda 'has given much pleasure to the lovers of fine poetry.'¹

It would be scarcely fair, however, to animadvert upon this poem in its present imperfect state. We have little more than the opening of it ; and the noble author has managed, in the course of a few hundred lines, to get half-a-dozen persons into scrapes and situations, from which twice as many thousand would not extricate them safely or creditably. At present, therefore, we shall refrain from touching this very tangled web. But should Lord Thurlow at any time complete his design ;—should he ever succeed in bringing back these stray heroes and heroines, and restoring them to their disconsolate friends and relations, we promise, in our critical capacity, to pay all due attention to his labours. At the same time, we submit, for his soberest consideration, whether a King of Ithaca, who thus traces his pedigree—

¹ Preface to his *Translation of Lucretius*.

Ye kings, and heroes, of whose race I am,
 Deducing from high Jove my sacred birth,
 And he indeed from ancient Saturn came,
 That was the first great ruler of the Earth.

Or a King of Pergamus addicted to the following
 pastimes :

For in his tender years he wont to wring
 The speckled serpents, and compel to die ;
 And after in the forests he would tear
 The bloody jaws of libbard and of bear.

Or finally a fair Amazon, who talks in this homespun
 style :—

This wretched man, I sleeping in the wood,
 Thought well to rob me, maugre all his fear ;
 But found at last, and to his bitter cost,
 He reckon'd up his bill without his host.

—We submit, we say, whether such personages as these
 deserve that either he or we should be doomed to take
 any further trouble about them.

We come next to ‘ Verses in all humility dedicated
 to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.’ These are
 excellent. The rising sun is, of course, the *stock* simile
 upon such occasions, and his lordship thus manages his
 two great luminaries.

As when the burning Majesty of day
 The golden-hoofed steeds doth speed away
 To reach the summit of the Eastern hill ;
 (And sweet expectance all the world doth fill) ;
 With all his gorgeous company of clouds
 (Wherein sometimes his awful face he shrouds)
 Of amber and of gold, he marcheth on,
 And the pure angels sing before his throne ;
 So you, great Sir, &c. &c.

Now, really, if Lord Thurlow were not one of the last persons to be suspected of any wilful deviation into wit and humour—if we did not know how he scorns to descend from upper air into the low region of those will-o'th'-wisp meteors, whose brilliancy is too often derived from the very grossness of that earth they illuminate—we should swear, that by all these tawdry similitudes, this 'amber' and 'gold,' and 'golden-hoofed steeds,' he meant something not over charitable to the illustrious person so typified. It requires, indeed, our utmost reliance upon the noble author's sublimity, not to suspect him of *some* little declension towards waggery in the line, 'With all his gorgeous company of clouds.' This, surely, is too happy and appropriate to be the mere casual windfall of sublimity. Aristophanes had already prepared us for the allusion by representing a 'company of Clouds' as the secret advisers of Socrates; and, in short, not to enter needlessly into particulars, we know nothing in descriptive poetry more strikingly graphical than this motley mixture of gorgeousness and opacity, in which the poet has enveloped his 'Majesty of day' and 'his company.' The following is the concluding stanza of these delectable verses.

The tears, which we have shed, no more shall flow;
Your beauteous rising in our hearts shall glow;
And hymns of praise, as we behold your light,
Shall warble from the bosom of the night!

Though we do not by any means agree with Lucretius, 'gigni posse ex non-sensibus sensus,' yet we think a little sense might be elicited out of this last couplet by the restitution of a single letter, which, we have no doubt, dropped out at the press: we would read, 'Shall warble from the bosom of the *Knight*,'

--meaning evidently Sir George Smart, who has the honour of presiding over the royal concerts.

The remainder of this volume, to the amount of near three hundred pages, consists of poems upon various subjects, under the general title 'Sylva.' There is 'The Induction to my poem, which I designed to write, entitled England Triumphant,' and 'The Legend of the Knight of Illyria,' another fragment of another great work, in which his lordship thus introduces the dam and sire of a certain horse called Eupheme—

Milk-white she was, as is a holy heifer,
And bore this son, as I have said, to Zephyr.

Indeed, from the frequency and fondness with which this noble animal, the horse, is mentioned, we suspect that, like the famous philologer Henry Stephen,¹ his lordship writes most of his poems on horseback; which makes it the more surprising that he should ever condescend to woo the 'Musa pedestris,' or dismounted Muse, in numbers so very near the ground as the following:

His warlike spear into his hand he took,
And paced forth into Eupheme's stall;
Then loosed him, whereas in little nook
That horse divine was tied to the wall.

Or these—

But pity of that lady's sad mishap
Did most torment him thro' the restless night;
He thinks the slave will in a dungeon clap
Her tender limbs; perhaps will kill outright;
Or, since he now hath got her in his trap,
Will quite despoil, to feed his appetite.

¹ 'Pleraque sua carmina equitans composuit,' says his biographer.

There is nothing more delightful than to be admitted, as it were, into the workshop of genius;—to see the many unhewn masses of thought which are destined to grow beneath the chisel into forms of grace and magnificence;—to observe, too, how much of this precious material has been wasted in wild experiments and forgotten fragments;—and then turn with delight to the contemplation of one divine work, which, after nights of thought and days of labour, has at length risen into bright consummate beauty, and waits but the last superficial polish to take its place in a niche of Immortality's temple. This is no common treat, and with something like this (*how* like we will not say) the sublime Lord Thurlow has good-naturedly gratified us. We have already seen how kindly he lays open his workshop to the curious—how many misshapen trunks, and pagod-looking things (some with hardly a foot to stand upon) he has generously submitted to the inspection of literary virtuosi. But, not content with this exhibition of all he *has* done, or attempted to do, his lordship, in some verses addressed 'to the very noble and accomplished Lord Holland,' gives the following clear account of all he hereafter *means* to do.

Perhaps, if time and grace be spared,
We may prepare a flight,
Wherein the heights of glory dared
And the o'er-fabled night,
From out those adamantine gates,
And plains of penal woe,
We may, returning to our mates,
In blameless triumph go.

I think, my lord, to build a verse,
Which, *if our language hold*,
Shall thro' the sides of darkness pierce.
And to all time unfold

In language of thrice golden praise
 And ever dear delight,
*What lives amid th' Olympic ways,
 And in the shoreless night.*

The public, we are convinced, will be all impatience to receive the very valuable information promised in this last couplet, and though his lordship seems to fear that our language may break down under him, we trust that no such accident will happen, but that he may perform his journey in safety to those 'adamantine gates' he talks of, and tell us all about 'th' Olympic ways' and 'the shoreless night' on his return.

In the Appendix, or continuation of the Sylva, there is a poem of no less than four hundred lines' length, in praise of Althea, who, we at first supposed, must be some allegorical personage; conceiving that nothing but a 'headstrong allegory from the banks of the Nile,' could run away with a man, through four hundred lines together, without suffering him to draw one breath of common sense by the way: but we believe, after all, this Althea is a downright mortal mistress, though, if she knows the meaning of his lordship's eulogy, she is much deeper in his secrets than we can ever expect to be. Menage was laughed at for writing to ladies in Greek; but we think Lord Thurlow's English has quite as little chance of being understood by them. We defy any Greek—even *Prize* Greek—to be much more puzzling than the following stanzas:

Then are we to this fatal passion sworn,
 As innocent as is the balmy air;
 Nay, often on the pinions of the morn,
 The angels to her golden rest repair.
 What promise I myself? this perfect praise
 Of spirits, and the large adoring world,
 That must upon her faultless beauty gaze,
 But shows the height from which I may be hurl'd.

What virtue is in me? the way unknown,
 With no diviner guide, like Hercules, &c. &c.

A fact, however, has transpired in these verses, which renders them important in a political point of view. It now turns out that neither Moscow, nor Spain, nor even the inspired fatuity of our own Government, in blundering on to success through more than twenty years of waste and failure, are to be assigned any longer as the causes (under Providence) of Napoleon's downfall and the deliverance of Europe;—for we now find, on the authority of these verses, it was Lord Thurlow's friend Althea that did it all:

Ah me! whatever is more soft and pure,
 Than all the world of womankind can show;
 Whatever can to blameless love allure,
 And make us with heroic passion glow,
 In her, as in its native seat is found,
 As light has still most splendour in the sun:
 The name of England is by her renown'd,
And by her charms Napoleon is undone.

We have heard indeed of *another* illustrious claimant to the sole and exclusive glory of these happy events; but it is not for us to undertake so delicate an arbitrament. Between that great person and Althea the matter rests at present.

We come now to the 'Moonlight' of the noble author, having already had a foretaste of his lunar inspirations in a sonnet ('Poems,' p. 196) beginning thus:

How oft, O Moon, in thy most tragic face,
 The travell'd map of mournful history,
 Some record of long-perish'd woe I trace,
 Fetch'd from old kings' moth-eaten memory.

'Moonlight' is dedicated to Lord Eldon. 'It is the labour,' the noble author says, 'of *two* days, and presented to Lord Eldon on *two* accounts.' We shall try the patience and ingenuity of our readers with but one enigmatical extract from this poem;—hoping, at the same time, that Lord Thurlow is less cruelly given than that ancient dealer in riddles, the Sphinx, who made a point of devouring all those that were unable to understand her conundrums.

No soul has flown unto the gate of woe,
Or to the blissful soil, or brush'd the shore
Of Limbo with its wings; or flown and lived:
But yet intelligence from these has come,
By angels, and pale ghosts, and vexed fools,
That, straying as they wont, were blown athwart
The nether world, from the oblivious pool
Scarce 'scaping, on our scornful marge to land;
Thence to be blown by every idle wind,
Their tale half told, with a new flight of fools,
Eclectic, to the planetary void.

On this extraordinary passage,—its blown-about ghosts and eclectic flight of fools—and on all such extraordinary passages in Lord Thurlow, we would willingly pass no severer sentence than that which a Mufti, whom Toderini mentions,¹ pronounced upon some verses of the Turkish poet Misri:—'Le sens de ces vers ne peut être connu et entendu de personne que de Dieu et de Misri.'—The noble author had evidently been reading Dante; and the same process appears to have taken place, which, from his Lordship's peculiar affinities, must always occur upon his immersion into any such writers,—he comes out encrusted with a rich deposit of their faults. Not all the authority of Dante² can reconcile us to hear-

¹ *De la Littérature des Turcs.*

² Quando ci scorse Cerbero il gran vermo—*Inferno*, canto 6. The

ing the dog Cerberus called 'a worm' with 'an iron throat.'

At length we arrive at a story, which the noble author has condescended to finish;—one of those chefs-d'œuvre from 'the working-house of thought,' which we have already said there is such fulness of delight in contemplating. 'The Doge's Daughter' was written, as we are told in the dedication, for the laudable purpose of curing Lord Eldon of the gout:—'but I thank God,' says the dedicator, 'your Lordship's pain lasted not so long as my labour.' The poem, however, is here ready against any future attack; and we trust the learned Lord will find benefit from the application. It is a conceit of Cowley, in speaking of Ovid's writings during his banishment, that 'the cold of the country had stricken through the very feet of his verses:—and we really fear that the feet of Lord Thurlow's verses are not wholly free from that malady, for which he thinks them so sovereign a cure; they have all its visible symptoms of hobbling and inflation, and indeed are in such a state as to make us feel that it would be barbarous to handle them too roughly. We shall therefore be as gentle in our account of 'The Doge's Daughter' as possible.

The Poem opens with Aurora leaving the bed of that eternal old gentleman Tithonus, and Apollo

Coming forth with all his state
From the oriental gate;
Now the Doge was at his prayers;
And her bright and golden hairs
Amphitrite combed free
Underneath the crystal sea.

'iron throat' is a tasteful supplement of his lordship's. Ariosto calls the devil 'gran verme infernal.' To this there can be no objection whatever.

We think *this* Doge must be quite as astonished to find himself 'at his prayers' between Apollo and Amphitrite, as his brother Doge was upon seeing himself at the court of Louis XIV.

But yet Heliodora lay,
Turning from the golden day,
Naked, on her purple bed,
Tears, like amber, she did shed,
And her bosom heaved with groans,
Fit to melt the marble stones
That jut upon the Adrian shore.

This gorgeous young lady, who lies upon purple, and weeps amber, is the Doge's daughter; and, not having her recollection very clear about her in waking, she asks her nurse—

Is not this the fatal day,
Tell me, O Caneura, pray,
When the Doge, my father, said,
I should mount the marriage bed
With the Lord Orsino's heir?
O day of madness and despair!

The lover of her own choice is Frangipani; she is, of course, superlatively wretched, and thus calls upon 'the golden air'—of all conceivable and inconceivable things—to pity her!

'O pity me, thou golden air!
For pity to my God I fly;
O Frangipani, let me die
If I behold thee not again!
Then, overcome with sudden pain,
The maiden fell upon her back,
All her reason gone to wrack.

The nurse endeavours to console her: Frangipani, she

suggests, is gone ; and it were 'idle pain' to sigh after him.

'Would you with Frangipani go
An exile, o'er the mountain's snow?
Would you be the *windy* spouse
Of a corsair ——'

But all the eloquence of the nurse is vain ; the maiden is not to be consoled ; though her talent for sleeping in such circumstances is truly enviable.

No more the hapless virgin said ;
But fell again upon the bed,
And her bright and golden head
In the dews of night was steep'd ;
Long time then the maiden sleep'd.

The nurse's heart is at length touched, whether by the profoundness of her lady's sorrow, or of her sleep, is left doubtful ; and she resolves to assist her in escaping to Frangipani.

'I've an old head, and that can tell—
There's nothing so impossible,
But that this eve, ere Hesper glow,
To Frangipani thou shalt go.
There's never a prince in Italy
With my Heliodore shall lie,
But I'll know the reason why :
Unless, and I myself deceive,
Frangipani give them leave.'

This good old woman arranges their voyage in the same unaffected style.

'To the port we'll make repair :
I have a good brother there,
Captain of the ship Saint Mark,
Who will take us in the dark.'

The young lady puts on sailor's clothes; is told that 'it will not hurt her chastity' to learn to curse and swear a little; and they embark for Athens.

The Second Canto opens with their arrival in 'the Athenian Bay;' they see the Duke Æneus and his court;

And by his side a knight there rode,
Much in semblance like a god;

who turns out to be Frangipani, though shrewdly suspected at first view to be Apollo:—The Duke and his warriors depart on an expedition against the Pagans; and Heliodora, after remarking that 'battle is a sweet delight,' resolves to follow them. She applies for equipment on the occasion to a facetious armourer, who quotes Anacreon, sings ballads about Achilles, and cries 'Anan?' whenever he is spoken to. He accommodates her with a ready-made suit of armour; and she arrives on the field of battle at the very moment when an able-bodied infidel is attacking her lover Frangipani.

She gave a cry, as doth a dove,
Who death will for her offspring prove;
And, soul and body, to the fight
She drove her steed against the knight:
Like Jove's divine and winged dart,
Her spear went right way thro' the heart,
And o'er his crupper he fell dead:
But Heliodore so swiftly sped,
That, falling o'er the man her steed,
She tumbled headlong on the mead.

No sooner did the lady tumble, than

Frangipani saw the thing;
And, making for himself a ring,
Like Ajax, with his shield and blade,
Protected the unhappy maid.

He recognises his Heliodora in the prostrate knight;
and in short the story ends joyously with a marriage.

The Duke of Athens join'd their hands,
Love knit them in his golden bands,
And while the stars their lustre spent,
And to and fro young Hymen went,
The Doge's daughter gave content
For Frangipani's banishment.

If this does not charm away Lord Eldon's gout,¹ we doubt whether even 'my maid's aunt at Brentford' could cure him; though she, too, used to 'work by spells by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element.'

'The Doge's Daughter' is followed by 'several translations from Anacreon and Horace.' 'The sense of the former poet,' his lordship tells us, 'has never been poetically given except by Cowley.' He says also, 'This, at least, is due to me, that I have not wandered far from my author; nor made that evil, which I found entirely void of it.' If the noble author could have extended this last-mentioned favour to the poetry as well as the morality of his original, we might, perhaps, have been regaled with something better than the stale musty *pot-pourri* of poor Anacreon's roses he has given us. Boileau describes one of the guests at his well-known dinner, 'lamentant tristement une chanson bachique;' and heartily do we pity the audience, if they were doomed to more doleful 'Anacréontiques' than the following:

What needs it then the stone t' anoint,
Special, if here you disappoint

¹ The remedy is not quite new:—From Buchanan's melancholy elegy upon his gout, it appears he sometimes took a dose of the poetry of Turnebus—'Aonii rarissima gloria cœtus.'

Our greedy thirst, or on the earth
 To pour down the goblet's worth?
 Me rather, while I live, with oil
 Anoint, and with the rose's spoil
 Adorn my head, for life is short,
 And call me here a maid to court.

The noble translator, however, is sometimes more amusing; as in the Ode beginning—

Yes, I wish, I wish to love;
 Cupid of old this thing did move;
 But I, who had no prudent mind, &c. &c.

Such flights, however, are rare, and he has even been at the trouble of inventing for himself a grave, steady sort of blank verse—'Anacréontique,' to save him from all possible risk of degenerating into the usual airiness of this species of composition:—

Then the cup let us accept,
 And our wrinkled cares dismiss;
*For what benefit to you,
 By solicitude disturb'd?*
 Have we known whate'er shall be?
 Life to men is wholly dark.

And this is poetry! surely, to give the name of poetry to such lines as we have quoted but too abundantly throughout this article—merely because they are furnished with their proper quota of syllables—is a stretch of complaisance, only to be equalled by that of Linnæus when he classed bats with mankind in consideration of their mammæ. Horace has fared no better under his lordship's hands than Anacreon; 'Si flava excutitur Cloe,' is translated 'If *yellow Cloe* go to wrack.'

There is still another publication on the list, called 'Ariadne;' but we are so anxious, before we take

leave of Lord Thurlow, to give our readers some specimen of his happier efforts, which may excuse, if not justify us in their eyes for bestowing so many pages on such a writer, that we shall despatch this last production in as few words as possible.

The heroine, Ariadne, is left alone on a desert island by her lover—not Theseus, as in our ignorance we expected, but one ‘Lord Marinell’—and

There sits,
And with her tears augments the briny flood,
Love’s prodigal and *widow of despite*.

This ‘Despite,’ whose widow the unfortunate lady is, must be some relation, we surmise, to ‘that vile thief Deformed,’ who, in Dogberry’s time, used to ‘go up and down like a gentleman.’ Amphitrite, however, takes pity on the deserted lady and sends Ariel. But we really are unable to get through the story, and must, like Sloth in the *Lutrin*, break off in the middle of our narration, happy, if good breeding can keep us from imitating that goddess when she,

succombant sous l’effort,
Soupire, étend les bras, ferme l’œil et s’endort.

We shall only remark that it required no ordinary courage to take Ariel in hand after Shakespeare, and that his fate here very touchingly reminds us of the story of poor Ver-vert. That divinely-spoken bird, in his way to the nuns who borrowed him, forgot the holy language, for which he had been famed, and learned all sorts of vulgar abominations instead; and we are sorry to say the loan of Prospero’s ‘bird’ to Lord Thurlow has been attended with quite as provoking a metamorphosis.

But it is time to give the more favourable speci-

mens we have promised. The following reflections upon the 'Sacred Islands' are in the noble author's very best manner :—

There sorrow never enters, nor sad pain
Afflicts, but joy with youthful love is wed,
And endless summer o'er the clime doth reign :
There the great poets and the heroes dwell,
And kings, who held the glorious sceptre well.

And there too you, but be the season long,
My * *, shall repose in soft delight ;
And feed your perfect soul with Virgil's song,
Your temples with pure laurel chastely dight ;
Since still you sought the right, and left the wrong,
There through the golden day, and radiant night,
Your bliss shall be ; but ah ! I fable here ;
Your virtue will be crown'd in higher sphere.

Hermilda.

The following extract from his Lordship's Appendix to the Sylva contains as few of those faults which are peculiar to himself, with as many of those beauties which are common to him with thousands, as any we can select :—

Much pleasure yet there is, and sweetness too,
In this pale look of the declining year ;
I know not if the golden summer's hue
More soft to me or lovely can appear ;
The nightingale, indeed, is flown away,
The zephyr on its joyous wing is gone,
But yet the robin pours a plaintive lay,
And a soft murmur makes the air its own !
Then thus to lie amid these mournful bowers,
To dream of joys that may again return,
T' extract the worth of these declining hours,
Shall make my fancy soar, my spirit burn :
Let others love the summer's flattering glare,
But I will sing to the autumnal air !

Indeed, we rather think the most respectable efforts of the noble author's pen are to be found among these lesser pieces of the *Sylva* and the *Appendix*; though, at the same time, truth obliges us to add, that in proportion as they grow rational, they cease to be amusing; and that we have never read poetry, which explained to us so perfectly, why that people of antiquity—the *Troæzenians* we believe—sacrificed to Sleep and the Muses on the same altar.

We had concluded this article, when we received, by express, *another* Poem from the pen of this indefatigable nobleman, entitled 'Carmen Britannicum, or, the Song of Britain, written in honour of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.' This is really overpowering; and we find we have not a moment to lose in adopting the measure suggested at the beginning of the article, and appropriating one of our brethren exclusively to his lordship. The 'Carmen Britannicum' is admirable in its way; and we only regret that we have not room for abundant extracts from it. He traces the descent of the Regent in a direct line from Jupiter, through Hercules, Glaucus, the Tarquins, &c., down to Azo, son of Hugo,

From whom our kings the Saxon sceptre claim,
And the White Horse do in their banners place.

From Azo, the pedigree flows downward through several other 'sons of gods,' till it ends most satisfactorily in the Prince Regent; whom the poet thus addresses—

The sun beholds thee with uprising love,
And joyous, laughs, in his thrice-golden sphere,

And does reluctant from thy presence move ;
The son of Jove, thou to his beams art dear.

He has the hardihood, however, in one memorable line, to charge this illustrious person with a deed, of which few have ever suspected him to be capable—

Thames, by thy victories, *is set on fire !*

and we are agreeably surprised to find from the following couplets, that India and Africa are the birth-places of some of those obnoxious things about Court, which we had very much feared were all of home extraction—

All herbs of earth are in thy gardens seen,
And in thy forests every glorious tree ;
The Indian world has been despoiled clean,
And Africa, *to find new beasts for thee !*

One more passage, and we have done.

This is thy praise : but greater is thy bliss
To sit enthroned upon the regal chair,
And see around thee what no land but this
Can yield to thought of beautiful and fair ;
Ladies, whom Nature for a pattern made,
In shape, in stature, in complexion pure.

And now we, for the second time, take our leave of Lord Thurlow ; heartily wishing that as he styles himself 'the Priest' of the Prince Regent, and seems to threaten many more such oblations at his shrine, he would, at once, assume the laurel in form, and emancipate the brows of the present wearer, whose Pegasus is much too noble an animal to be doomed to act the part of a cream-coloured horse upon birth-days.

THE FATHERS.¹

[Nov. 1814.]

WE had thought that the merits of the fathers were beginning to be pretty fairly estimated; that, whatever reverence might still be due to those eminent men for the sanctity of their lives, their laborious lucubrations, their zeal and intrepidity in the cause of the Church, and all those solemn and imposing lights, in which their nearness to the rising sun of Christianity places them; yet that the time of their authority over conscience and opinion was gone by; that they were no longer to be regarded as guides, either in faith or in morals; and that we should be quite within the pale of orthodoxy in saying that, though admirable martyrs and saints, they were, after all, but indifferent Christians. In point of style, too, we had supposed that criticism was no longer dazzled by their sanctity; that few would now agree with the learned Jesuit, Garasse, that a chapter of St. Augustine on the Trinity is worth all the Odes of Pindar;—that, in short, they had taken their due rank among those affected and rhetorical writers, who flourished in the decline of ancient literature, and were now, like many worthy authors we could mention, very much respected and never read.

We had supposed all this; but we find we were mistaken. An eminent dignitary of the Church of England has lately shown that, in his opinion at least, these veterans are by no means invalided in the warfare of theology, for he has brought more than seventy volumes of them into the field against the Calvinists.

¹ *Select Passages of the Writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil.* Translated from the Greek by Hugh Stuart Boyd.

And here is Mr. Boyd, a gentleman of much Greek, who assures us that the Homilies of St. Chrysostom, the Orations of St. Gregory Nazianzen, and—*proh pudor!*—the Amours of Daphnis and Chloe, are models of eloquence, atticism, and fine writing.

Mr. Boyd has certainly chosen the safer, as well as pleasanter path, through the neglected field of learning, for, tasteless as the metaphors of the Fathers are in general, they are much more innocent and digestible than their arguments, as the learned bishop we have just alluded to may perhaps by this time acknowledge; having found, we suspect, that his seventy folios are, like elephants in battle, not only ponderous, but dangerous auxiliaries, which, when once let loose, may be at least as formidable to friends as to foes. This, indeed, has always been a characteristic of the writings of the Fathers. This ambidexterous faculty, this sort of Swiss versatility in fighting equally well upon both sides of the question, has distinguished them through the whole history of theological controversy. The same authors, the same passages have been quoted with equal confidence by Arians and Athanasians, Jesuits and Jansenists, Transubstantiators and Typifiers. Nor is it only the dull and bigoted who have had recourse to these self-refuted authorities for their purpose; we often find the same anxiety for their support, the same disposition to account them, as Chillingworth says, ‘Fathers when *for*, and children when *against*,’ in quarters where a greater degree of good sense and fairness might be expected. Even Middleton himself, who makes so light of the opinions of the Fathers in his learned and manly Inquiry into Miracles, yet courts their sanction with much assiduity for his favourite system of allegorising the Mosaic history of the creation; a point on which, of all others, their alliance is most

dangerous, as there is no subject upon which their Pagan imaginations have rioted more ungovernably.

The errors of these primitive Doctors of the Church, their Christian heathenism and heathen Christianity, which led them to look for the Trinity among those shadowy forms that peopled the twilight groves of the Academy, and to array the meek, self-humbling Christian in the proud and iron armour of the Portico, their bigoted rejection of the most obvious truths in natural science, the bewildering vibration of their moral doctrines, never resting between the extremes of laxity and rigour, their credulity, their inconsistencies of conduct and opinion, and, worst of all, their forgeries and falsehoods, have already been so often and so ably exposed by divines of all countries, religions, and sects,—the Dupins, Mosheims, Middletons, Clarkes, Jortins, &c., that it seems superfluous to add another line upon the subject, though we are not quite sure that, in the present state of Europe, a discussion of the merits of the Fathers is not as seasonable and even fashionable a topic as we could select. At a time when the Inquisition is re-established by our ‘beloved Ferdinand;’ when the Pope again brandishes the keys of St. Peter with an air worthy of a successor of the Hildebrands and Perettis; when canonization is about to be inflicted on another Louis, and little silver models of embryo princes are gravely vowed at the shrine of the Virgin; in times like these, it is not too much to expect that such enlightened authors as St. Jerome and Tertullian may soon become the classics of most of the Continental courts. We shall therefore make no further apology for prefacing our remarks upon Mr. Boyd’s translations with a few brief and desultory notices of some of the most distinguished Fathers and their works.

St. Justin the Martyr is usually considered as the

well-spring of most of those strange errors which flowed so abundantly through the early ages of the Church, and spread around them in their course such luxuriance of absurdity. The most amiable, and therefore the least contagious of his heterodoxies,¹ was that which led him to patronise the souls of Socrates and other Pagans, in consideration of those glimmerings of the divine Logos which his fancy discovered through the dark night of heathenism. The absurd part of this opinion remained, while its tolerant spirit evaporated; and while these pagans were still allowed to have known something of the Trinity, they were yet damned for not knowing more, with most unrelenting orthodoxy.

The belief of an intercourse between angels and women, founded upon a false version of a text in Genesis, and of an abundant progeny of demons in consequence, is one of those monstrous notions of St. Justin and other Fathers, which show how little they had yet purged off the grossness of Heathen mythology, and in how many respects their heaven was but Olympus with other names.² Yet we can hardly be angry with them for

¹ Still more benevolent was Origen's never-to-be-forgiven dissent from the doctrine of eternal damnation. To this amiable weakness more than anything else, this Father seems to have owed the forfeiture of his rank in the Calendar;—and in return for his anxiety to rescue the human race from hell, he has been sent thither himself by more than one Catholic theologian.

² See, for their reveries upon this subject, *Clem. Alex. Stromat.* Lib. 5, p. 550. Ed. Lutet. 1629.—*Tertullian de Habitu Mulieb.* cap. 2, and the extraordinary passage of this Father (de Virgin. veland.), where his editor Pamelius endeavours to save his morality at the expense of his Latinity, by the substitution of the word 'excussat' for 'excusat.' See also *St. Basil de verâ Virginitate*, tom. i. p. 747, edit. Paris; though it is but fair to say, that Basil's biographer Hermant, and others, think this treatise spurious; and it certainly contains many things not of the most sanctified description.

this one error, when we recollect, that possibly to their enamoured Angels we owe the beautiful world of Sylphs and Gnomes;¹ and that perhaps at this moment we might have wanted Pope's most exquisite poem, if the Septuagint Version had translated the book of Genesis correctly.

This doctrine, as far as it concerned angelic natures, was at length indignantly disavowed by St. Chrysostom. But Demons were much too useful a race to be so easily surrendered to reasoning or ridicule; there was no getting up a decent miracle without them: exorcists would have been out of employ, and saints at a loss for temptation. Accordingly, the writings of these holy Doctors abound with such stories of demoniacal possession as make us alternately smile at their weakness and blush for their dishonesty.² Nor are they chargeable only with the impostures of their own times; the sanction they gave to this petty diabolism has made them responsible for whole centuries of juggling. Indeed, whoever is anxious to contemplate a picture of human folly and human knavery, at the same time ludicrous and melancholy, may find it in a history of the exploits of Demons, from the days of the Fathers down to modern times;—from about the date of that theatrical little devil of Tertullian (so triumphantly referred to by Jeremy Collier), who claimed a right to take possession of a woman in the theatre, 'because he there found her on his own ground,' to the gallant demons commemorated by Bodin³ and Remigius,⁴ and such tragical

¹ *Le Comte de Gabalis*.

² Middleton's *Free Inquiry*.—It would be difficult to add anything new to this writer upon the subject; and he is too well known to render extracts necessary.

³ *De la Démonomanie des Sorciers*.

⁴ *Demonolatreia*, lib. i. cap. vi. The depositions of the two sorceresses, Alexia Dirigæa and Claudia Fellæa, are particularly curious.

farces as the possession of the nuns of Loudun. The same features of craft and dupery are discoverable through the whole from beginning to end; and when we have read of that miraculous person, Gregory Thaumaturgus, writing a familiar epistle to Satan, and then turn to the story of the Young Nun, in Bodin, in whose box was found a love-letter 'à son cher dæmon,'¹ we need not ask more perfect specimens of the two wretched extremes of imposture and credulity than these two very different letter-writers afford.

The only class of demons whose loss we regret, and whose visitations we would gladly have restored to us, are those 'seducing sprites, who,' as Theophilus of Antioch tells us, 'confessed themselves to be the same that had inspired the Heathen Poets.' The learned Father has not favoured us with any particulars of these interesting spirits; has said nothing of the ample wings of fire, which, we doubt not, the demons of Homer and Pindar spread out, nor described the laughing eyes of Horace's familiar, nor even the pointed tail of the short devil of Martial; but we own we should like to see such cases of possession in our days; and though we Reviewers are a kind of exorcists, employed to cast out the evil demon of scribbling, and even pride ourselves upon having performed some notable cures, from *such* demoniacs we would refrain with reverence; nay, so anxiously dread the escape of the Spirit, that, for fear of accidents, we would not suffer a Saint to come near them.

The belief of a Millennium or temporal reign of Christ during which the faithful were to be indulged in all

¹ He quotes the story from Wier, a great patron of the demons of that time, who, we are told, invented a 'Monarchie Diabolique avec les noms et les surnoms de cinq cent soixante-douze Princes des Démons, et de sept millions quatre cent cinq mille neuf cent vingt-six diables, sauf erreur de calcul.'—*Teissier, Eloges des Hommes Savans.*

sorts of sensual gratifications, may be reckoned among those gross errors, for which neither the Porch nor the Academy are accountable, but which grew up in the rank soil of oriental fanaticism, and were nursed into doctrines of Christianity by the Fathers. Though the world's best religion comes from the East, its very worst superstitions have sprung thence also ; as in the same quarter of the heavens arises the sunbeam that gives life to the flower, and the withering gale that blasts it. There is scarcely one of these fantastic opinions of the Fathers, that may not be traced among the fables of the ancient Persians and Arabians. The voluptuous Jerusalem of St. Justin and Irenæus may be found in those glorious gardens of Iram, which were afterwards converted into the Paradise of the Faithful by Mahomet ; and their enamoured 'Sons of God' may be paralleled in the Angels Harut and Marut of Eastern story,¹ who, bewildered by the influence of wine and beauty, forfeited their high celestial rank, and were degraded into teachers of magic upon earth.

The mischievous absurdity of some of the moral doctrines of the Fathers, the state of apathy to which they would reduce their Gnostic or perfect Christian, their condemnation of marriage and their monkish fancies about celibacy, the extreme to which they carried their notions of patience, even to the prohibition of all resistance to aggression, though the aggressor aimed at life itself ; the strange doctrine of St. Augustine, that the Saints are the only lawful proprietors of the things of this world, and that the wicked have no right whatever to their possessions, however human laws may decree to the contrary ; the indecencies in which too many

¹ Notes on the *Bahar-Danush*.—Mariti gives the story differently.

of them have indulged in their writings;¹ the profane frivolity of Tertullian, in making God himself prescribe the length and measure of women's veils, in a special revelation to some ecstatic spinster; and the moral indignation with which Clemens Alexandrinus inveighs against white bread, periwigs, coloured stuffs, and lap-dogs; all these, and many more such puerile and pernicious absurdities, open a wide field of weedy fancies for ridicule to skim, and good sense to trample upon. But we must content ourselves with referring to the works that have been written upon the subject; particularly to the treatise 'de la Morale des Pères' of Barbeyrac; which, though as dull and tiresome as could reasonably be expected from the joint efforts of the Fathers of the Church and a Law Professor of Groningen, abundantly proves that the moral tenets of these holy men are for the most part unnatural, fanatical, and dangerous; founded upon false interpretations of Holy Writ, and the most gross and anile ignorance of human nature; and that a community of Christians, formed upon their plan, is the very Utopia of Monkery, idleness and fanaticism.

Luckily, the impracticability of these wretched doctrines was in general a sufficient antidote to their mischief. But there were two maxims, adopted and enforced by many of the Fathers, which deserve to be branded with particular reprobation, not only because they acted upon them continually themselves, to the disgrace of the holy cause in which they were engaged, but because they have transmitted their contamination to posterity

¹ We need but refer to the second and third Books of the *Pædagogus* of Clemens Alexandrinus;—to some passages in Tertullian *de Animâ*;—and to the instances which La Mothe le Vayer has adduced from Chrysostom in his *Hexameron Rustique*—Journ. Second.

and left the features of Christianity to this day disfigured by their taint. The first of these maxims (we give it in the words of Mosheim) was, 'that it is an act of virtue to deceive and lie, when by such means the interests of the Church may be promoted.'¹ To this profligate principle the world owes, not only the fables and forgeries of these primitive times, but many of those evasions, those compromises between conscience and expediency, which are still thought necessary and justifiable for the support of religious establishments. So industrious were the churchmen of the early ages in the inculcation of this monstrous doctrine, that we find the Bishop Heliodorus insinuating it, as a general principle of conduct, through the seductive medium of his Romance Theagenes and Chariclea.² The second maxim, 'equally horrible,' says Mosheim, 'though in a different point of view, was that errors in religion, when maintained and adhered to after proper admonition, are punishable with civil penalties and corporeal tortures.' St. Augustine has the credit of originating this detestable doctrine; to him, it seems, we are indebted for first conjuring up that penal Spirit, which has now, for so many hundred years, walked the earth, and whose votaries, from the highest to the meanest, from St. Augustine down to Doctor Duigenan, from the persecutors of the African Donatists to the calumniators and oppressors of the Irish Catholics, are all equally disgraceful to that mild religion, in whose name they have dared to torment and subjugate mankind.

With respect to the literary merits of the Fathers, it will hardly be denied, that to the sanctity of their subjects they owe much of that imposing effect which

¹ *Ecclesiast. Hist. Cent. 4, Part ii. Chap. iii.*

² Καλὸν γάρ ποτε καὶ τὸ ψεῦδος, ὅταν ὠφελουν τοὺς λέγοντας, μηδὲν καταβλάπτει τοὺς ἀκούοντας. *Æthiopic. Lib. i.*

they have produced upon the minds of their admirers. We have no doubt that the incoherent rhapsodies of the Pythia (whom, history tells us, the ministers of the temple now and then helped to a verse) found many an orthodox critic among their hearers who preferred them to the sublimest strains of Homer and Pindar. Indeed, the very last of the Fathers, St. Gregory the Great, has at once settled the point for all critics of theological writings, by declaring that the words of Divine Wisdom are not amenable to the laws of the vulgar grammar of this world; ¹ 'non debent verba cælestis originis subesse regulis Donati.'

It must surely be according to some such code of criticism that Lactantius has been ranked above Cicero, and that Erasmus himself has ventured to prefer St. Basil to Demosthenes. Even the harsh, muddy, and unintelligible Tertullian, whom Salmasius gave up in despair, has found a warm admirer in Balzac, who professes himself enchanted with the 'black lustre' of his style, and compares his obscurity to the rich and glossy darkness of ebony. The three Greek Fathers, whom the writer before us has selected, are in general considered the most able and eloquent of any; and of their merits our readers shall presently have an opportunity of judging, as far as a few specimens from Mr. Boyd's translations can enable them: but, for our own parts, we confess, instead of wondering with this gentleman that his massy favourites should be 'doomed to a temporary oblivion,' we are only surprised that such affected declaimers should ever have enjoyed a better fate; or that even the gas of holiness with which they are inflated, could ever have enabled its coarse and gaudy vehicles to soar so high into the upper regions of reputation. It is South, we believe, who has said,

¹ In the dedication of his *Book of Morals*.

that 'in order to be pious, it is not necessary to be dull,' but even dulness itself is far more decorous than the puerile conceits, the flaunting metaphors, and all that false finery of rhetorical declamation, in which these writers have tricked out their most solemn and important subjects. At the time, indeed, when they studied and wrote, the glories of ancient literature had faded; sophists and rhetoricians had taken the place of philosophers and orators; nor is it wonderful that from such instructors as Libanius, they should learn to reason ill and write affectedly. But the same florid effeminiacities of style, which in a love-letter of Philostratus, or an ecphrasis of Libanius, are harmless at least, if not amusing, become altogether disgusting when applied to sacred topics; and are little less offensive to piety and good taste than those rude exhibitions of the old Moralities, in which Christ and his Apostles appeared dressed out in trinkets, tinsel, and embroidery.

The chief advantage that a scholar can now derive from the perusal of these voluminous Doctors is the light they throw upon the rites and tenets of the Pagans, in the exposure and refutation of which they are, as is usually the case, much more successful than in the defence and illustration of their own. In this respect Clemens Alexandrinus is one of the most valuable, being chiefly a compiler of the dogmas of ancient learning, and abounding with curious notices of the religion and literature of the Gentiles. Indeed the manner in which some of the Fathers have been edited, sufficiently proves that they were considered by their commentators as merely a sort of inferior classics, upon which to hang notes about heathen gods and philosophers. Ludovicus Vives, upon the 'City of God' of St. Augustine, is an example of this class of theological annotators, whom a hint about the three Graces, or the

god of Lampsacus, awakens into more activity than whole pages about the Trinity and the Resurrection.

The best specimen of eloquence we have met among the Fathers—at least, that which we remember to have read with most pleasure—is the *Charisteria*, or Oration of Thanks, delivered by Gregory Thaumaturgus to his instructor Origen. Though rhetorical like the rest, it is of a more manly and simple character, and does credit alike to the master and the disciple.¹ But, upon the whole, perhaps St. Augustine is the author whom—if ever we should be doomed, in penance for our sins, to select a Father for our private reading—we should choose, as, in our opinion, the least tiresome of the brotherhood. It is impossible not to feel interested in those struggles between passion and principle, out of which his maturer age rose so triumphant; and there is a conscious frailty mingling with his precepts, and at times throwing its shade over the light of his piety, which gives his writings an air peculiarly refreshing, after the pompous rigidity of Chrysostom, the stoic affectations of Clemens Alexandrinus, and the anti-theetical trifling of Gregory Nazianzen. If it were not too for the indelible stain which his conduct to the Donatists has left upon his memory, the philosophic mildness of his tract against the Manichæans, and the candour with which he praises his heretical antagonist Pelagius, as ‘*sanctum, bonum et prædicandum virum*,’ would have led us to select him as an example of that tolerating spirit, which, we grieve to say, is so very rare a virtue among the Saints. Though Augustine, after the season of his follies was over, very sedulously

¹ The abstract of this Oration which Halloix professes to give in his *Defence of Origen*, is so very wide of the original, that we suspect he must have received it, at second hand, from some inaccurate reporter.

avoided the society of females, yet he corresponded with most of the holy women of his time; and there is a strain of tenderness through many of his letters to them, in which his weakness for the sex rather interestingly betrays itself. It is in the consolatory epistles, particularly, that we discover these embers of his youthful temperament—as in the 93rd to Italica, on the death of her husband, and the 263rd to Sapida, in return for a garment she had sent him, in the thoughts of which there is a considerable degree of fancy as well as tenderness.

We cannot allude to these fair correspondents of Augustine without remarking that the warmest and best allies of the Fathers, in adopting their fancies and spreading their miracles, appear to have been those enthusiastic female pupils, by groups of whom they were all constantly encircled;¹ whose imaginations required but little fuel of fact, and whose tongues would not suffer a wonder to cool in circulating. The same peculiarities of temperament which recommended females in the Pagan world as the fittest sex to receive the inspirations of the tripod, made them valuable agents also in the imposing machinery of miracles. At the same time, it must be confessed that they performed services of a much higher nature; and that to no cause whatever is Christianity more signally indebted for the impression it produced in those primitive ages, than to the pure piety, the fervid zeal, and heroic devotedness

¹ None of the Fathers, with the exception perhaps of St. Jerome, appears to have had such influence over the female mind as Origen. His correspondence with Barbara is still extant. She was shut up by her Pagan father in a tower with two windows, to which, in honour of the Trinity, we are told, she added a third. St. Jerome had to endure much scandal, in consequence of his two favourite pupils, Paula and Melania, of which he complains very bitterly in the epistle '*Si tibi putem,*' &c.

of the female converts. In the lives of these holy virgins and matrons, in the humility of their belief and the courage of their sufferings, the Gospel found a far better illustration than in all the voluminous writings of the Fathers: there are some of them, indeed, whose adventures are sufficiently romantic to suggest materials to the poet and the novelist; and Ariosto himself has condescended to borrow from the Legends¹ his curious story of Isabella and the Moor, to the no small horror of the pious Cardinal Baronius, who remarks with much asperity on the sacrilege of which 'that vulgar poet' has been guilty, in daring to introduce this sacred story among his fictions. To the little acquaintance these women could have formed with the various dogmas of ancient philosophy, and to the unencumbered state of their minds in consequence, may be attributed much of that warmth and clearness with which the light of Christianity shone through them; whereas, in the learned heads of the Fathers, this illumination found a more dense and coloured medium, which turned its celestial beam astray, and tinged it with all sorts of gaudy imaginations. Even where these women indulged in theological reveries, as they did not embody their fancies into folios, posterity, at least, has been nothing the worse for them; nor should we have known the strange notions of Saint Macrina about the soul and the resurrection, if her brother, Gregory of Nyssa, had not rather officiously informed us of them, in the dialogue he professes to have held with her on these important subjects.²

¹ From the story of the Roman virgin Euphrasia. See also the *Life of Euphrosyna* (in *Bergomensis de Claris Mulieribus*), which, with the difference of a father and lover, resembles the latter part of the *Mémoires de Comminges*.

² *Opera*, tom. ii. p. 177. Edit. Paris, 1638.

We now come to Mr. Boyd's Translations, which are preceded by a short, but pompous preface, in whose loftiness of style we at once discover that, like that insect which takes the colour of the leaf it feeds upon, the translator has caught the gaudy hue of his originals most successfully. Indeed, from the evident tendencies of this gentleman's taste, we should pronounce him a most dangerous person to be entrusted with a version of the Fathers; for, the fault of these writers being a superabundance of metaphors, and Mr. Boyd being quite as metaphorically given as themselves, the consequence is, that, wherever there is a flourish of this kind in the original, he is sure to add another of his own to it in the translation; which is really 'too much of a good thing.' If double flowers are to be held monsters in botany, with much greater reason must these double and treble flowers of rhetoric be accounted monstrosities in the system of taste. The first specimen we shall give is from 'the Peroration of St. Chrysostom's Third Oration on the Incomprehensible,' where the Saint is speaking of the season of the Eucharist:—

In a moment so sublime, how exalted should be thy hope, how great thy longing for salvation! Heaven's canopy resounds not with the piercing cry of mortals only: angels fall prostrate before their Lord: archangels kneel before their God. The season itself becomes an argument on their lips; the oblation an advocate in their cause. And as men, in the office of intercession, cutting down branches of olive, wave them before their king, by the blooming plant reminding him of mercy and compassion; so likewise the host of angels, in the place of olive-branches extending the body of their Lord, invoke the common Parent in the cause of human nature! *What strain seraphic bursts on my enraptured organs? I hear their celestial accents! I hear them even now exclaiming—*'We entreat for those whom thou didst love with so God-like an affection, as to yield up thy life for

theirs ! We pour our petitions in behalf of those for whom thou didst shed thy blood !' (Pp. 23, 24.)

Whatever may be thought of the sublimity of the passage printed in italics, St. Chrysostom has nothing to do with either the praise or the blame of it ; as he merely says that these angels ' invoke the Lord for the human race, almost, or all but exclaiming (*μόνον οὐχὶ λέγοντες*) we pray for those, &c.'—So that the 'seraphic strains' and 'enraptured organs' are all to be set down to Mr. Boyd's account.

In the extract which follows, upon the efficacy of prayer, St. Chrysostom says—'I speak of that prayer which is offered up with earnestness ; with a sorrowing soul, and an enthusiastic spirit ; for that is the prayer which ascends to Heaven.'—Thus it is in the original ; but how has the poetic Mr. Boyd translated this simple passage ?

I speak of that prayer which is the child of a contrite spirit, the offspring of a soul converted, born in a blaze of unutterable enthusiasm, and winged, like lightning, for the skies ! (P. 28.)

This eulogy of prayer concludes with the following simile :—

For, as the tree, whose roots are buried in the earth, though assaulted by a thousand tempests, knows not to be rent asunder, and defies the storm ; so likewise, the prayer implanted in the soul, and from thence arising, spreads wide its luxuriant foliage, elevates its aspiring head, and laughs unhurt at the impotent assailer. (P. 31.)

Here again we must step in to the defence of the original, which says nothing whatever of the prayer's 'luxuriant foliage,' nor of this indecorous 'laugh' which Mr. Boyd has conferred upon it. But there is no end

to his adscititious graces;—he seems indeed to think that, as a translator of saints, it is but right for him to deal in such works of supererogation; but we are sorry to tell him that—unlike the superfluities of those pious persons—*his* overdoings are all of the damnatory description.

We are next presented with extracts from Gregory Nazianzen, and again doomed to suffer under perpetual metaphors, from the joint-stock of the saint and his translator:—not that we would have Mr. Boyd set us down as foes to metaphors; we are only unreasonable enough to require that they should have a little meaning in them; that they should condescend to be useful as well as decorative, and, like the thyrsus of the ancients, carry a weapon under their foliage.

St. Gregory, in the funeral oration upon Cæsarius, says, that the tears of his mother were ‘subdued by philosophy’—*δάκρυσιν ἡττωμένοις φιλοσοφία*—but this is too matter-of-fact for Mr. Boyd, who renders it, ‘her tears are dried by the sweet breezes of philosophy’—and, in the very next page, the twin metaphors of which he is, as usual, delivered, agree, it must be owned, rather awkwardly together, and lead us to think he has formed his taste for eloquence upon the model of a certain noble and diplomatic orator, who is well known to deal in this broken ware of rhetoric,—such as ‘the feature, Sir, upon which this question hinges,’ &c. &c.—The following is Mr. Boyd’s imitation of that noble lord, in what may be called the metaphoroclastic style:—

Such, O Cæsarius, is my funeral tribute. These are the *first-fruits* of mine *unfledged* eloquence, of which thou hast oft complained that it was *buried* in the shade.

Seriously, if this learned gentleman had taken the

trouble of consulting his Suicerus upon the word ἀπαρχαί, he would not, we think, have spoiled this truly scriptural figure by interpolations so tasteless, and so wholly unauthorised by the text.

About the middle of this peroration we find the following passage:—

Will he adorn no more his mind with the theories of Plato and of Aristotle, of Pyrrho and Democritus, of Heraclitus and Anaxagoras, and Cleanthes and Epicurus, and I know not how many *disciples of venerated Academe and Stoa*?

The original text of these last words is—καὶ οὐκ οἶδ' οἷς τισι τῶν ἐκ τῆς σεμνῆς στοᾶς καὶ ἀκαδημίας—‘and I know not how many from the venerable Porch and the Academy.’ What could induce Mr. Boyd to translate this passage so strangely? We hope it was only affectation; though we own we cannot help fearing—in spite of all his Greek—that, like the worthy French gentleman who looked for Aristocracy and Democracy in the map, he took these said ‘Academe and Stoa’ for two venerable persons that kept school in Athens.

We shall next give an extract from St. Gregory’s Panegyric upon his deceased friend St. Basil, as a specimen not only of Mr. Boyd’s best manner of writing, but of that unfatherly indifference with which, like a well-known bird, he deposits his own offspring in the nest of another. The words of the original are simply these:—‘What joy is there now in our public meetings? what pleasure in our feasts, our assemblies, or our churches?’—which small sum of words this munificent translator has, out of his pure bounty, swelled to the following considerable amount:—

Alas! what joy can we now experience in the feast, what intercourse of soul in the public meetings? Whom

shall we now consult? Shall we seek the next eminent? There are none. He hath left a chasm in the world, and there is no one to fill it up. Where then shall we wander, and how shall we employ the vacant hours? Shall we bend our steps into the Forum? Ah, no; it was there that Basil smiled upon his people. Shall we return into the Church? Ah, no; it was there that he fed us with the bread of life.

In the 192nd page, he is equally *sui profusus*; thus—

When I peruse his expositions of the sacred page, I stop not at the letter, I rest not at the superficies of the word; but, soaring on renovated wings, I ascend from discovery to discovery, from light to light, till I reach the sublimest point, and sit enthroned on the riches of Revelation.

Of which last extraordinary image Mr. Hugh Stuart Boyd is sole inventor and proprietor: indeed, not a tenth part of this 'extract' is to be found in the original; and the saint may be truly said to sink under the obligations he owes to his translator.

St. Gregory is almost the only Father who has thought it not beneath his dignity to write verses;—there are some by Tertullian; but the poems under the name of Lactantius are, in general, we believe, rejected as spurious; and one of them is supposed to have been written by that most jovial of bishops, Venantius Fortunatus.¹ The sparkling conceits of Gregory's style are much more endurable in verse than in prose; and his similes are sometimes ingenious, if not beautiful. But we do not think Mr. Boyd has been very happy in

¹ Whose works, written chiefly 'inter pocula'—as he confesses in his dedicatory epistle to Pope Gregory—may be found in the *Bibliotheca Patrum*, tom. 8. It is a sad proof of the rapid progress of corruption, to find the head of the Christian Church, in a few centuries after the death of Christ, thus openly patronising such frivolous profligacy.

his selections, either from this Father's poetry or the prose of St. Basil, whose pathetic remonstrance 'to a fallen Virgin'¹ would have furnished more favourable specimens of saintly eloquence than any composition throughout this volume.

Mr. Boyd's notes consist chiefly of rapturous eulogies on the grandeur, brilliancy, and profoundness of his originals;—on the 'most super-eminent sublimity' of Plotinus (p. 291); and the 'fascinating' and 'enchanting' loves of Daphnis and Chloe (*passim*). He has detected, too, some marvellous plagiarisms; for instance, that Milton, in saying 'gloomy as night,' must have pilfered from St. Basil, who, it appears, has said 'dark as night;'—unless, as Mr. Boyd candidly and sagaciously adds, 'both Basil and Milton have borrowed the idea from Homer's *νυκτὶ ἐοικώς*.' (P. 237.)

The construction of this gentleman's English is not always very easy or elegant: as may appear from such sentences as 'cherishing in the minds of men him honoured there' (p. 123).—'It thrills with a poetic ecstasy, of which the offspring is reflection sapient' (p. 240).—'Having made mention of the prayers which for demoniacs are offered' (p. 16). But it is time, we feel, to bring this article to a conclusion;—*hic locus est Somni*.—If we could flatter ourselves that Mr. Boyd would listen to us, we would advise him to betake himself as speedily as possible from such writers as his Gregories, Cyrils, &c.—which can never serve any other purpose than that of a vain parade of cumbrous erudition—to studies of a purer and more profitable nature,

¹ There are several very touching passages throughout this letter; particularly that beginning—*ποῦ μὲν σὺ τὸ σεμνὸν ἐκεῖνο σχῆμα; κ. τ. λ.*—Fénelon says of it, 'On ne peut rien voir de plus éloquent que son Epître à une vierge qui étoit tombée; à mon sens c'est un chef-d'œuvre.' *Sur l'Eloquence*.

more orthodox in taste as well as in theology. He will find in a few pages of Barrow or Taylor more rational piety and more true eloquence than in all the Fathers of the Church together; and if, as we think probable, under this better culture, his talents should bring forth fairer fruits, we shall hail such a result of our counsels with pleasure,—and shall even forgive him the many personal risks he has made us run, in poisoning down our huge folio saints from their shelves.

FRENCH NOVELS.¹

[NOVEMBER 1820.]

THE present state of France, though full of promise with respect to her commercial and political advancement, is not very favourable to the immediate interests of her literature. The minds of a great part of the population are still too unsettled for such calm pursuits, and—to those who study anything—politics is so new a study, that we cannot wonder it should take the lead of all others, and draw most of the thinking spirits of the day into its vortex. Accordingly we find that, out of the circle of this tempting theme—which they pursue with all the freshness, as well as the rawness of school-boys—there is but little original produced in any

¹ *Mademoiselle de Tournon*, par l'Auteur d'*Adèle de Sénange*. 2 vols. Paris, 1820.

[There are several allusions to this article in the third volume of Moore's *Diary*. On October 20, 1820, he writes: 'Have apprised Jeffrey, through the Longmans, of my intention to review Madame de Souza's novel. Two days later (October 22), 'Began the review of Madame de Souza,' and on the 29th, 'Finished the article on Madame de Souza.' On February 24, 1821, he records that Chenevix 'spoke of the exceeding comicality of my translation of Lamartine's verses in the last *Edinburgh*.']

department of literature; and the press is chiefly employed in circulating either new editions of long-established works, or translations from the popular writers of other countries. In the field of poetry, where it might be expected that the excitements of the Revolution would have called forth something at least bold and new, France has been long without even a candidate for fame; and M. Chateaubriand, who has written nothing but prose, is the only real poet she at present possesses. There has appeared, indeed, within the last year, a little work entitled ‘*Méditations Poétiques*,’ which has been profusely lauded in certain circles, but which appears to us a very unsuccessful attempt to break through the *ancien régime* of the French Parnassus, and transplant the wild and irregular graces of English poetry into the trim parterre of the Gallic muse. What this author’s notions of sublimity are may be collected from the first stanza of one of his ‘*Méditations*’ :—

Lorsque du Créateur la parole féconde,
 Dans une heure fatale, eut enfanté le monde
 Des germes du Chaos,
 De son œuvre imparfaite il détourna sa face,
 Et d’un pied dédaigneux le lançant dans l’espace,
 Rentra dans son repos.
 ‘Va,’ dit-il, etc. etc.

Which may be thus, not unfairly, translated :—

When the Deity saw what a world he had framed
 From the darkness of Chaos, surprised and ashamed
 He turn’d from his work with disdain;
 Then gave it a kick, to complete its disgrace,
 Which sent it off, spinning through infinite space,
 And return’d to his slumbers again;
 Saying, ‘Go and be,’ &c. &c.

M. Chateaubriand himself, in his interesting work, 'Les Martyrs,' which contains more bright pictures and fanciful thoughts than are to be found, perhaps, in any one poem in his language, yet shows, throughout his unlucky descriptions of Hell and of Paradise, how dangerous it is for a Frenchman to meddle with the sublime. The following scene (worthy only of the Petites Danaïdes) is supposed to take place during a council held by Satan.

A ce discours de l'Esprit le plus profondément corrompu de l'abîme, les Démons applaudirent en tumulte. Le bruit de cette lamentable joie se prolongea sous les voûtes infernales. Les réprouvés crurent que leurs persécuteurs venoient d'inventer de nouveaux tourmens. Aussitôt ces âmes, qui n'étoient plus gardées dans leurs bûchers, s'échappèrent des flammes, et accoururent au conseil ; elles traînoient avec elles quelque partie de leurs supplices : l'une son suaire embrasé, l'autre sa chape de plomb, celle-ci les glaçons qui pendoient à ses yeux remplis de larmes, celle-là les serpens dont elle étoit dévorée. Les affreux spectateurs d'un affreux Sénat prennent leurs rangs dans les tribunes brûlantes. Satan lui-même appelle les spectres gardiens des ombres. 'Remettez,' s'écrie-t-il, 'ces coupables dans les fers, ou craignez que Satan ne vous enchaîne avec eux.'

He is not more fortunate in revealing to us the mysteries of the other region. Thus, describing a part of the 'Cité de Dieu,' he says—

Là surtout s'accomplit, loin de l'œil des Anges, la mystère de la Trinité. L'Esprit qui remonte et descend sans cesse du Fils au Père, et du Père au Fils, s'unit avec eux dans ces profondeurs impénétrables. Un triangle de feu paroît alors à l'entrée du Saint des Saints : les globes s'arrêtent de respect et de crainte, l'Hosanna des Anges est suspendu, les milices immortelles ne savent quels seront les décrets de l'Unité vivante, elles ne savent si le Trois Fois Saint ne va point changer, etc. etc. Quand les essences

primitives se séparent, le triangle de feu disparoît : l'Oracle s'entr'ouvre, et l'on aperçoit les trois Puissances.

After all, however, our own Milton's actual artillery, and the 'broad extinguisher' with which Dryden furnishes the hand of Omnipotence, for the purpose of putting out the fire of London, leaves us but little right to reproach M. Chateaubriand, in particular, for this disparagement of things divine, this profane familiarity, which a too close approach to sacred subjects has, in all times and all writings, produced.

In the dramatic department—in addition to those countless 'minora sidera' which twinkle out their gay and brief existence on the Boulevards—there have lately appeared two or three successful tragedies; and though, in 'Marie Stuart,' Queen Elizabeth is represented as finding herself at the gates of Fotheringay Castle, during the course of a morning's ride from London, and Mary, from the same accommodating spot, is enabled to catch a view of the mountains of Scotland, this tragedy is, upon the whole, of a superior order; and contains verses worthy of the admirable manner in which that fine actress, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, recites them.

In novel-writing—which brings us more directly to the subject of the present article—since the death of Madame Cottin, and of the inimitable author of 'Corinne,' as little has been done as in the other walks of literature. Madame de Genlis still writes, but, of late, rather to edify than amuse; and she is at present, we understand, most laudably employed in weeding infidelity out of the works of Voltaire, and writing Jean-Jacques Rousseau all over again. Madame de Souza herself, the author of the novel before us, has been, if we mistake not, a long time idle. Reposing upon the fame which she acquired as Comtesse de Flahaut, this

is, we believe, the first wreath with which she has circled her present name. 'Adèle de Sénange,' one of the earliest of her productions, is the story of a young English nobleman, Lord Sydenham, a sort of wandering, melancholy philosopher of twenty-two, who, in the act of extricating a young lady out of an overturned carriage at Paris, is struck with her beauty, and falls violently in love with her. In the interval, however, between this and their subsequent interview, she becomes the wife of M. de Sénange, a gouty old gentleman of seventy, who, having once had a platonic affection for the young lord's grandmother, and promised her, at parting, that if ever chance should throw any of her children (including, of course, grandchildren) in his way, he would act as a father to them, is delighted to take this opportunity of fulfilling a promise made half a century before, and invites Lord Sydenham to spend the summer at his country-house at Neuilly. The natural consequence of this somewhat rash step of the kindhearted old gentleman, whose character, indeed, throughout, excites much more compassion and respect than it is, in general, the lot of these *prédestinés* to inspire, is an instant and ardent attachment between his wife and the young Englishman; and as, in the present times, the scale of familiarities and indecorums has been measured and graduated by such grave authority, that even bishops themselves must now be completely learned on the subject, it will not be difficult to ascertain at how high a point above zero the temperature of the following scene is to be rated. 'Adèle m'écoutait avec une espèce de ravissement. Elle était si émue que, lorsque j'eus cessé de parler, elle laissa tomber sa tête sur moi. Nos visages se touchèrent; nos larmes se confondirent, mes bras l'entouraient encore. Je la pressai contre mon cœur, en me promet-

tant intérieurement de respecter en elle la femme de mon ami.'

The difficulties and struggles to which such a passion gives rise are at length happily terminated by a fit of apoplexy, which seizes on the old gentleman on discovering the secret of the lovers; and he dies, generously enjoining that they should marry each other, after the decent interval of a year's mourning for his loss. This novel is in letters—the least popular form, perhaps, into which a novel can be thrown. Young persons, the chief consumers of such articles generally, prefer the straightforward sort of narrative to which they have been accustomed from their nurseries; and we confess ourselves young enough to be entirely of their opinion. Neither do we very much approve of the plan of making heroes or heroines tell their own stories. Besides the incompleteness which it necessarily entails upon their history—leaving them still alive and at large for new adventures, after the reader has done with them—they are generally supposed to be grown old when they relate their adventures; which matter-of-fact anticipation, as in the case of Marivaux's Marianne, disturbs, at every step, all the illusion and interest of the narrative. Instead of accompanying, in fancy, this young creature through her first moments of bloom and ignorance, we are continually reminded of the wise and withered personage she is now become; and when, describing her having held out her hand to some admirer, she adds in a parenthesis, 'et je l'avais belle,' this unfortunate past tense throws the occurrence so very far back, that we cannot help being disenchanted of a considerable part of our interest in it.

'Emilie et Alphonse,' another of Madame de Souza's novels, is also in letters; and, in a similar manner, turns upon the misfortunes of a young lady, who un-

luckily marries the wrong man, being violently and irrecoverably in love with another. It displays, like all that the fair author has written, an acute knowledge of that part of the world which is called society. The follies even of her own sex assume a grace and charm in her description of them, and their coquetry becomes of that kind which a French poet describes—

La coquetterie
S'épure en passant par son cœur.

The process by which an innocent young married woman may be transmuted into a heartless lady of fashion (a result like that at which Lavoisier arrived in reducing diamonds to carbon), is developed with much skill in the experiments of Madame d'Artigue upon the character of Emily—who, having committed the *faute* of forgetting her husband, is near falling into the *crime* of forgetting her lover also. She is, however, saved in time from utter worthlessness by a circumstance which hardly would have occurred to a male philosopher as likely to produce such a seasonable reformation. The accidental smell of a little fan of sandal-wood—her lover having once had a little walking-stick of the same odorous material—so completely dissipates, at a whiff, all the collected fumes of vanity, that, bidding adieu to the rouge, flounces, and furbelows of this world, she takes to love, sentiment, and ‘*mousseline blanche*’ again. She is not, however, in the end, so lucky as Adèle de Sénange; for, though the lover performs *his* duty, by wounding the husband mortally in a duel, the husband, at the same moment, returns the compliment, and poor Emily is obliged to end her days in a convent, without either.

We cannot help considering this sort of stories, where married ladies are brought into such unconjugal

situations, as very perilous things, in every sense of the word; yet female writers have always been fond of them, from the Royal Intrigues of Madame la Fayette, down to Madame Cottin's loves of the Manufacturers in Claire d'Albe. We remember, too, some years ago, a novel by one of our own countrymen, in which the heroine (Rhoda, we believe, she is called) loves one man, marries a second, and intrigues with a third—'au reste, charmante personne'—and having at length driven her husband, who is, as usual, the best sort of man in the world, to blow out his brains, retires from her capacity of heroine, at the end, upon a handsome independence of three thousand a year.

The story of 'Eugénie et Mathilde' is, perhaps, more artfully constructed than any that Madame de Souza has hitherto produced. The time of the events is during the first years of the French Revolution; and the struggles of an uncloistered nun with her vow of singleness, afford, if not the chief, the most touching source of its interest. The characters of the three sisters—the prim, rigid Ernestine, 'que dès quinze ans on eût voulu rajeunir'—the capricious, but affectionate and natural Mathilde, who, when expostulated with on any of her faults, thinks it enough to answer gaily 'je suis comme cela'—and the gentle and sensitive young nun, Eugénie, whose sacrifices to another world are enhanced by her susceptibility of the best affections of this—all these various portraits are touched with a delicacy, a discrimination, and a truth, which throw an air of perfect reality over the painful story to which they belong.

There yet remains to be noticed, in this brief retrospect of Madame de Souza's works, two other novels, 'Charles et Marie,' and 'Eugène de Rothelin,'—in the latter of which, by-the-by, the wrong halves of the

Androgynes are again brought together. But we have already dwelt so much longer than was necessary upon books which everyone has read, that we may now turn our readers into 'fresh fields and pastures new,' by giving some account of the last, and, we rather think, the best of this lady's productions, 'Mademoiselle de Tournon.'

The story is founded upon a few pages in the *Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois*, which relate the melancholy death of the young Hélène de Tournon, daughter of the celebrated woman of that name, who twice defended the town of Tournon against the Protestants. This heroic lady was the *dame d'honneur* of Marguerite; and the character of 'femme un peu rude et terrible,' which the lively Queen has given her, is turned skilfully to account in working up the interest of the novel. Having forced her eldest daughter into a marriage of *convenance* with M. Balançon, whom the King of Spain had lately appointed governor of the Comté de Bourgogne, she readily accedes to the request of Hélène, at this period entering into her seventeenth year, to be allowed to accompany her sister to the Pays-Bas. From the following short sketch of M. Balançon it will be seen that Madame de Souza possesses, as an observer of character, what Cicero in a painter calls the 'oculum eruditum.'

Monsieur de Balançon était parvenu, seulement en respectant les petits devoirs de la société, à faire donner le nom d'une vertu à chacun de ses défauts. Son avarice était nommée de l'ordre; sa fausseté paraissait de la prudence. Il prouvait ce qu'une longue observation du monde apprend: c'est que la jeunesse, avec un peu de sérieux, obtient des égards, inspire de la confiance; comme les vieillards, en se montrant parfois indulgents et faciles, passent pour bons, quelque exigeants qu'ils soient dans leur intérieur.

M. Balançon has two brothers, Leopold and Auguste, whose situation and dispositions will be best learned from the account which he himself gives of his family affairs, in one of those communicative moods which, providentially for the reader, generally seize some person or other at the beginning of every novel.

Ma mère avait deux frères. L'aîné possédait, comme il est d'usage, tous les biens de sa maison ; le second avait été destiné à l'Eglise. Cet aîné mourut peu après le mariage de sa sœur avec mon père. Sa fortune passa donc à son jeune frère, qui, fort heureusement pour nous, était déjà engagé dans les ordres. Lorsqu'il parvint à l'électorat de Trèves, il se plaisait à répéter qu'il nous regardait comme ses héritiers.

Ma mère en mourant recommanda à mon oncle Auguste mon second frère, aujourd'hui marquis de Varambon. L'électeur de Trèves voulut disposer de lui comme s'il était son fils. Mon père eut la faiblesse d'y consentir ; et un beau jour l'enfant partit avec lui. Nous restâmes avec mon père. Mais depuis ce moment Léopold et moi nous fûmes regardés par mon oncle comme des collatéraux incommodes. Toute son immense fortune était réservée pour mon frère ; il lui accorda même une pension considérable. Auguste, loin d'économiser pour augmenter le patrimoine de la famille, dispersait en prétendus actes de bienfaisance tout ce que mon oncle lui donnait. Voilà ce que j'appelle une première folie sérieuse.

L'électeur l'a fait élever pour être son coadjuteur et lui succéder. Cependant, lorsque monsieur Auguste a eu vingt ans, non-seulement il n'a point voulu entrer dans les ordres, mais il a refusé positivement de prendre l'habit ecclésiastique, déclarant qu'il ne se soumettrait à la volonté de mon père et aux désirs de mon oncle que lorsqu'il aurait vingt-cinq ans. Et voilà ce que j'appelle une seconde folie très-sérieuse ; car, en attendant cette époque, l'électeur peut mourir, et monsieur mon frère rester avec toutes les belles phrases qu'il nous débite : 'de ne consentir à prendre cet

état qu'après en avoir bien connu les devoirs ; de ne se résigner à sacrifier son indépendance, sa liberté, qu'après avoir eu la certitude que ses regrets ne seront pas plus forts que sa raison.'

Pendant qu'il se refuse à assurer les avantages de sa situation, à prendre l'habit qui prouverait du moins qu'il se destine à l'église, mon très-cher frère se soumet à la vie sévère et retirée qu'elle prescrit. J'appelle cela encore une folie si sérieuse qu'elle m'en fait rire. Auguste me paraît un homme au bord d'un précipice, n'osant ni le franchir ni s'en détourner.

After this interesting 'note of preparation,' the young Marquis de Varambon arrives at the château ; and his first interview with the heroine is most happily imagined and described. She had been walking through the apartments prepared for his reception, with an old housekeeper of the family, who had loved and watched over him from his childhood, and who was now busy in ornamenting the rooms with all his favourite flowers. After showing her the library, whose '*meubles de velours noir, sans aucune broderie,*' presented a severe and melancholy contrast to the flowers which this good old dame placed among them—

Elle conduisit Hélène dans un salon qui tenait à la bibliothèque, et, prenant mademoiselle de Tournon par la main, elle la plaça devant le portrait d'une femme de la plus grande beauté. 'C'est madame, c'est ma bonne et chère maîtresse,' dit Geneviève ; 'la voilà, comme elle était, toujours environnée de fleurs.' En effet, le peintre l'avait représentée près d'une table, sur laquelle il avait placé un vase d'albâtre rempli de fleurs, et entouré d'une guirlande de roses. Geneviève dit, en montrant une table qui se trouvait au milieu du salon : 'Voilà ce vase d'albâtre, cette table, qui ont servi de modèle au peintre ; mais les fleurs et madame n'y sont plus !' Hélène demanda si ce vase était cher à monsieur

de Varambon ?—‘ Tout ce que madame affectionnait lui est précieux.’

Alors Hélène se mit à placer des fleurs dans ce vase ; elle tâchait de les arranger comme elle les voyait dans le tableau ; ensuite elle commença la guirlande. Dame Geneviève la regardait travailler avec une sorte de satisfaction ; mais tout-à-coup, revenant à elle-même, elle lui dit : ‘ Ne craignez-vous pas que cette imitation ne lui cause plus de peine que de plaisir ? ’ ‘ Vous avez bien raison,’ répondit Hélène. ‘ Rappeler une perte irréparable, c’est renouveler une douleur.’ Comme effrayée, elle rejeta sur la table ce qui lui restait de fleurs, laissa sa guirlande à moitié finie, et, se levant, elle demeura pensive devant ce tableau qui lui offrait la jeunesse, la beauté, les fleurs et la mort. Elle s’oubliait dans ses réflexions mélancoliques, lorsqu’un cri échappé à dame Geneviève la fit retourner. Elle fut interdite en voyant près d’elle monsieur de Varambon occupé à la considérer. Son extrême ressemblance avec sa mère le lui fit reconnaître. Embarrassée d’avoir été surprise par lui dans son appartement, elle se troubla, n’osa lui parler, et se mit à fuir, oubliant même de le saluer.

Love follows of course ; and the varieties of its progress and effects, in two such differently constituted natures—the reserved, meditative, but jealous and impetuous, M. de Varambon, and the gentle, timid, but devoted and unchangeable Hélène—are defined throughout with all that delicate power of analysis which women seem instinctively to possess on such subjects. A visit with which M. Balançon is honoured by Don John of Austria, whom his brother Philip II. has just sent to take the government of the Low Countries, gives the first development to that fatal passion of jealousy, which is attended at last with such tragical consequences to the young lovers. A ball takes place at the château, on the arrival of the Prince, from which the sanctity of the line of life marked out for him imposes

upon M. de Varambon the necessity of absenting himself; and there is considerable fancy, as well as pathos, in the description of his solitary sufferings, within hearing of the gaieties by which his mistress is surrounded.

Revenu chez lui, il y était poursuivi par le bruit des violons. L'appartement où l'on dansait était au-dessus du sien : tous les pas retentissaient. Il est inquiet de ce qui se passe dans le salon ; il n'a pas un instant de repos ; il fait appeler Geneviève, et, oubliant toute prudence, il lui dit : 'Ma bonne, ma chère amie, allez voir le bal ; sachez ce que fait mademoiselle de Tournon.' 'Elle danse, monsieur ; j'en viens.' 'Avec qui ?' demande-t-il en tremblant. Il le prévoyait, il le savait, et il le demandait ! Espérait-il une réponse qui pût calmer sa jalousie, passion cruelle dont il devait tant souffrir ?

'Mademoiselle de Tournon danse avec le prince,' répond Geneviève ; 'il ne voit qu'elle, n'a dansé qu'avec elle ; c'est la reine du bal !' 'Comment reçoit-elle ses attentions ?' reprend-il vivement. 'Sans les remarquer ; elle est aussi modeste que belle.'

Les danseurs se faisaient toujours entendre ; monsieur de Varambon aurait pu compter la mesure de leurs pas. Ce nouveau supplice lui devient insupportable ; il s'enfuit dans le parc. Ces allées sombres, cette nuit paisible, ne pouvaient le rendre à lui-même. Les yeux constamment fixés sur les fenêtres du château, il voyait des ombres fugitives se dessiner sur le plafond de la salle ; des plumes agitées se montraient, disparaissaient, suivant les mouvements animés des danseuses : il ne cherchait qu'une seule femme, et ne pouvait la distinguer.

Tout-à-coup il vit arriver des domestiques, s'empressant d'allumer des lampions qui éclairèrent les jardins. Les chiffres de dom Juan brillaient en verres de couleur. Monsieur de Varambon revint dans son appartement plus vite encore qu'il ne l'avait quitté. Il éteignit ses lumières, ne voulant point être vu du dehors ; et, dans l'obscurité, attaché à sa fenêtre, il regardait ce qui se passait dans le parc. Au-

dessus de sa tête, la musique, la gaieté, le tourbillon du bal ; devant lui, l'éclat des lumières : ces jardins, brillants de chiffres odieux ; lui, seul, dans le silence, dans l'ombre, et plus agitée que personne.

On était dans les plus beaux jours de l'année. Bientôt il vit plusieurs femmes qui étaient sorties du bal pour venir se promener dans les jardins. Dom Juan parut, donnant le bras aux deux sœurs. Monsieur de Varambon ne se possédait plus. Mais combien il fut touché de voir Hélène se retourner plusieurs fois et regarder son appartement. Elle a l'air triste : elle pense donc à lui ! et des larmes s'échappaient de ses yeux sans qu'il les sentît couler.

Après quelques pas, Hélène quitta dom Juan, et revint lentement du côté du château. Elle s'arrêta devant cette fenêtre où monsieur de Varambon venait d'éprouver des angoisses si cruelles. Qu'il était ému ! le bal, dom Juan, les chiffres importuns, avaient disparu ; il n'y avait plus qu'Hélène de présente à sa vue. Il se dit qu'elle sera heureuse dans la retraite ; ils y vivront uniquement l'un pour l'autre ; elle se contentera de la modeste fortune qu'il peut lui offrir. O amour ! toi seul peux peindre ces orages du cœur, qu'un rien fait naître, qu'un mouvement dissipe ! Le son de la musique, des pas légers, les ondulations de ces plumes flottantes, avaient bouleversé son âme : un regard le calme ! Déjà il ne redoute plus l'avenir, et passe le reste de la nuit à espérer une félicité parfaite.

He declares at length to M. Balançon the resolution which he has formed to renounce the religious profession for which he was destined ;—a scene of altercation ensues between the brothers ; and M. Balançon, discovering that an attachment for Mademoiselle de Tournon is the cause of a step so ruinous to the worldly interests of the family, writes such a letter to Madame de Tournon as determines that proud and rigid woman not only to refuse her consent to a marriage between the young persons, but to recall her daughter instantly to

Paris. Thither M. de Varambon secretly pursues her ; and a new source of fuel to his unreasonable jealousy presents itself in the person of M. de Souvré, the chief favourite of Henri III., who becomes deeply enamoured of Mademoiselle de Tournon ; and whose respectful attentions, mistaken by her for the assiduities of friendship, are received with all the favour and gratitude which her esteem for his very amiable character dictates. The unlucky appearances arising from such an intercourse, and the effects which they produce upon the inflammable disposition of M. de Varambon, are delineated through a succession of animated scenes and incidents, to which we should ill do justice by such a skeleton abstract—without either the colouring of style or the life of detail—as the limits allowed for this subject afford. The conclusion of the story is peculiarly affecting ; and the description of M. Varambon's feelings, on seeing the cold remains of the innocent and faithful girl, whose heart his unjust suspicions had broken, is as simply and finely done as anything of the kind with which we are acquainted.

Ils arrivent enfin à Liège. Les rues sont encombrées d'un peuple immense qui les arrête. Ils voient de loin un convoi qui s'approche. Le char funèbre est couvert d'un drap blanc et argent, autour duquel sont attachées des couronnes de roses blanches. Monsieur de Varambon frémit et serre la main de son frère ; ses lèvres tremblantes ne peuvent prononcer une parole. Son air égaré attire l'attention d'un vieillard qui précédait le cortège. Il passe en disant : ' Pauvre mademoiselle de Tournon ! ' Monsieur de Varambon tombe sans connaissance. On l'emporte dans une maison voisine, où il reste plusieurs heures évanoui. Malheureux ! quel réveil l'attend !

Le convoi s'avance lentement vers l'église. Les chants religieux demandent au ciel la paix d'une autre vie, pour celle qui n'a connu de ce monde que le malheur et la souffrance.

Vers le soir monsieur de Varambon revient à lui en jetant des cris affreux. Il appelle Hélène, ne peut se persuader qu'il l'a perdue ; il la demande à son frère, le supplie, le conjure de la lui rendre ; il veut la revoir encore. . . . Il s'échappe, et Léopold, ne pouvant l'arrêter, le suit. Ils arrivent à l'église. La foule est dispersée. Les funérailles ne devant avoir lieu que le lendemain, Hélène est déposée dans une chapelle ardente. Cette lumière le guide. Un prêtre, à genoux, récite des prières. Monsieur de Varambon se jette au pied du cercueil.

Le prêtre, que sa présence étonne, que son désespoir effraie, regarde avec inquiétude Léopold, qui lui dit : ' Il devait être son époux.' L'homme pieux et charitable le plaint, et s'éloigne pour ne point contraindre la douleur.

L'infortuné, anéanti, prosterné contre terre, craint de relever sa tête coupable, et ne cesse de répéter qu'il l'aime, qu'il l'aimait, qu'il va la suivre. . . . Enfin il ose élever ses yeux jusqu'à ce visage insensible qu'aucun voile ne lui cache encore. Ses sanglots, ses cris, font retentir l'église. . . . Malheureux qui as brisé le cœur qui n'existait que pour toi ! Il joint ses mains, pleure, s'accuse, demande à Dieu qu'un instant, un seul instant, leur soit accordé ! qu'elle le revoie encore ! et puis tous deux mourir ! ' Qu'elle sache que je l'aimais ! que je l'adorais ! ' crie-t-il en s'adressant au ciel. . . . Sa tête se perd ; il la regarde, il attend, il écoute. . . . Le silence de la mort lui répond ! . . . Un sombre égarement est dans ses yeux ; il étend ses bras et s'écrie : ' Ne m'entendra-t-elle donc jamais ? jamais ? ' Et les voûtes de l'église répétèrent : ' JAMAIS ! '

The personages in this novel are almost all historical ; and the skill with which their real characters, as well as that of the gallant, superstitious, and cruel court to which they belonged, are made to serve the purposes of the author's fiction, without deviating in the slightest degree from their original and recorded peculiarities, is the more remarkable, from its rarity in works of this kind, where, as in the portraits of dis-

tinguished persons in print-shops, the name is often the only part of the original that is preserved. Madame de Tournon is here exactly what the Queen, whom she served, has painted her; M. de Souvré, though turned into a sentimental lover (that common fate of all statesmen, heroes, and philosophers, that fall into the hands of French writers, and which Racine would not suffer even Achilles himself to escape), is still the same sensible and amiable man of the world who was, as history tells us, the favourite of so many kings; the brilliant Don John of Austria acts his part in the novel without losing any of that splendour with which Strada and our own Hume have invested him; and, though Madame de Souza has had the good taste not to distinguish her facts from her fancies by pedantic reference to authorities, it is still satisfactory to trace the accuracy of her allusions, and to observe how, in this wedlock between history and fiction, she has contrived to preserve all the wild beauties of the latter, without sacrificing to them any of the masculine dignity of the former. This is particularly remarkable in the scene between Don John and the astrologer (a scene of considerable effect throughout), in which the secret treaty entered into by this Prince with the Duc de Guise, and his project to carry off and espouse our Mary Queen of Scots, are introduced so as to give the stamp of authenticity to fiction, and make the fairy money of fancy pass current as real.

We know but two works with which this novel can properly be compared—the *Princesse de Cleves* of Madame la Fayette, and the *Mademoiselle de Clermont* of Madame de Genlis. The great merit of the former—in addition to its being the first of the kind—is that insinuating *naïveté* of detail, that uniform flow of events which, like monotony in music, wins more upon the

ear and heart than all the transitions and surprises that the most fertile fancy can invent. The conclusion, however, is unsatisfactory—that a lover should ever cease to love, however common in life, is against all the established rules of romance. The story of *Mademoiselle de Clermont* is one of those which young people will read from generation to generation. The charms of the style, the unity of the interest, and the association of both its pleasant and melancholy scenes with the beautiful forest and gardens of Chantilly, all combine to give it a degree of popularity which few of its most pretending competitors have attained. Without entering into any formal comparison between these two celebrated works and the novel before us, we shall merely say that, in our opinion, it is in every respect worthy to take its station by their side. We have more weighty matters, however, to settle with our French neighbours, and cannot now afford to dwell longer on this light prelude.

FRENCH OFFICIAL LIFE.¹

[JUNE 1826.]

THE author of this work published, some time since, a successful *jeu d'esprit*, under the title of 'L'Art de faire des Dettes,'—an art in which the people of most countries are becoming now as great proficient as their governments. A long experience of the blessings of a *National Debt* is sure to bring private debts into

¹ *Mœurs Administratives, pour faire suite aux Observations sur les Mœurs et les Usages Français au Commencement du XIX^e Siècle.* 2 tomes 12mo. Paris, 1825.

[In his Diary of June 1826, Moore says:—'Wrote an article for the *Edinburgh Review* upon a trifling French work, *Mœurs Administratives.*' Vol. v. pp. 87, 88.]

fashion; and when a judge from the bench—as was the case some time since in England—promulgates the merits and advantages of owing on a grand scale, it is but natural that individuals should try the efficacy of the practice on a small one. ‘I would beseech you,’ says Panurge, ‘to leave me some few centuries of debt if it were for nothing but the exercise of my mind;’ and English politicians would be, perhaps, equally at a loss for such exercise, if there were, as Panurge expresses it, ‘any parcel abated from off the principal sums they owe.’ The same great advocate for borrowing and lending adduces another argument in favour of the practice, of which the books of some bankrupts in the late crisis would afford no unapt illustration. ‘Against the opinion of most philosophers, that of nothing ariseth nothing, and without having bottomed on so much as that which is called the First Matter, did I out of nothing become such a maker and creator, that I have created—what? a gay number of fair and jolly creditors. And creditors, I will maintain it, even to the very fire itself, are fair and goodly creatures.’

The work before us is more elaborate, and therefore less amusing, than ‘*L’Art de faire des Dettes*.’ In extending himself beyond the limits of a brochure into two respectable volumes the author has committed that sort of mistake which success is most apt to generate. Writers are too often tempted thus to outgrow their strength; the much-lauded sonneteer straggles forthwith into epics, and the epigrammatist, overpaid for his point, becomes voluminous and dull. This work, however, is by no means deficient in liveliness; and the object of the writer being to give an insight into the interior of public offices in France—to sketch the manners and modes of life of official persons, and throw a light upon all the various wheels, from the prime

minister down to the clerk, by which the machine of government in that country is carried on—his book derives an interest, independent of its pleasantries, from the curiosity with which everything relating to French politics is sought after at present.

It is, indeed, a matter of no inconsiderable interest to watch the progress of the excitement that now pervades all France, and to speculate as to the probable consequences that may result from it. On the great question—whether our neighbours are ever likely to attain rational liberty—the symptoms at present exhibited among them afford quite as much grounds for hope as for fear. The magnificent subscription for the family of General Foy, the enthusiasm which has spread through all classes in favour of the Greeks, to assist whose cause there are *Comités Philhelléniques* established in almost every town; the sensitive alarm with which such events as the disgrace of M. Montlosier and the appointment of the Bishop of Strasbourg to be tutor to the young Prince are viewed—these, and many other such indications of popular feeling, seem to prove that there is a right spirit abroad through France, and that the people take that lively interest in public affairs which alone insures the honesty and efficacy of a government, by making every man in the community a sentinel on its movements.

In the general courage and fairness of their legal tribunals—one of which has been honest enough to draw down upon itself a rebuke from Royalty, while another, in the case of the descendants of *La Chalotais* against the *Etoile*, has left a decision upon record worthy of the pages of Fénelon—we find that best and only pledge against the abuse of laws which lies in the integrity and impartiality of those who administer them. The sympathy with which the Chamber of

Peers has lately entered into the views of the people—upon a subject, too, where it could be least expected from them, the rights of primogeniture—speaks strongly for the liberal spirit of that body ; as the eloquence which they displayed on that occasion, and the triumph they gained, speak no less strongly for their talents and power. The speeches, or rather essays, delivered by MM. Pasquier, Molé, de Barante, and de Broglie, exhibit a clearness and strength of argument, a range and depth of views, which but few of our noble thinkers could rival. From the discourse of the Duc de Broglie—which, it is no mean praise to say, was the best that this important occasion called forth—we cannot resist the temptation of giving the following extract, which, besides affording a specimen of the noble orator's powers, is interesting, as containing the bold and candid opinions of so enlightened a foreigner upon the institutions of Great Britain :—

C'est aussi là ma réponse à d'autres orateurs, dont j'honore les vues, mais dont je ne partage point les chimères ; à d'autres orateurs qui, éblouis et comme enchantés par l'exemple d'un pays voisin, rêvent en ce moment la possibilité d'instituer en France, non pas une noblesse de cour ou de province, mais une aristocratie libre et fière, puissante et majestueuse, protectrice éclairée des libertés populaires.

Les temps en sont passés. Désormais toutes les classes de la nation française sont également émancipées ; que l'on tourmente la population en tout sens, on n'en fera plus sortir ni clients ni patrons ; on n'en fera plus sortir que des magistrats et des citoyens. Si c'est là un mal ou un bien, je laisse chacun le décider selon qu'il l'entend : quant à moi, j'en suis fier, et j'en rends grâces au ciel. Il y a des choses d'ailleurs qui ne se font ni à la main ni après coup.

Oui, je le sais, le droit de primogéniture existe en Angleterre ; il y existe plus dur, plus injuste cent fois que la loi actuelle ne nous le propose ; tous les bien-fonds vont à

l'aîné, tous sans exception : les puînés n'ont de ressources qu'une Eglise riche jusqu'à la profusion, jusqu'au scandale ; que l'armée, où les grades s'achètent et se vendent ; que des sinécures sans nombre et sans mesure ; qu'une foule de postes lucratifs dans les colonies ; que l'Inde, où si longtemps cinquante millions d'hommes ont été livrés en pâture à la rapacité des exacteurs. Oui, je le sais, la distinction des rangs en Angleterre est conservée avec une exactitude pointilleuse et pédantesque ; le gouvernement depuis plusieurs siècles y appartient à peu près exclusivement à un petit nombre de grandes familles, qui, rangées sous des étendards différents, se disputent et se transmettent le pouvoir, selon le vent de l'opinion qui domine ; tous les détails de l'administration sont dévolus à une vaste corporation de gentils-hommes, qui, sous les noms de juges de paix, de grands jurys, font tout, décident de tout, disposent de tout—gratuitement, j'en tombe d'accord, mais aussi affranchis de tout contrôle, exempts de toute responsabilité positive. Et pourtant j'ai hâte de le déclarer hautement : quelque préjugé qui s'élève au premier abord contre un tel ordre de choses, l'aristocratie anglaise honore l'humanité ; c'est un imposant phénomène dans le monde et dans l'histoire ; associée de tout temps aux intérêts du peuple, elle n'a jamais cessé de revendiquer les droits du moindre citoyen aussi courageusement que les siens propres ; elle a ouvert la route où la nation marche aujourd'hui ; elle a couru les mêmes chances, défendu la même cause, combattu le même combat. Depuis cent cinquante ans que la victoire est gagnée, elle n'a ni dévié ni dégénéré ; elle a sans cesse accueilli dans son sein toutes les supériorités qui se sont élevées ; une heureuse émulation, digne fruit des institutions libres qu'elle a fondées, s'est maintenue dans les hauts rangs ; l'aristocratie anglaise est encore aujourd'hui l'élite de l'Angleterre, de cette Angleterre elle-même qui tient le premier rang parmi les peuples libres.

Another strong ground of hope for the political advancement of our neighbours is the activity and talent of their periodical press. It is impossible for a nation

to go a-sleep over its liberties, that has such daily *flappers* in its ears as the *Courrier Français* and the *Journal des Débats*, the latter of which is, perhaps, the best conducted journal—not excepting even our own admirable *Times*—in Europe. The conformation, too, and character of the Opposition which these two papers represent, is of a nature particularly favourable to the diffusion of sound constitutional views—consisting, as it does, of two distinct parties, one of which supports the Charte upon monarchical principles, while the other maintains it upon more democratic and revolutionary grounds. A rational balance of opinion is thus preserved between them, and the public mind saved from either of those extremes to which an Opposition purely Royalist, or purely Democratic, might force it.

To these promising circumstances in the political condition of France there are others, of a nature at least equally discouraging, to be opposed. Among these must be reckoned a no less essential consideration than the character of the people themselves, whose appetite for novelty, fed as it has been so abundantly for the last half-century, will hardly allow them to rest at the right point when they have found it, and whose readiness to be excited by trifles requires a considerable deduction to be made from the value and trustworthiness of their zeal upon important concerns. When we see enthusiasm pouring itself out upon frivolous objects—like the thunder-cloud parting with its contents to a kite—we lose one of the tests by which its importance on affairs of more moment can be estimated. The reveries of Animal Magnetism and Somnambulism have already, we believe, supplanted in Paris the disquisitions on the *droit d'aînesse*, and the cry against the Jesuits; and the cures performed by young ladies in

their sleep (the magnetic power enabling them, in that state, to see into the interior of their patients¹) have excited sensation and discussion enough to attract to them the solemn notice of the Académie de Médecine.

‘Faire sérieusement les choses frivoles,’ is nearly as much a characteristic of the French now as it was in the days of Montesquieu; and, from this habit of theirs of doing foolish things with a grave face, we should be in great danger of being deceived, were we to measure their sense of the importance of a business by the seriousness and earnestness with which they set about it. This sort of fantastic solemnity is particularly observable in those writers among them who set up for broachers of new systems or theories. M. Azaïs, who, satisfactorily to himself, proves that Man is but a fortuitous excrescence, a mere ‘développement spontané d’une mousse’—M. Beyle, who sees, in the working of the human passions, nothing more than a process of crystallisation, and who would say of a young lady, when she first falls in love, that ‘her heart begins to crystallise,’—M. de Monville, who insists that the world, and all it contains, is composed of four different sorts of little triangular-pyramidical-shaped molecules, with four equal faces,—all these sages, and many more of the same profundity that might be mentioned, maintain their respective theories with a gravity and

¹ This miraculous application of the powers of magnetism to medical purposes has, of course, superseded the ‘eau magnétisée’ of MM. Mesmer and Deleuze, which used formerly to work such wonders. Some of these somnambulists have equally the power of scrutinising their own interior; and M. Puységur, one of the great upholders of the mystery, gives an account of a girl who, during her magnetic slumber, saw four large worms gnawing her heart. She prescribed for herself accordingly; and, as M. Puységur assures us, got rid of the worms. It is only among a people long worked upon by priestcraft that such juggling as this could have the smallest chance of success.

earnestness which show the importance that vanity can attach to its own whims, and prove that what would pass for but an indifferent joke in England, may, in the hands of an ingenious Frenchman, be promoted into philosophy. Almost a natural consequence of this habit of treating trifles seriously is the far more dangerous error of viewing important matters as trifles; and, when we see so many instances of *both* these tendencies among our neighbours, it is impossible not to fear that the same false standard may be applied by them to politics,—that the habit of extracting self-glorification from everything (like the projector of Laputa, who extracted sunbeams out of cucumbers) may incapacitate them from understanding real glory, and that the same vanity which, at one time, makes such parade of the *shadow* of liberty, may, at another time, be equally ready, for its own triumph, to sacrifice the *substance*.

Another great obstacle to the advancement of free principles in France is that revived spirit of fanaticism of which the Court is the soul and centre, and which, by bringing into play some of the worst features of the Catholic faith, draws down disgrace upon this religion, both in France and elsewhere, and not only embarrasses the friends of liberty in that country, but affords its enemies a new pretext for oppressing their fellow-countrymen in this. We have no doubt that the greater portion of the intelligent people of France regard these advances of bigotry and Ultramontanism¹

¹ In the controversy, to which this state of things has given rise, between the Ultramontanists on one side and the champions of the liberties of the Gallican Church on the other, we find not a few instances of that unfairness which is so common a characteristic of theological disputes. For example,—Bossuet, in his *Defence of the Orthodoxy of the Gallican Church*, has said, that, even if the Declaration of 1682 were out of the question, the prin-

with disgust. But the spirit of Jesuitism, once put in motion, is not so easily checked ;—like the landcrab, it will make its way through all obstacles ; and a people who see established among them, under the sanction of the Government and the Church, a Society¹ whose stock in trade consists of Plenary Indulgences, and whose members are required, as their sole qualification, to repeat punctually ‘a Pater and Ave *par jour*,’ must be indebted more to their own good sense than to the wisdom or good intentions of their Government, if they do not retrograde in freedom even faster than they have advanced—till, like their rulers, living only in the past, they come to resemble those people mentioned by Dante, whose faces were turned backwards, and who, accordingly, saw nothing but what was *behind* them !

Almost equally mischievous with this ecclesiastical interference is the direct personal influence which, notwithstanding the interposition of ministerial agency, the monarch still continues to hold over the minds of the whole community, and which must long, we fear, prevent the French from attaining that abstract and constitutional notion of the Royal power, upon which

principles on which it was founded, would nevertheless remain unshaken and uncensured : ‘Abeat ergo declaratio—manet inconcussa et censuræ omnis expers prisca illa sententia Parisiensium.’ Of this sentence M. de la Mennais, and other Ultramontane writers who quote it, omit all but the first three words—‘Abeat ergo declaratio’—as if Bossuet had said and meant, ‘Away, then, with the declaration !’

The Bishop of Hermopolis, in his late exposition of the state of ecclesiastical affairs, has evidently endeavoured to weaken the force of this Antipapal document ; saying of it—‘Que Louis XIV lui donna *en quelque sorte* une existence légale, non que ce grand roi voulût en faire un point de *doctrine*, mais parce qu’il dut penser qu’une déclaration approuvée par tous les évêques avait *quelque chose* de respectable.’

¹ La Propagation de la Foi.

not only the theory but the practice of a government like theirs depends. To the mind of a Frenchman, the idea of a king always presents itself in the pompous form and attitude of that portrait of Louis XIV. at Versailles, under which is so appropriately inscribed, 'Le Roi gouverne par lui-même;' and the language of many of their political writers at this day shows how wholly the safety and convenience of the doctrine of ministerial responsibility is misunderstood by them. The vanity, indeed, of the whole nation makes common cause with the vanity of the sovereign; and they could more easily dispense with a king altogether, than retain him on a reduced allowance of that prostration which, from habit, it has become a sort of second nature in them to pay. As long as this old 'Grand Monarque' feeling exists, it must stand considerably in the way of all advances towards a free and manly tone of political thinking. We have quite enough of such deference to the corporeal part of Royalty among ourselves; but in France the monarch, in person, meets you everywhere. His wishes enter into the concoction of every public measure; and there is not a public institution that is not warped by this habitual inclination towards his will;—just as the women of the Grand Turk's seraglio, from their habit of leaning towards their lord, are said to grow crooked on the side at which the Sultan sits.

The author of the work which has led us into these few general observations, gives the following explanation of his motives and design in writing it:—

J'ai voulu, dans les lettres que je publie, tracer en riant une sorte de *Cours d'administration*.

Le libraire les a fait imprimer, parce qu'il les croit *amusantes*; moi, parce que je les crois *utiles*.

L'administration envahit tout; les administrateurs pululent; et pourtant les quatre-vingt-dix-neuf centièmes de

la population ignorent complètement quelle est la nature de cette force motrice qui, nous poussant, à coups d'ordonnances, de réglemens et d'arrêtés, nous contraint à marcher droit sur la grande route de l'obéissance.

C'est une étude à faire : soyons moutons, je le veux bien ; marchons docilement et en troupeaux, puisqu'il y a nécessité à produire de la laine, surtout puisqu'il faut paître, et paître dans les champs permis ; mais, moutons observateurs, sachons au moins quelle longueur ont les houlettes de nos bergers ; quand et pourquoi ils lancent contre nous leurs chiens dévoués ; et, s'il est de notre destinée d'être tondus, apprenons du moins l'art de brouter opportunément, et de bêler à propos.

Elle est innombrable la foule de gens qui paient leurs impôts et qui ignorent quelle est la puissance chargée d'ouvrir leur bourse de gré ou de force ; ils ne savent pas le moins du monde par qui est mise en jeu cette grande machine où vont s'engloutir des portions de leur argent dans des trous appelés *douane, octroi, impôt foncier, portes et fenêtres, patente, timbre, loterie, &c.* ; ce sont autant de casse-cous dont ils ne connaissent point la profondeur. Qui les y pousse ? Peu leur importe : ils savent de père en fils qu'il y faut tomber, voilà tout. Leurs devoirs militaires, civils et politiques, ils les remplissent sous l'empire de la même ignorance.

N'apercevez-vous pas qu'il y a derrière tout cela des ministres, des directeurs et des commis ? des préfets, des procureurs du roi, des gendarmes et des commissaires de police ? N'est-il pas à propos d'apprendre comment ces bergers-là se comportent ? de savoir comment ils nous parquent, nous marquent et nous comptent ? Vous sentez qu'il peut y en avoir de sorciers, ou plutôt de donneurs de sorts ; on en peut rencontrer qui dérobent le lait des brebis, qui leur tondent la laine sur le dos, et coupent même le cou à quelques agneaux.

J'ai voulu faire connaître l'importance, la fainéantise, la cupidité et l'égoïsme de la plupart de ces bergers ; mais, au lieu de monter en chaire et d'affubler la critique de la robe noire et du bonnet carré, je l'ai habillée à la légère.

In proceeding to sketch the manner and habits of official personages, he begins, in due order, with the Minister, and describes to us all that is characteristic in his house and establishment. During the revolutionary times, it was not unusual to convert old convents into places of residence for the Ministers. But this profane usurpation no longer exists. The religious corporations having resumed their rights, these houses are now restored to their former purposes; holy water has purified away all official stains; the bureaux have been regenerated into cells and confessionals; and, where the chiefs of finance and diplomacy brandished their unholy pens, some well-fed congregationist, like the hero of the *Lutrin*, now

Chante les *Oremus*, fait des processions,
Et répand à grands flots les bénédictions.

The following picture of an unlucky Minister, who, after superintending the construction of a new mansion for himself and suite, is—just as he has completed it to his heart's content—dismissed, affords a lesson on the mutability of ministerial affairs, which might well make some of the new-dwellers of Downing Street tremble in their tenements:—

Cette restitution, aux congrégations, des domaines que le service de l'état avait envahis, a conduit à la nécessité des constructions, nécessité ruineuse pour les budgets, surtout pour les contribuables, mais très-profitable aux architectes des ministères. Dans ces cas fréquens, le plan de construction est ordinairement tracé par le ministre en place, qui travaille, en cela, pour son successeur. Ceci fournirait matière à une excellente comédie. Il faut voir avec quel soin son Excellence recommande l'antichambre, la salle à manger, le petit salon, le grand salon, et l'escalier dérobé. Jusqu'à ce que le plan soit bien arrêté, les affaires d'état sont mises à l'arrière. Madame est consultée, et prévoit aussi

pour les aises de la femme du prochain ministre. Le grand jour la fatigue : les carreaux du boudoir seront en verre dépoli. Elle tient à communiquer avec ses enfans sans traverser les grands appartemens ? Vite, un escalier en colimaçon est percé dans le petit corps de logis. Il faut que la nourrice et la femme de chambre aient deux appartemens voisins. C'est l'affaire d'une aile à ajouter au bâtiment du nord. Les maçons ont fini, la menuiserie et la serrurerie sont achevées, les peintures sont sèches et ne donnent plus d'odeur ; le déménagement a commencé. Arrive la fatale ordonnance qui nomme le successeur : il n'a rien à apporter que son bonnet de nuit ; son prédécesseur a pensé à tout.

He then describes, with some liveliness, the mansion of his excellence :—

Avant de loger les bureaux, il faut loger le ministre et sa suite. Cela exige tout un hôtel. La porte est cochère, cela va sans dire : à droite et à gauche sont plantés des supports qui datent de 1793, et qui, depuis cette époque, ont reçu des lampions en l'honneur de tous les gouvernemens ; car les lampions ne se sont point encore avisés d'avoir d'opinion : ils brûlent pour tout le monde. Au-dessus de cette porte courent ordinairement quelques vieilles sculptures ; souvent des Hercules avec leurs massues ; quelquefois des *Libertés* qu'on a depuis décoiffées, conceptions républicaines que l'on doit à des sculpteurs dont le ciseau converti produit aujourd'hui des Saint Jean-Baptiste et des apôtres. Dans quelque coin de la corniche, on distingue les restes d'une inscription en lettres rouges, que le temps a insultées ; l'œil a bientôt complété leurs contours, et lit avec facilité ces mots : *Propriété nationale à vendre*. On entre, et l'on voit, attenant au massif de la porte, un petit pavillon, de nouvelle construction, qui est destiné au logement du suisse : ce pavillon se compose de deux pièces par bas, et de deux chambrettes à l'étage supérieur ; il y a là de quoi loger le suisse et sa femme.

La cour est spacieuse : cinquante carrosses y tiennent à l'aise. Là, un brin d'herbe ne s'aviserait pas de demander

l'hospitalité au petit intervalle qui sépare deux pavés : il serait à l'instant foulé par un pied de cheval ou de solliciteur. L'herbe a de l'instinct, et n'ose pousser que dans la cour d'un hôpital ou d'une bibliothèque.

The feelings of a dismissed Minister on leaving his official residence—that moment, when

Soul and body rive not more at parting
Than greatness going off,

are touched upon with suitable pathos ; and the occupations of the fallen functionary on the night previous to his decampment are thus described :—

Un feu des plus actifs a été allumé dans le cabinet du ministre ; il s'y est enfermé avec son secrétaire intime. Là tous deux passent une partie de la nuit à faire une revue générale des cartons et des papiers. Cette opération est importante ; elle a ses règles et ses principes. On fait trois tas : papiers inutiles ; papiers à emporter ; papiers à brûler.

On range parmi les papiers inutiles les *vues d'améliorations* et les *projets d'économie*. On laisse toujours cela à son successeur.

Les papiers à emporter se composent de rapports confidentiels sur le personnel, et principalement de *notes secrètes*. On n'a dit que la vérité, mais alors on était payé pour cela, et il ne faut pas se faire d'ennemis gratis. On emporte encore, et cela très-soigneusement, des protestations faites au ministre *en place* par M. le duc, par madame la duchesse. On ne sait pas ce qui peut arriver, et ces témoignages-là, dans une autre occasion, serviront de points d'appui. Enfin on emporte certains travaux d'ensemble, ouvrage de quelque bon commis, où sont analysées toutes les ressources du ministère, et qui pourront, au besoin, aider à la critique de l'administration du nouveau ministre.

On brûle une multitude de petites situations, de petits états qui mettraient trop promptement le successeur au courant du travail ; on brûle la minute d'un discours inédit de

son excellence à la chambre des députés ; on brûle un projet de règlement sur le *rappel à l'ordre*, le manuscrit d'une petite brochure sur *les inconvéniens des chambres parlantes*, une foule de documens où les circonstances nouvelles semblent faire ressortir des contradictions ; on brûle enfin des demandes de places et des dénonciations. La flamme s'élance de tous côtés : c'est un feu d'enfer.

Voilà comme un ministre disgracié met de l'ordre dans ses papiers. Il a fini. Cinq heures du matin viennent de sonner. Son Excellence tombe sur le canapé du cabinet particulier, et, pour la première fois, le duvet de son double coussin lui semble dur. Pendant deux heures, elle se retourne sur le dos, sur l'estomac, sur les flancs gauche et droit pour chercher le sommeil ; elle allait dormir lorsqu'arrive le réveil-matin que voici :

Louis, par la grâce de Dieu, &c. (Suit l'acceptation de la démission.)

Louis, par la grâce de Dieu, &c. (Suit la nomination du nouveau ministre.)

La partie officielle du *Moniteur* a appris au monde bien des désastres ; mais jamais elle n'en a fait retentir aux oreilles d'un ministre de plus épouvantables que ceux qu'il trouve dans ces ordonnances de remplacemens. Combien ont lu le vingt-neuvième bulletin d'un œil sec, qui ont senti leurs larmes couler pour un nom mis à la place du leur. On apprend sans frémir l'anéantissement de cent cinquante mille hommes, mais la perte de cent cinquante mille francs se peut-elle supporter ?

Il est sept heures du matin. Le ministre a déjà relu deux fois les deux ordonnances. Ce n'est qu'un protocole, et cependant chaque mot, chaque virgule, fournit à son mécontentement le sujet d'un long commentaire. Il y a longtemps qu'il ne s'impose aucune contrainte devant son secrétaire intime. Il s'explique à peu près en ces termes sur l'une et l'autre ordonnance, en forçant le *Moniteur*, qu'il mutile entre ses doigts, à subir les mille tortures dont son âme est déchirée :

' *Nous avons ordonné !* Croirai-je jamais que ce soit le

roi qui ait ordonné cette injustice ? Il fallait mettre, *l'intrigue a ordonné*. Qu'en pensez-vous, monsieur ?—Ah, Monseigneur !—Je sais d'où part le coup ; il vient du Comte que ma fermeté incommode ; moi seul lui résistais au conseil ; tous les autres saluent son avis. Il n'y avait de tête que sur mes épaules. Les sots n'ont pas vu qu'ils ne tenaient que par moi ; il les fera sauter tous ; il les ménage encore ; mais une fois qu'il tiendra le budget. Croiriez-vous qu'il tranche du diplomate ? Il m'a serré la main hier ; mais ma destitution était écrite dans ses regards, et je l'avais devinée. —Qui pourra, après Monseigneur, supporter le fardeau d'un ministère si important ?—Moi ? j'en suis incapable : lisez l'ordonnance : *ma santé ne me permet pas*. Quelle insultante ironie ! Je vous demande si jamais je me suis mieux porté. Ai-je rien dit, rien fait qui pût faire soupçonner que je fusse malade ? M'a-t-on vu, pendant la session, interrompre mes dîners ? N'en ai-je pas donné six par semaine ? Certes, j'y prêchais d'exemple et ne faisais point, comme tant d'autres, semblant de manger ; mais remarquez ceci ; *ayant agréé la démission*. Vous me connaissez : m'avez-vous entendu quelquefois parler de démission ?—Jamais, Monseigneur.—Jamais : mon dévouement était trop connu, trop éprouvé ; j'aurais péri au poste où la confiance du roi m'avait appelé. Plutôt que de donner ma démission, on m'aurait arraché du ministère, oui, monsieur, arraché en morceaux.—Le courage de Monseigneur est connu.—Et c'est le président du conseil des ministres qui se charge (*montrant le Moniteur*), vous le voyez, ce n'est pas moi qui l'invente, qui se charge d'exécuter cette ordonnance !—Son nom n'est là que pour la forme.—*Donné à Paris, au château des Tuileries !* il fallait mettre : *donné rue d. . . . à l'hôtel du comte*. Au surplus, c'est à tort que je m'offenserais ; cette seconde ordonnance justifie la première. Quand monsieur arrive au ministère, il est clair que je ne saurais y demeurer. Vous connaissez sans doute les titres de mon successeur ?—Monseigneur. . . . —Eh ! qui ne les connaît pas ? ils datent de 93, de la Convention et du Conseil des cinq cents ; voué ensuite au Directoire, le premier consul en a hérité, puis Napoléon, puis le

gouvernement royal, puis encore Napoléon, puis encore le gouvernement royal.'

Cette biographie impromptu du successeur a soulagé le cœur de son Excellence ; pendant ce discours, le *Moniteur* s'est changé, sous ses doigts, en une boule parfaite ; elle échappe aux mains de son Excellence, qui, se trouvant ainsi sans occupation, retombe dans un accès de tendresse pour son secrétaire intime.

'En quittant le ministère, je compte,' lui dit-elle, 'au nombre de mes chagrins les plus cuisans, celui que j'éprouve à me séparer de vous. Je vous ai ménagé un abri. Voici votre nomination de chef de bureau : elle est datée d'hier. (*Avec un soupir.*) J'étais encore ministre !'

The following receipt for making *sinécures* might have been of use to some former Ministers of our own.

Vous me demanderez ce que c'est qu'un secrétaire général ? Cette désignation présente à l'esprit une sorte de *factotum* qui tient la plume pour tout ; c'est précisément le contraire : le secrétaire général ne tient la plume pour rien ; son métier est de contresigner. Par exemple, le ministre prend un arrêté, fait une instruction, ou adresse une circulaire à ses agens ; il signe ces documens. Eh bien ! le secrétaire général atteste que la signature apposée par le ministre est en effet la signature du ministre. Je me suis toujours demandé pourquoi on avait borné là cette espèce de légalisation ; car vous concevez que, si la signature du ministre a besoin d'être certifiée véritable, la même nécessité semble se présenter pour la signature du secrétaire général ; or, en considérant que ce dernier certificat aurait lui-même besoin d'être certifié par un deuxième secrétaire général, il faut reconnaître qu'on a appliqué là le commencement d'un plan qui conduirait droit au système des infinis. Je suis étonné qu'on l'ait arrêté en si bon chemin, car il offrait le moyen le plus sûr, et le moins sujet à critique, de créer des sinécures ; il était du moins conséquent dans toutes ses parties, avantage que n'ont pas tous les plans ministériels.

Some characteristic traits of Napoleon are given ;

and the praise bestowed upon him in this and in other recent publications shows that the injunction under which his name so long lay in France has at last been taken off, and that his memory begins to enter into the full possession of its rights. To a ruler who, like him, took the thinking department all upon himself, nothing was wanting but men who could *work*; and the value which he attached to such downright machines of business is well exemplified in the following anecdote :—

Ces chefs de division étaient la pièce essentielle, la principale roue d'engrenage de la machine administrative; ils recevaient, en premier ordre, la force motrice et la communiquaient à toutes les parties. L'utilité de ces excellens ouvriers était bien connue du chef du gouvernement. Son impatience de savoir, ses questions soudaines, directes et positives, changeaient en une torture les jours de travail de ses ministres. Avant de monter en voiture, ils se chargeaient de renseignemens, de notes et de chiffres; ils empruntaient le secours de petits calepins, de petits agendas, où la prévoyance la plus ingénieuse inscrivait succinctement des réponses à toutes les questions possibles. Ces pauvres ministres apprenaient cela par cœur, le matin, le soir; c'étaient leurs racines grecques; mais le malheur voulait souvent que, forts sur la leçon de la veille, ils fussent questionnés sur celle du lendemain. Ils restaient courts.

Parmi les chefs de division se trouvaient souvent des hommes distingués, dont de bonnes études avaient préparé les esprits à tous les genres de succès. Jetés, par les circonstances, dans l'administration, qui offre de fréquens moyens de faire ressortir les avantages d'un bon jugement, d'une rédaction prompte, lucide et concluante, d'une discussion serrée et analytique, ceux-là ne tardaient pas à être remarqués par Napoléon; ils étaient appelés près de lui toutes les fois que le ministre répondait de travers. Lorsque le chef de division satisfaisait couramment et sans hésitation aux vives interrogations de Napoléon, il revenait ordinairement des

Tuileries avec le ruban de la légion d'honneur, ou la dignité de conseiller d'Etat. C'était là, madame, un des dédommagemens de ce règne de fer : quand un homme avait du talent, chef, sous-chef ou commis, dans quelque rang obscur que la fortune l'eût placé, Napoléon, de son bras herculéen, le saisissait par les cheveux, le posait sur un piédestal, et disait : *Voilà ma créature.*

Cette disposition de Napoléon à élever le talent qui languissait dans les bureaux, fut un jour bien voisine de tomber à faux. Le trait est assez comique pour être rapporté.

Si nous comptons quelques sujets de mérite parmi nos chefs de division, vous devez bien penser que le destin capricieux ne nous épargnait pas non plus ce qu'on appelle très-communément les *ganaches*. Mais il est de ces ganaches qui ont leur talent propre, leur aptitude spéciale, et que souvent un homme supérieur suppléerait mal dans la partie technique qu'elles ont l'habitude de pratiquer.

M. X. était chef de division, sous le ministère du duc de F. Ce M. X., homme de cinquante ans environ, était honnête et grand travailleur ; mais son travail se bornait à recevoir, de tous les points de l'Europe et de la France, des états de situation qu'il dépouillait, dans la vue d'établir combien de soldats étaient présens sous les armes, combien en congé, combien aux hôpitaux. Cette occupation constante avait fait de M. X. une mécanique à additions ; il additionnait ses bataillons au bureau, dans la rue, à table, au lit ; ses rêves et ses cauchemars redemandaient à sa femme épouvantée une compagnie égarée, une escouade perdue ; il mêlait ses chiffres et ses colonnes à ses communications même d'amitié ou de simple politesse et vous aurait volontiers incorporé pour porter au grand complet le régiment où il lui manquait un homme. M. X. avait en outre la mémoire des lieux où était situé chaque corps de troupes : sa tête était un véritable *livret d'emplacement*.

Le développement de l'un de ces vastes projets qui ébranlaient le monde conduisant Napoléon à jeter les bases d'une nouvelle organisation militaire, il travailla pendant plusieurs jours avec le duc de F., homme d'un sens droit, d'une raison

éclairée, mais dont la mémoire n'avait rien de comparable à celle de M. X., qui était, dans ce genre-là, une espèce de Lemazurier. Les séances commençaient à devenir laborieuses pour le duc de F., attendu que Napoléon demandait incessamment où était le dépôt du 45^e, du 54^e, du 108^e, et que le pauvre duc, à chaque nouvelle question, feuilletait, tournait, et retournait l'énorme dictionnaire dont l'avait chargé M. X. 'Je crois, dit avec timidité le duc harassé, que la présence de M. X., chef de la division du mouvement des troupes, pourrait être ici utile à Votre Majesté.—Faites-le venir.'

A ces mots, un officier d'ordonnance part, arrive au ministère, emballe le pauvre M. X., l'amène aux Tuileries, et le lance dans le cabinet de Napoléon. Toute autre mémoire que celle de M. X. eût été troublée de ce mouvement et de cette présentation ; rien ne pouvait altérer la sienne. 'Bonjour, monsieur ; où sont les trois premiers bataillons du 48^e ?—A Ratisbonne—Le quatrième ?—A Ancône, armée d'Italie.—Le cinquième ?—A Vittoria, 4^e corps de l'armée d'Espagne.—Et son dépôt ?—Ostende.—Présens sous les armes ?—3,455.—Hôpitaux ?—223.—Les congés ?—44.—Détachés ?—Deux compagnies du cinquième.—Aux eaux ?—3.'

A ce dialogue, dont l'épreuve s'étendit immédiatement à plusieurs corps, avec la même rapidité dans les questions, et le même aplomb dans les répliques, Napoléon reste frappé d'étonnement. Il tire à part le duc de F. 'Vous avez là, lui dit-il, un homme extraordinaire.' Puis, se tournant vers M. X. : 'Vous pouvez vous retirer ; vous aurez de mes nouvelles. Monsieur le duc de F., reprend alors Napoléon, vous me proposerez demain M. X. pour la place de conseiller d'Etat.—Je prie Votre Majesté de me permettre de lui faire observer que cela n'est point possible.—Comment ?—M. X. n'a que des chiffres dans la tête ; il ne saurait pas rédiger un rapport. Pour être conseiller d'Etat . . .—Eh bien donc ! je lui en fais le traitement.' Le bon M. X. avait douze mille francs d'appointemens comme chef de division ; cette séance lui en valut vingt-quatre mille.

Ces scènes étaient fréquentes aux temps où tous les bras ne suffisaient point au travail et à l'activité qu'exigeaient les colossales entreprises du gouvernement.'

The *Commis* or Clerks appear to be the class of official persons with which this painter of 'mœurs administratives' is best acquainted—having been himself, it seems, one of that operative body. Accordingly he describes, with much feeling, the scantiness of their salaries and the superabundance of their work; the perpetual alarm in which they are kept by rumours of retrenchment, and the never-ending trouble which the motions for papers and amendments of the Opposition inflict upon them. Benjamin Constant, it appears, has as many official maledictions showered upon him in Paris as Mr. Hume has in London.

Je sais bien que les amendemens m'ont mis sur les dents. M. B. C., auquel on conteste la qualité de Français, et qui vient de partir pour trouver quelque bonne preuve capable de clore la bouche à ses adversaires, m'a fait, durant toute une session, passer la vie la plus abominablement laborieuse. Je vous déclare, à raison de l'intérêt que je porte à mes anciens camarades, que je fais des vœux bien sincères pour qu'il soit déclaré étranger, archi-étranger.

To the great relief, however, of the Clerks, as well as of the Ministers, the last elections have reduced the ranks of the Opposition to a very manageable number, and the *Bureaux* are now enjoying comparative repose.

Ce mot d'*opposition* cause à juste titre l'effroi des employés. Il m'a coûté tant de peines et de fatigues, que ses cinq syllabes agitent encore tous mes nerfs. On a donné de bien vilaines figures aux diables, aux démons et aux sorciers; l'opposition est plus laide que tout cela: on la voit dans les bureaux, telle que Virgile a dépeint la Renommée:—

Monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui quot sunt corpore plumæ,
 Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu),
 Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot surrigit aures.

Cependant, le dernier trait,
 Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant,

tombe tout-à-fait à faux : grâce aux dernières élections, l'opposition a perdu plus de quatre-vingts langues : la voilà presque muette. Si j'étais encore commis, je ferais des vœux pour qu'elle devînt sourde, et qu'elle fût bientôt réduite, comme les élèves de l'abbé Sicard, à ne plus s'exprimer que par signes.

The same convenient views of economy on which our own Government has sometimes proceeded, in sweeping away whole swarms of unfortunate clerks, while they left the great consumers of the public treasure uncurtailed, by a single shilling, of their spoil, are frequently adopted and acted upon by the Ministers of our neighbours, to whom, indeed, we seem to have afforded an '*exemplar vitiis imitabile*' throughout. This favourite mode of retrenchment is thus pleasantly exposed :

Des députés sont montés à la tribune, et, à l'occasion de la discussion du budget, l'ont fait retentir des phrases que voici, et que je n'invente point ; je copie le *Moniteur* :

'Partout d'énormes appointemens, des frais de bureaux immenses, des ARMÉES DE COMMIS, surchargent le trésor et insultent à la misère publique. Les hommes de plume continuent à écraser l'état et à encombrer les administrations.'

Cette sortie, fidèlement reproduite par tous les journaux du lendemain, est le triste avant-coureur d'une prochaine *organisation*. Elle a porté l'effroi dans le cœur des hommes de plume. Chacun cherche autour de soi s'il a quelque motif de réforme, et tremble d'en rencontrer de trop plausibles. Celui-ci, par exemple, se rappelle qu'il a un cousin

qui a été sous-préfet de l'empire ; cet autre, une sœur qui fut marchande de modes d'une reine déchue. L'un s'accuse en secret d'avoir plaisanté une phrase de journal ministériel ; l'autre, d'avoir été prendre sa demi-tasse au café Lemblin. Tous enfin, en mangeant leur pain sec et en se désaltérant au pot à l'eau de ministère, craignent *d'insulter à la misère publique* ; ils voudraient se dissimuler qu'ils appartiennent à quelque bataillon de ces armées de commis qui surchargent le trésor.

Le ministre a donné un de ces dîners de cinquante couverts où le fumet du chevreuil et la vapeur de la truffe réunissent les suffrages et forment les majorités. Il a convoqué pour le soir même deux directeurs et le secrétaire général. Tous quatre sont déjà dans le cabinet de travail. 'Messieurs, dit Son Excellence, la Chambre crie contre la bureaucratie ; je dois donner l'exemple d'une grande réforme parmi les employés : il me faut 120,000 francs d'économie.— Hélas ! Monseigneur, vous voulez donc mettre à la porte soixante commis à 2,000 francs ?—Combien sont-ils ?—Six cents.—Arrangez-vous comme vous le voudrez, il faut en renvoyer un sur dix.—Soixante personnes, cela fera bien des mécontents.—Renvoyez donc quatre chefs de bureau, huit sous-chefs et vingt-huit commis ; frappez les gros appointemens, et vous ferez mes 120,000 francs avec quarante personnes au lieu de soixante ; cela est philanthropique.'

La base du travail est ainsi arrêtée. Il n'est venu à la pensée d'aucun de ces quatre messieurs qui touchent ensemble 270,000 francs, qu'en prenant à la lettre le conseil de Son Excellence, ils obtiendraient 120,000 francs d'économie, conserveraient encore 150,000 francs, et n'auraient personne à réformer.

Among other tender ties between the electors and the elected, for which the French are indebted to their imitation of us, those small services, vulgarly called *jobs*, which Ministerial members are in the habit of performing for their constituents, have not, it appears, been overlooked ; but, on the contrary, are considered

as among the chief blessings of a Representative Government. Places in the tobacco department are particularly in request among the electors.

Remarquez que le système représentatif restauré a donné aux députés une importance qu'ils n'avaient point sous l'empire : leur vote fait les destinées des ministres. Les ministres tiennent le pouvoir ; c'est bien le moins que leur omnipotence accorde des faveurs et des grâces à ceux qui, par le jeu d'une boule, peuvent affaiblir ou détruire cette toute-puissance. Un grand nombre des électeurs provinciaux n'ignorent pas cette source de crédit des députés auprès des ministres, et, dans les choix qu'ils font, accordent, par un calcul de localité, leurs suffrages à quelques-uns de ces notables qui ne connaissent dans toute la France que leur département.

Ces députés-là portent dans le cœur l'enthousiasme de l'arrondissement et le fanatisme de la commune. Leur petite ville n'attend d'eux ni opposition, ni discours, ni amendemens : elle en espère des pas et des démarches ; ils sont de ceux auxquels on dit :

Il faut des actions et non pas des paroles.

Vous ne sauriez croire jusqu'à quelle profondeur de conviction ils sont pénétrés de ce côté d'utilité de leur mandat. A peine débarqués à Paris, les pétitions leur pleuvent, et ils en forment de vastes dossiers où ils prennent soin d'inscrire les noms du directeur, du chef de bureau, du sous-chef et du commis que cela regarde. L'un sollicite la construction d'un petit pont ; l'autre, la percée d'un chemin vicinal. Plusieurs veulent faire des directeurs, des inspecteurs et des maîtres de poste ; quelques-uns, que nous envoient les départemens à tabac, aspirent à porter leurs concitoyens à tous les emplois que les contributions indirectes ont créés à la suite de cette plante, comme contrôleurs spéciaux de culture, garde-magasins, inspecteurs, sous-inspecteurs et chefs de fabrication.

Under the ancient monarchy of France, all public appointments—those of Judges among the rest—were

sold by the Crown.¹ This monstrous abuse, which Montesquieu pays monarchy the ill compliment of thinking *necessary* to it, no longer exists; as our author says, 'Le Roi vous nomme pour rien, et les Ministres vous destituent gratis.' But if we may believe his statements—though public officers no longer buy their places, they continue still, as grossly as ever, to sell the duties of them; and for this spirit of cupidity and venality which, according to him, pervades every class of society in France, he thus satisfactorily accounts.

Le dirai-je pourtant? la corruption de nos mœurs administratives a peut-être une déplorable excuse dans l'exemple des jeux de fortune que nos révolutions leur ont présentés. Il faut en convenir: entre les deux époques de 1789 et de 1815, c'est-à-dire pendant trente ans, des événements extraordinaires ont aventureusement déplacé toutes les sources des richesses territoriales, commerciales et industrielles. Chacun a pu, au moins une fois, y emplir son broc, comme aux vastes fontaines que le luxe des anniversaires érige à la soif populaire, où ce succès est réservé au plus fort et au plus adroit. Ces continuels spectacles d'opulences improvisées, ces soudaines élévations de fortunes de cinq minutes, ont répandu dans les membres du corps social une fièvre d'or et d'argent qui inégalise et accélère encore ses pulsations. Cette fièvre s'est surtout attaquée à l'administration qui,

¹ By an official account given to Colbert in 1664, it appeared that the number of places in the two departments of Finance and Justice was upwards of forty-five thousand, of which the salaries amounted to more than eighty millions of livres. These offices were all sold, and the money produced by the sale was part of the revenue. Each of these offices carried with it an exemption from taxes; each new creation, therefore, diminished the permanent resources of the state. The current price of the whole of these offices, at that time, amounted to four hundred and nineteen millions, or about thirty millions sterling.—*History of Europe, from the Peace of Utrecht*. By Lord John Russell. See this very clever work, p. 213, for the attempt made by Colbert to reform this abuse.

toujours exposée aux rappels, aux réformes, aux retraites, aux congés illimités et à tous les genres de disgrâces que les ministres ont inventés, cherche à la hâte à se créer des bien-être pendant ses courts instans d'activité.

It is humiliating to be obliged to confess that the same grasping avidity for gain, the same demoralising spirit of speculation which is here described as hurrying away all classes in France, has, from causes similar in their operation, become but too much the characteristic of Englishmen. What the Revolution and its sudden changes of property are said to have done in that country, the Bank Restriction Act and its consequences have assuredly effected here. A perpetually fluctuating currency has turned commerce into a game of chance; and, from a nation of gamblers, only the morals of a gambler are to be expected.

We shall here close our notice of this work with the expression of our sincere wish that France may be half as successful in obtaining the blessings of our form of government, as she has evidently been in copying its corruptions and defects.

ANNE BOLEYN.¹

[MARCH 1827.]

OUR readers, we think, on looking at the title of this article, will be inclined to exclaim, like the gentleman

¹ 1. *Anne Boleyn: A Dramatic Poem.* By the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 8vo. London. John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1826.

2. *Anne Boleyn: A Tragedy.* By Henry Montague Grover, St. Peter's College, Cambridge. 8vo. London. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. 1826.

[Moore refers to this article in his *Diary* several times, and definitely under date February 6-11, 1827.]

in the well-known ghost story, when he saw the super-numerary apparition: 'Heavens! there are two of them!' We know not whether the fate of this unfortunate queen, affecting as it is in history, has ever before supplied a theme to the Tragic Muse; but, if not, the omission is now amply made up; and it is perhaps as an atonement for having refused Henry VIII. *one* Anne Boleyn,¹ that Oxford and Cambridge now club to furnish the world with *two*.

Though Anne Boleyn is not expressly named among the Reformers of the English Church, it is evident that both Protestants and Catholics consider her as nearly entitled to that rank, by the zeal with which they continue to dispute about her history and character. The Catholics, with Cardinal Pole and Father Sanders at their head, have represented her as a young lady of the most light and unscrupulous morality, whose education in gallantry began, from her earliest years, in France, and who not only was the mistress of Henry VIII. before she became his wife, but had been the mistress of Wyatt the poet² before she devolved to the king. Not content with this estimate of Anne herself, they extend the same charitable view to all her relations. Her mother, Lady Boleyn, is accused also of an undue degree of intimacy with Henry; and at a date fixed so conveniently as to make it probable, they think, that Anne may have been his child. The eldest daughter, too, Miss Mary Boleyn, who, they say, *first* succeeded her mother in the royal favour, is allowed by these scandalous chroniclers no other credit than that of

¹ 'Oxford alone, and Cambridge (says Hume) made some difficulty.'

² See, for some remarks on her supposed amour with Wyatt, *Memoirs of the Court of Henry the Eighth*, by Mrs. A. T. Thomson—a work of much good sense, impartiality, and research.

having served as a warning to her young sister, by yielding to the monarch with a degree of facility which the other learned from her fate not to imitate.

The Protestant writers, on the other hand, describe the whole race of Boleyns as the most moral and exemplary personages imaginable. The education of Anne at the French Court they hold to have been no less useful to her morals than people of all religions allow it to have been to her *toilette*. Mr. Turner, indeed, one of the most recent, as well as most Protestant historians of this period, after descanting on the piety and virtue of Anne's great protectress, the Queen of Navarre—a lady, by the by, who wrote a book too naughty for any other lady to read—and having mentioned that the princess had always a Bible in her hands, says enthusiastically, 'This will account for the attachment which Anne Boleyn afterwards displayed for the Divine Volume and the Reformed opinions, and will tend to make the impartial mind discredit the slanders that attempt to depict her as a vulgar hackney of depravity, in the sweetest and most beauteous season of the female life, the usual spring-time of every virtuous feeling and nobler purpose!'

Respecting the conduct of Anne Boleyn after her marriage, there is the same variance of opinion and testimony between the two creeds. While one party supposes her to have been eternally occupied in low intrigues with her servants, Norris, Weston, and Smeaton, the other represents her as closeted with the Reformer, Latimer, consulting for the interests of the new faith, and planning measures for the protection of those Protestant merchants who had just then opened a lucrative trade in the importation of Bibles.¹

¹ See, in *Strype*, her letter on this subject to Cromwell.

This religious difference respecting Anne Boleyn has not been confined solely to her moral qualities, but influences also the descriptions which the respective parties have left us of her person. According to the Reformed taste, she was the very perfection of loveliness ; or, if any blemish (such as the brownness of her complexion and ‘certain small moles’ here and there) might be pointed out, they were in her rather graces than blemishes, and might be numbered among

Those fair defects that best conciliate love.

Viewed by the old light, however, she wears a very different aspect ; her beauty, like that of Dido in the shades, appears ‘per umbram obscuram,’ while every defect is brought out in the fullest relief. To a good Catholic’s eye her complexion seemed to be yellow, as if from jaundice ; she had ‘a gag tooth, six fingers on one hand, and a tumour under her chin !’ In addition to this choice catalogue of charms, a French medical writer professes to have discovered that she was (like the monstrous busts we sometimes see of Ceres and Diana) *multimammia*. With the utmost gravity, too, he suggests that, as she had six fingers on her hand, *it is probable* that she had the same superfluity of toes upon her foot !—*elle avait peut-être également six doigts au pied.* (*Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales.*) In answer to all this, the Protestant stoutly denies the six fingers, though he owns she had, on one of her fingers, a ‘supplemental nail.’ So far, however, he contends, from being a blemish, this superfluous nail was rather an ornament than otherwise ; being, as the biographer of Wyatt describes it, ‘so small, by the report of those that have seen her, as the *workmaster* seemed to leave it an occasion of greater grace to her hand, which, with the tip of one of her other fingers,

might be, and was usually, by her hidden, without any the least blemish to it.'

In the curious metrical *Histoire d'Anne Boleyn*, written, it is thought, by a contemporary, and published lately from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi, we find the following verses, which tell quite as much for the coquetry of the fair queen as her beauty:—

S'elle estoit belle et de taille élégante,
 Estoit des yeulx encor plus attirante,
 Lesquelz sçavoit bien conduyre à propos
 En les tenant quelquefois en repos ;
 Aucunesfois envoyant en message
 Porter du cueur le secret tesmoignage.

Much as her form seduced the sight,
 Her eyes could even more surely woo ;
 And when and how to shoot their light
 Into men's hearts, full well she knew.
 For, sometimes, in repose, she hid
 Their rays beneath a downcast lid ;
 And then, again, with wakening air,
 Would send their sunny glances out,
 Like heralds of delight, to bear
 Her heart's sweet messages about.

Among the historians who recount the loves of Henry VIII. we have met with none—not even Miss Benger—who dwells upon them with such romantic fondness as Mr. Turner, the amiable author of the history of the Anglo-Saxons. This gentleman, in a volume just published, has taken the Defender of the Faith under his especial protection, and endeavoured to vindicate his memory from the 'slanders and revilings' under which, in his opinion, it has too long lain. In this chivalrous enterprise Mr. Turner professes himself

to be actuated by a sincere alarm at those 'advocates of Romish supremacy who aspire to build once more the Papal monarchy in Europe, or who may expect to share in the dignities and comforts that would flow to many from its re-possessioned establishments.' How far Mr. Turner's quarto is likely to prevent these alarming persons from 're-possessioning their establishments' remains to be seen. Voltaire—who was, at all events, no Catholic—says that Henry was 'tyran dans son gouvernement, comme dans sa famille,' and that 'il mérite l'exécration de la postérité.' This, however, is far from Mr. Turner's view of the matter; and, though unable to make out any good defence for his hero on the article of wives, the conclusion he comes to on his general conduct is, that there 'was not a sovereign in Europe that, circumstanced as he was, would have acted otherwise than he did, except as to his queens.' Even 'as to his queens,' too, there are certain traits in the amatory character of the monarch that delight and dazzle the imagination of his sage historian prodigiously. Among others, the constancy with which he clung to Anne during the tedious process of buying up the consciences of the divines of Europe, is thus tenderly put by Mr. Turner. 'Perhaps the annals of affection or of civil history will hardly furnish another instance of a king's constancy for a beautiful subject lasting nearly six years, in patient waiting for the nuptial tie.' Anne, too, comes in for her share of praise on this score. 'It may, indeed, be questioned if biography can furnish a parallel of another young lady, of merely gentle birth, resisting for six years the seductive agencies that were surrounding her, when her lover was a king.' Sometimes, however, he seems to doubt whether the Whig principle of resistance

to tyrants was quite so strong in Anne as to justify all this praise ; witness the following exquisite passage : ‘ As far as the fashion of the day, the usual guide and rule of those who live most conspicuously in a court and a metropolis, or a desire of coinciding with the king’s opinions could influence Anne Boleyn, she was likely to have been as pliant as the plumage of her head-dress to the solicitations and aspirations of a royal and interesting admirer.’¹ If this ‘interesting admirer’ could have contented himself with the pliancy of poor Anne’s head-dress, without proceeding to experiments upon the head itself, we should have felt much more sympathy with Mr. Turner’s gallant description of his courtship.

Lest it should be supposed, however, from what we have said, that this amiable historian has, in his zeal for No-Popery and Henry VIII., attempted to palliate any of the family murders of his hero, we must, in justice to him, extract the following passage, as a proof not only of the horror with which he contemplates Anne Boleyn’s fate, but of the sprightly and elegant style in which that horror is expressed by him : ‘ To consign the long-beloved wife of his bosom, the selected object of his caresses, for whom he had braved and defeated popes, priests, sovereigns, slander, hatred, treason, and peril, to a violent, public, and defaming death ; and by a signature, written in the very apartments where he had feasted upon her smiles ; listened, delighted, to her merry chit-chat, and danced, enraptured with her grace, in all her fearless and unforeseeing gaiety ; ordering the “little neck,” which he had so often admired and caressed, to be cut asunder by the but-

¹ P. 475.

chering strokes of a common executioner, was an act better suited to an Othello, to a relentless Moor, or to a turbaned Turk !’

The famous love-letters of Henry to Anne Boleyn form another topic, on which the tastes of Protestants and Catholics differ very materially;—the delicacy of the latter being much shocked by these productions, while the former regard them as patterns of princely love-making. Dr. Lingard stops short in quoting one of these letters, unwilling to contaminate his page with the rest of it. The Catholic biographer of Cardinal Pole declares that there are some expressions in them, ‘below even the coarseness of Thames Street gallantry;’ while Mr. Turner, who forgives, as we have seen, the Queen of Navarre’s naughty tales, in consideration of her laudable leaning to Lutheranism—pronounces the letters of Henry VIII. to be ‘models of respectful love’—‘congenial billets,’—‘genuine specimens of an honourable affection, expressed in the easy language of true feeling and good sense; reflecting credit upon his mind as a man, and his heart as a king.’ Such are the extremes into which partisans, on both sides, fling themselves, and such the absurd spirit which is now at work everywhere, which is driving that excellent Catholic, Mr. Butler, to illustrate his doctrine of Transubstantiation, by the mysterious intermixture of quassia with beer,¹ and which urges that *super-*

¹ In condemning the rashness of that Protestant oath which declares the doctrines of Transubstantiation, &c., to be idolatrous, Mr. Butler asks (as an illustration of the temerity of their swearing that there is *no* transference of substance into the sacrament), ‘What would the Barons of the Exchequer have said of a person who, on a late trial for the adulteration of beer, had sworn that no quassia had been infused into it, and had afterwards confessed, on cross-examination, that he took what he said *upon trust*, and had never examined the *composition*?’

excellent Protestant, Dr. Southey, to accuse the Catholics of the present day of believing that the devil, once upon a time, held a candle to St. Dominic, and so awkwardly as to singe his own paw.¹

But to come to our tragedies. The chief objection to the story of Anne Boleyn, as a dramatic subject, is that between her coronation and her execution, the two periods on which the interest or *peripetia* of the action hinges, there elapsed an interval of three years, a period somewhat too long for even our latitudinarian notions with respect to the annihilation of time and space on the stage. To get over this difficulty, Mr. Grover, who begins with his heroine from the date of her marriage, slides in a little note between the second and third acts, to say—‘There is a lapse of three years from this act to the next following one, where the history is renewed at the period of Anne’s decline in Henry’s favour.’ Not content with this chronological advertisement, he prefaces the third act with a long rhyming address, apologising for his breach of the unities. This address he puts into the mouth—not of a beef-eater, as would have been English and natural—but of the god Mercury, who has no other connexion, we fear, with Mr. Grover’s play than that which his ‘*jus in animas defunctorum et damnatorum*’ gives him. This deity, descending in ‘loud thunder,’ thus addresses the audience:—

¹ See the *Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*.—Dr. Lingard having endeavoured to get rid of some of these anile tales, which his brother doctor has raked up against the Papists, by discrediting the authority of Osbern, on whose testimony many of them rest, Dr. Southey, in reply, exclaims rhetorically and triumphantly, ‘No, Sir, the ship St. Peter, bearing for its flag the keys and triple crown in a field gules, is not to escape by throwing Osbern overboard, as if he were the Jonas for whose only offence the storm has overtaken her.’

'Tis noisy travelling this. God bless us !
 Did ever mortal hear so great a clatter ?
 I wish to heavens the good folks of Parnassus
 Would not make such a noise about the matter ;
 Stirring the Gods to anger and debate
 About a thing of very little weight.
 But here I am, thank heaven ; and now
 To you, sweet ladies, beg to make my bow ;
 And then proceed to tell you why I'm here,
 From Helicon's fair spring a messenger, &c. &c.

In these couplets, it will be perceived, there is not the usual compromise of one line for sense and the other for the rhyme ; on the contrary, nonsense usurps both, and rhyme is little thought of between them. The blank verse of Mr. Grover, though much more pregnant with meaning, dispenses with metre as uncere- moniously as his couplets do with rhyme. Frequently, indeed, he seems to think, with a certain philosophic dramatist of our times, that prose broken up, and *pointed* like verse, ought to satisfy all reasonable people quite as well as poetry. For instance :—

But how did end

This story ?

Queen Catherine. The king, confirm'd of the truth
 Of the appeal, held himself free of the Moor ;
 Who was dismiss'd, unharm'd in honour,
 To his own kingdom ; the heroic lover
 Linger'd of his wounds ; and, being first married
 To her for whom he perish'd, shortly died.

It is said of that admirable actor and worthy man, the late Mr. Kemble, that he would frequently, from the habit of declaiming, talk blank verse in conversation, as unconsciously as the Bourgeois Gentilhomme talked prose ; and one of his theatrical friends used to imitate

him in the act of addressing a beggar, to whom he had just given a penny, in the following heroics :—

Kemble. See that thou *hast* a penny.

Beggar. (*Looking into his hand*)—I have, sir.

Kemble. (*Turning to his friend*)—Banister !

It is not often that I do these things,
But—*when* I do, I do them handsomely.

Much the same sort of blank verse abounds in every page of Mr. Grover's tragedy. For example —

The King is with Sir Richard Coombe, and waits
To hear the death of poor Sir Thomas More.

In the management of his plot, Mr. Grover is not more successful than in his dialogue. The only addition to historical facts that he has hazarded, is founded upon one of those imprudent speeches to her attendants, which formed the grounds of accusation against the unfortunate queen. It being stated in the depositions, that Anne had once bantered her servant Weston on his love for a certain kinswoman of hers, this mistress of Weston is, in the play, converted into a Lady Margaret Lee, who, having

stooped

To trust his honour in the shadows gray
Of the still lawns,

is afterwards deserted by her seducer. In the height of her despair, she makes an offer of herself to a 'romantic country gentleman,' named Gadsden, whose proposals she had often before rejected ; and this Arcadian squire, though acquainted with her mishap, accepts her as joyfully as if nothing had happened.

We have some faint recollection of a late traveller on the continent, who tells us, that, having heard some foreigner praised as a 'most excellent country gentle-

man,' felt a strong curiosity to see this pattern of continental squires, and, on paying him a visit, found him in a high garden-turret, dressed in a pea-green coat, and playing on a guitar. That Mr. Grover's *beau-ideal* of a country gentleman is somewhat similar, may be perceived by the following extract from a scene, where Squire Gadsden is discovered with his sister:—

Gadsden. Here, sister, is the spot I have design'd
To build this fane of my idolatry.
Here shall the tablet, with the name emboss'd
Of Margaret, honour'd! Margaret, ever dear!
Be planted; and about, to guard the spot
From the loose rompings of the vagrant winds,
These guards shall stand; and round their russet trunks
Bear a rich screen of jessamine and rose.
Beneath their shade and shelter I may pass
The tedium of dull life; and, here reclining,
Speak of my love to thee.

In this tender moment, his 'honour'd Margaret' arrives—tells him of her adventure with the perfidious Weston—offers herself to him such as she is, 'for better, for worse,' and is thus carried off in triumph by the 'romantic country gentleman.'

Gadsden. Most gratefully I take regard so pure;
And in this friendship will raise up a flame,
So Heaven consenting, shall illumine the land
With the pure light of love; to be a beacon
For faithful hearts to go by. Come, Margaret,
I must bear off my prize: take you my arm;
Sister, you the other. [*Exeunt.*

We should do injustice, however, to this Cambridge poet, as well as to ourselves, who thus take the trouble of reviewing him, did we allow our readers to form their opinion of his talents solely upon the impression which

these unfavourable extracts must have left. Wonderful as it may seem, after such specimens, it is yet true that there is a considerable portion of cleverness and dramatic power in his play. Though never reaching, as may be supposed, the higher flights of talent, he has the merit—very rare in this ambitious age—of but seldom aiming at them. The efforts of genius itself become painful, when too visibly efforts; and, even in those who are most successful in their pursuit of beauties, it is a tiresome fault to be always pursuing them:—

Vous avez de l'esprit ; c'est chose très certaine :

Mais vous courez après Climène

Comme si vous n'en aviez pas.

Worst of all, however, are those—the far larger class—in whom the ambition to shine is unaccompanied by the power; whose efforts but serve to render their weakness more obvious, and to whom that description of mental impotency is applicable, ‘multum cupiit, nihil potuit.’ To neither of these classes of writers does Mr. Grover belong; while he wants the genius that justifies the ambition of the one, he is also without the pretension that brings ridicule on the failures of the other.

In the dialogue of this play, the more level and ordinary style of our early dramatists is often successfully imitated; and, now and then, even their more elevated tone is caught. The following scene, where Jane Seymour attempts to describe the intoxication of heart which she feels at the discovery of the king's love for her, is, for the most part, very gracefully written:—

Enter LADY ROCHFORD *and* JANE SEYMOUR.

Lady Rochford. It is a sweet reprieve from toiling pleasure,

To breathe thus undisturb'd the silent breeze.
 And the still sky and solemn-feeling moon
 Wake in my thought the sense of childish years ;
 When I did love to play beneath her beam.

Jane Seymour. I have no sense of by-gone happiness.
 The present scenes surround and fill my bosom ;
 And every movement seems to bring new joy.
 The soft breath of the air, perfumed with spring,
 And charged with sounds half dying, half reviving,
 In sinking cadences of broken harmony,
 Wrap all my heart as in a lovely vision.
 Sure 't was by moonlight, and in the sweet sound
 Of falling waters, or what other music
 Nature doth make, that men first learn'd to love.

Lady Rochford. Soh ! the sweet spirit moves my lovely
 Jane ;
 These rhapsodies betray the latent fire,
 Which burns within ; but, ah ! beware.
 What, now, if I should guess the kindling sun,
 Which warms your spirits into this quick commotion ?

Jane Seymour. I ne'er could name the name. Th' un-
 stable light,
 Not yet bound in its sphere, lives in all regions,
 And has ta'en no form.

Lady Rochford. But, when 't is fixed,
 'T will rise as high as is the Royal Sun :
 Is 't not so, sweet Jane ?

Jane Seymour. Indeed, I know not ;
 My mind is not advised by my heart
 Of its true bias ; therefore I pray excuse me.

We shall give one more extract from a scene between Henry and Anne—'in the State apartment, where the Queen is confined.' Historians tell us that Anne imputed her miscarriage, on this occasion, to the unhappiness which she had felt at the discovery of the king's love for her maid. Her answer, in the following scene, to Henry's reproaches on the subject, is, we think, natural and pathetic :—

Enter KING HENRY.

King Henry. What, 'fore God, woman ! how's the Queen ?

Lady. So please your Highness, but indifferent well.

King Henry. Indeed ! make way ; and bid the groom
Prepare our horses, we would ride alone.

What Anne ; how fares the Queen ?

We would have wished more welcome in this meeting,
And bade our consort hail with better seeming,
If she had been more favour'd of high Heaven ;
And brought the chief hope of our royal breast,
The heir we had look'd for.

Queen Anne.

My Lord ! my Lord !

King Henry. 'Fore God, this puling passion ill beseems,
I say it ill beseems King Henry's wife ;
The blessing of just Heaven shines not on thee,
And this miscarriage dims my royal crown.
Is there no other meet employ to suit thee,
Whose brows are circled with the crown of state ;
But, like a wilful girl of schooling years,
You must consult and crave to satisfy
This inward grovelling spirit of romance ?
Thou hadst a precious charge, which charge was mine ;
Not only mine, but my kingdom's ; and 't is lost ;
Gone from us by thy wayward fantasies,
Unqueenly and not fitting your estate.

Queen Anne. It is true. Most gracious Sovereign,
Bear with me while I speak. My heart o'erflows,
And your reproaches bring the keenest pains
Of all I suffer. But, ah ! my Lord,
When was your Queen other than such a one
As draws this chastening from your royal lips ?
Did ever, ere the crown had press'd these brows ;
Ere to this giddy eminence, where thy bounty
Hath placed your Queen ; or from her humble happiness
That Queen was sever'd by your royal favour ;
Did ever Anne, the favour'd Anne of Henry,
Disguise from him the workings of her bosom,

Or hide the quick throbs of an anxious heart ?
 My Lord, I own my frailty on this point ;
 I do confess a wounding arrow strikes me,
 Strikes that same anxious heart, and shakes my frame.
 Good gracious Heaven ! through the open windows,
 Where looks thy mercy forth upon thy creatures,
 Be *thou* my comfort in this hour of sorrow ;
 Hold up the broken spirit of my heart,
 That I may bear me meekly ! Oh ! Henry, hadst thou
 Felt but the tithe part of the tithe of woe,
 That hath fall'n on the heart of thy true servant—
 Indeed, my Lord, I wander, but my tongue
Will utter it—since that sad hour, the saddest
 Of my lost life, wherein my failing sight
 Met the dread proof of thy forgetfulness ;
 Thou wouldst still pity with so warm a heart,
 That in the very impulses of nature
 Thy natural love would turn again to its channel,
 And I be blest again. But I am faint ;
 I pray you, good my gracious Sovereign,
 Forgive my unguarded speech.

In proceeding now to notice the play or 'dramatic poem' of Mr. Milman we think it right to mention that, in a preface prefixed by Mr. Grover to his tragedy, it is more than hinted that the coincidence between himself and Mr. Milman, in their choice of a subject, was not altogether accidental :—

The following drama (says Mr. Grover) was written by me in the months of January and February, 1823 ; and was shortly afterwards, at the instance of a friend, put into Mr. Murray's hands for publication, who informed me that it was consigned to some person for perusal. It was returned, however, with a polite intimation that, in consequence of the recent failure of some poem by Lord Byron, the public taste did not seem disposed towards works of the sort : and, in plain terms, that it was not convenient to Mr. Murray to publish it.

This circumstance and other engagements have since taken me from the purpose of immediate publication ; but I always entertained the intention, at some time, of revising and correcting those crudities of composition which I am aware the play must possess, and then to publish it.

That intention has been accelerated by the publication of Mr. Milman's dramatic poem on the same subject ; which I heard of, for the first time, late in last August. On perusing that work, with the curiosity with which one looks for diversities of thought on the same subject, I was surprised to find in it *a series of resemblances, both in the plot and expressions,* to those of my own poem.

With respect to these alleged resemblances in the language of the two plays, we have not, we confess, been able to trace them. Those who are at all acquainted with the general style of Mr. Milman, will not require to be told how totally different is the unpretending and somewhat slipshod gait of Mr. Grover from the lofty and grandisonant march of the professor of poetry of Oxford. The language of tragedy, according to Aristotle, should be nothing more than a selection and skilful collocation¹ of the language of every-day life. This definition—which seems to exclude from the true style of tragedy all the ornament and artifices of poetical diction—has been but little attended to by our modern dramatists, and by none less than by Mr. Milman, who, whatever else may be the merits of his writings (and we are by no means inclined to undervalue them), condescends but rarely to the natural or familiar, and, like the inhabitants of Les Landes, seems always most at home upon stilts. With our neighbours the French, who have no such thing as a poetical

¹ To collocation, indeed, much more than to selection, the ancient writers trusted for the dignity of their style ; as Dionysius Halicarnass has well shown, *περὶ Συνοχῆς*.

language, at least since the time of their early poets, the adoption of this rule of the Stagirite is a matter of necessity, not choice. But the pedantic rigour with which they exclude certain words from tragedy¹ shows how willingly they would establish for it a privileged order of phrases, if they could. One of their dramatists, still living, undertook, some time since, to write a tragedy, of which Charles le Bel was to be the subject. A serious difficulty, however, presented itself. As this monarch, among other violent financial expedients, had recourse to an alteration of the coin of the realm, it was necessary that the word 'monnoie' should be introduced into the dialogue; and this, the poet feared, was impossible. He consulted the most enlightened and liberal critics, but they all, with one voice, declared against the unauthorised word, and he was at length obliged to give up his subject. Mr. Milman is hardly less select and aristocratic in his vocabulary, and often prefers the trouble of going round by a periphrasis to the degradation of encountering any of the 'populace of phrase' on the straight road. For instance, the plebeian word 'spit' is awkwardly evaded by him:—

I pray'd my way

Through mocking men to find thee. Some did spurn me,
Did almost void their rheum on me.

And, in one of the early scenes, where Anne Boleyn orders her almoner to dispose of all the luxuries of her

¹ Virgil is said by his critics to have avoided certain words, as too plebeian. Servius supposes that the periphrasis by which he describes the stork in the *Georgics*, 'Candida venit avis, longis invisâ colubris,' was for the purpose of avoiding the common name of that bird. Scaliger, too, represents him as equally fastidious about the name of the cormorant; but this is a mistake, for the word 'mergus' is more than once used by him.

own table, rather than allow her to want the means of succouring the indigent, we have the following pompous circumlocution, which reminds one of the language in which Apuleius describes the simple process of getting dinner ready, '*prandium fabricatur*:'—

Go, coin those wines, barter for homelier cates
Those candied superfluities.

In the arrangement of the story, Mr. Milman has been much more skilful than his competitor; nor do we observe any of that 'series of resemblances in the plot,' to which the latter gentleman, in his Preface, alludes. The only invention, as we have seen, upon which Mr. Grover ventures, is in the instance of Lady Margaret and her unfortunate 'country gentleman,' which, though silly enough, is at least harmless. But we doubt whether the fiction, which Mr. Milman has engrafted upon history, can be regarded as equally innocent or pardonable. Not only has he conjured up a Jesuit some years before that Religious Society was in existence, but he has evoked this personage for the purpose of loading both him and the faith to which he belongs with the chief odium and guilt of Anne Boleyn's murder. Availing himself of the mystery in which the destruction of all the records of the Trial has left the confession of Mark Smeaton with respect to the guilt of the Queen, Mr. Milman supposes this perjured testimony to have been wrung from Smeaton by the arts of a Jesuit, to whom he gives the name of Angelo Caraffa, and who, having assisted in kindling up the imagination of the young musician into a romantic passion for his Royal mistress, succeeds at length in persuading him into the monstrous belief that there is no other way of saving either her life or soul but by falsely accusing her of adultery, and declaring himself the partner of her guilt!

Mr. Milman, it is true, in his Preface, takes care to intimate that this highly-coloured portraiture of Catholic fanaticism is not intended to minister to the No-Popery prejudices of the day, and has expressed a hope that he shall 'be considered as writing of former times alone.' But knowing the tactics of his cloth and his party, in bringing the Past to bear upon the Present, we cannot help suspecting that the Catholic Question had some little share in his poetical inspirations, and that—to apply the words of Dr. Johnson, in speaking of the Tragedy of Cato—'they who affect to think that *the Church* is in danger may also affect to think that a Play will preserve it.'

At the beginning of the drama, we find the young minstrel Smeaton introduced, for the first time, into the presence of the Queen, and putting her Royal patience to the proof by singing a Theological Song, of no less than 144 lines in length, entitled, 'The Protestant's Hymn to the Virgin.' This extraordinary hymn, setting out on the presumption that the Virgin might expect the same sort of adoration to which she had been hitherto accustomed from the Papists, tells her fairly, in the first verse,

To mortal name our jealous souls deny
The incommunicable meed of Deity.

The singer then proceeds to call her 'lowliest, as loveliest of mortal maids,' and continues in the same strain of pious compliment,

Thee, therefore, lovelier far we deem,¹
Than eye may see or soul may dream—

¹ On this subject, 'de pulchritudine B. Mariæ Virginis,' we beg leave to recommend to Mr. Milman's notice a treatise, written by Nicolaus Susius, a Jesuit, in which the peculiar complexion (σινδόχρους, or, wheat-coloured) attributed to the Virgin by Nice-

still protesting, however, strongly against her claims to adoration, and, throughout the whole canticle, mixing together piety and familiarity, in a way that very much reminds us of a picture which a well-known French Duke exhibits to his friends, as a proof of the high antiquity of his family,—where one of his ancestors is represented as taking off his hat to the Virgin, while a label, issuing from the Virgin's mouth, makes her say, 'Couvrez-vous, mon cousin.' Mr. Milman 'se couvre' in the presence most Protestantly.

Having thus adverted to a few of what we think the weak points of Mr. Milman's work, it is with pleasure we turn to the brighter part of his disk, and render justice to the numerous beauties, both of language and of thought, which abound in this, as in every other, production of his pen. His Jesuit is a powerful personage—and, though as much given to cursing as the Defender of the Faith was to swearing, curses well and from his heart. Sometimes, indeed, his invocations to Hell smell overmuch of sulphur—as for instance :

The game is won ere play'd !

It fires beyond our hopes, the sulphurous train
 Flames up, they're hurl'd aloft, but not to Heaven.
 Wake, Hell ! and lift thy gates ; and ye, that tenant
 The deepest, darkest, most infuriate pit,
 Th' abyss of all abysses, blackest blackness,
 Where that most damning sin, the damning others,
 With direst, most remorseless expiation,
 Howls out its drear eternity, arouse
 The myriad voices of your wailing ; loud
 As when the fleshly Luther, or the chief
 Of his cursed crew have one by one gone down
 To tread your furnace chambers !—Rise ! prepare
 The throne of fire, the crown of eating flames !

phorus, Epiphanius, and other ecclesiastical writers, is learnedly inquired into and explained.

The scenes between this fanatic and Gardiner are written with no common power; and the following extract may give some idea of the vigour with which the poet has embodied the spirit of Jesuitism in this character :

Angelo. Now hear me, Prelate, glut thine ear with tidings,
For there are dark and deep delved plots, that scape
Even Gardiner's lynx-eyed sight—thy soul shall laugh.
The Queen—the Boleyn—the false harlot heretic—
She's in our toils—lost, doom'd—

Gardiner. I know the King
Is fallen away to a new lust, and hates
Where once he doted.—But her death !—

Angelo. What ! versed
In courts like Gardiner, and not know how close
Death waits upon the blasting hate of Kings ?
I tell thee, she shall die—die on a scaffold !
Die branded like a base adulteress !—
Die like a heretic—the Church's foe !—
Die unabsolved, unhousel'd—die for ever !

Gardiner. Ay, but her blameless life ; the love she wins
By subtle sorcery from every rank.

Angelo. Blameless !—an heretic avow'd, proclaim'd
The nursing mother of Apostasy !
Heap crime on crime, load all her soul with blackness,
Make her name hideous to the end of time ;
Yet is she not, to a true son of the Church,
More odious, more abominable—all sins
Are in that one ! Adultery, murder, nought
Is wanting but desire or meet occasion,
And the loose heart gives way.

Gardiner. But this Jane Seymour
Is of no better brood.

Angelo. What reck we who
Or what she is, she shall give place t' another,
Another still, till the fierce flame burns out,
And shame, remorse, and horror, all the furies

That howl and madden round the guilty bed,
Seize on the abject Monarch ! He shall lick
The dust beneath our feet, and pay what price
The Church ordain, for tardy reconciliation.

Gardiner. Brother, draw near ! thy speech hath bodied
forth

What hath come floating o'er my secret thought.

Angelo. And own'st thou not Heaven's manifest inspira-
tion ?

Gardiner. So thou wilt bring to pass what Gardiner left
In unaccomplish'd vision ! Man of men,
What fame shall wait, what canonising glory
On sainted Angelo.

Angelo. While Stephen Gardiner
Must sink into the baser rank. Oh ! fear not,
Nor jealously mistrust me, lest I cross
Thy upward path : I have forsworn the world,
Not with the formal oaths that burst like flax,
But those that chain the soul with triple iron.
Earth hath no guerdon I may covet, none
I may enjoy.—Thou, Stephen Gardiner,
Shalt rule submissive prelates, peers and kings,
Loftiest in station, as in mind the mightiest ;
And a perpetual noon of golden power
Shall blaze around thy lordly mitred state.
I 'm girt for other journeys : at that hour,
When all but crown'd the righteous work, this Isle
Half bow'd again to the Holy See, I go
Far in some savage land unknown, remote
From civilised or reasonable life,
From letters, arts—where wild men howl around
Their blood-stain'd altars—to uplift th' unknown,
Unlawful Crucifix : I go to pine
With famine ; waste with slow disease ; the loathing
And scorn of men. And when thy race is run,
Thou, Winchester, in marble cemetery,
Where thy cathedral roof, like some rich grove,
Spreads o'er, and all the walls with 'scutcheons blaze,

Shalt lie. While anthem'd choirs and pealing organs,
 And incense clouds, and a bright heaven of lamps,
 Shall solemnise thy gorgeous obsequies ;
 O'er my unsepulchred and houseless bones,
 Cast on the barren beach of the salt sea,
 Or arid desert, where the vulture flaps
 Her dreary wings, shall never wandering priest
 Or bid his beads or say one passing prayer.
 Thy memory shall live in this land's records
 While the sea girds the isle ; but mine shall perish
 As utterly as some base beggar's child
 That, unbaptised, drops like abortive fruit
 Into unhallow'd grave.

Gardiner.

Impossible !

Rome cannot waste on such wild service minds
 Like thine, nor they endure the base obedience.

Angelo. Man of this world, thou know'st not those who
 tread

The steps of great Ignatius, those that bear
 The name of Jesus and his Cross. I've sunk
 For ever title, rank, wealth—even my being ;
 And, self-annihilated, boast myself
 A limb, a nameless limb, of that vast body
 That shall bespread the world, uncheck'd, untraced,
 Like God's own presence, everywhere, yet nowhere—
 Th' invisible control, by which Rome rules
 The universal mind of man. On me
 My Father's palace gates no more shall open,
 I own no more my proud ancestral name,
 I have no property even in these weeds,
 These coarse and simple weeds I wear ; nor will,
 Nor passion, nor affection, nor the love
 Of kindred touch this earth-estranged heart.
 My personal being is absorb'd and dead.
 Thou think'st it much with cilice, scourge, and fast
 To macerate thy all too pamper'd body,
 That thy sere heart is seal'd to woman's love,
 That child shall never climb thy knees, nor call thee

His father :—On the altar of my God
 I've laid a nobler sacrifice, a soul
 Conscious it might have compass'd empire.—This
 I've done ; and in no brief and frantic fit
 Of youthful lust ungratified—in the hour
 Of disappointed pride. A noble born
 Of Rome's patrician blood, rich, letter'd, versed
 In the affairs of men ; no monkish dreamer
 Hearing Heaven's summons in ecstatic vision.
 God spoke within this heart but with the voice
 Of stern deliberate duty, and I rose
 Resolved to sail the flood, to tread the fire—
 That's nought—to quench all natural compunction,
 To know nor right nor wrong, nor crime nor virtue,
 But as subservient to Rome's cause, and Heaven's.
 I've school'd my haughty soul to subtlest craft,
 I've strung my tender heart to bloodiest havoc,
 And stand prepared to wear the martyr's flames
 Like nuptial robes ;—far worse, to drag to the stake
 My friend, the brother of my soul—if thus
 I sear the hydra heads of heresy.

The following scene between Henry and Anne will enable the reader to compare, more immediately, Mr. Milman's mode of treating the subject with that of his Cambridge competitor, Mr. Grover. The Queen, it should be stated, had just been solicited by Cranmer to intercede with Henry in behalf of three venerable Carthusians, who, for refusing to acknowledge the King's supremacy, had been condemned to death.

<i>Queen.</i>	My Liege,
I have been sued to be a suppliant	
For those that, fall'n beneath thine high displeasure—	
<i>King.</i> 'Sdeath ! ye 've our answer—as I pass'd but now	
Jane Seymour was set on t' entreat our mercy ;	
We yielded not, nor thought of being wearied	

At every step with the old tedious tale—
Art answer'd ?

Queen. What I am I owe your Grace,
And in most deep humility confess it ;
But being as I am, your Grace's wife,
I knew not that my maid's rejected prayer
Precluded further speech—

King. Why, how now, wayward !
Your maid ! good truth, Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter's
Right nobly served. I'd have you know, proud woman,
What the King gives the King may take away—
Who raised up one from dust may raise another.
Look to thyself, I say—thou may'st have cause ;
Look, and be wise—be humble. For your Grace
We've business in our Council—not a word—
Our Queen's our subject still.

Queen (alone). And this is he,
The flower of the world's chivalry, most courtly
Where met the splendour of all courts ! When Europe
Sent its three Sovereigns to that golden field,
Which won all eyes with liberal noble bearing ?
Which charm'd all ears with high and gracious speech ?
Which made all hearts his slaves by inbred worth
But English Henry ? by his pattern all
Moved, spoke, rode, tilted, shaped their dress, their language,
And he that most resembled England's King
Was kingliest in the esteem of all. This he,
That lay whole hours before my worshipp'd feet,
Making the air melodious with his words ?
So fearful to offend, having offended
So fearful of his pardon, not myself
More jealous of my maiden modesty ;
The bridegroom of my youth, my infant's Father !
Ah ! me, my rash and inconsiderate speech,
My pride, hath wrought from his too hasty nature
This shame upon mine head : he'll turn, he'll come
My prodigal back to mine heart—if not,
I'm born his subject, sworn before high Heaven

His faithful wife ; then let him cast me from him,
 Spurn, trample me to dust—the foe, the stranger,
 That owns no law of kindred, blood, or duty,
 Is taught, where every word is Heaven's own oracle,
 To love where most he's hated. I will live
 On the delicious memory of the past,
 And bless him so for my few years of bliss,
 My lips shall find no time for harsh reproach ;
 I'll be as one of those sweet flowers, that crush'd
 By the contemptuous foot, winds closer round it,
 And breathes in every step its richest odours.

We shall add but one more extract—the speech of Anne Boleyn, when, having landed at the Tower, she is about to enter her prison. The touch of pathos at the conclusion is peculiarly happy :—

Kingston (to the Guard). Advance your halberds.

Queen. Oh ! sir, pause—one look,
 One last long look, to satiate all my senses.
 Oh ! thou blue cloudless canopy, just tinged
 With the faint amber of the setting sun,
 Where one by one steal forth the modest stars
 To diadem the sky :—thou noble river,
 Whose quiet ebb, not like my fortune, sinks
 With gentle downfall, and around the keels
 Of those thy myriad barks makest passing music :—
 Oh ! thou great silent city, with thy spires
 And palaces, where I was once the greatest,
 The happiest—I, whose presence made a tumult
 In all your wondering streets and jocund marts :—
 But most of all, thou cool and twilight air,
 That art a rapture to the breath ! The slave,
 The beggar, the most base down-trodden outcast,
 The plague-struck livid wretch, there's none so vile,
 So abject, in your streets, that swarm with life—
 They may inhale the liquid joy Heaven breathes—
 They may behold the rosy evening sky—

They may go rest their free limbs where they will :
 But I—but I, to whom this summer world
 Was all bright sunshine ; I, whose time was noted
 But by succession of delights——Oh ! Kingston,
 Thou dost remember, thou wert then Lieutenant.
 'Tis now—how many years ?—my memory wanders—
 Since I set forth from yon dark low-brow'd porch,
 A bride—a monarch's bride—King Henry's bride !
 Oh ! the glad pomp, that burn'd upon the waters—
 Oh ! the rich streams of music that kept time
 With oars as musical—the people's shouts,
 That call'd Heaven's blessings on my head, in sounds
 That might have drown'd the thunders——I've more need
 Of blessing now, and not a voice would say it.

This speech, though elegant as a poetical exercise, is both too long and too laboured for the situation of the speaker ; nor do we see much in it that would induce us to regret its reduction to the more natural, as well as more dramatic limits, of the last few simple exclamations of Iphigenia :—

Ἰὼ ἰώ ! λαμπαδοῦχος ἡμέρα,
 Διός τε φέγγος, ἕτερον
 Ἑτερον αἰῶνα,
 Καὶ μοῖραν οἰκήσομεν.
 Χαῖρέ μοι, φίλον φάος !

Oh, light of day ! Oh firmament of Jove !
 Another life I seek—another world
 Must be my dwelling now—dear Light, farewell !

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.¹

[OCTOBER 1827.]

THERE is no subject that we would sooner recommend to any male or female author, in distress for a topic, than a History of the Private Theatres of Europe. It has been said of Gibbon, that his work is ‘like the great whirlpool of Norway, which sucks into its eddy bears, whales, ships, and everything that comes within any possible reach of its engulfing streams;’—and this, after all, in much humbler walks of literature than that of Gibbon, is the grand secret of book-making. To find a subject which is either capable, or may be made so by a little management, of pressing all other possible subjects into its service, is the grand desideratum to which the quarto-monger and the man of many volumes should aspire. Bayle, we know, contrived, in his ‘Thoughts on the Comet’, to make the world acquainted with his thoughts on every other existent topic, from Jesuits and Jansenists, and the Peace of Nimeguen, to Crusades, Demons, and the ever memorable Bishop of Condom. Berkeley has converted his Essay on Tar Water to purposes no less omnigenous and incongruous; the principles of attraction and repulsion, the story of Isis and Osiris, the Anima Mundi of Plato, and the Doctrine of the Trinity, all administered to the reader through the somewhat nauseous medium of Tar Water.

With much less abuse of the privilege of discursiveness than has been assumed by either of those two

¹ *The Private Theatre of Kilkenny, with Introductory Observations on other Private Theatres in Ireland, before it was opened.* 4to. pp. 134. 1825.

celebrated sceptics,¹ the author of a History of Private Theatricals might interweave with his subject, not only an account of the rise and progress of the drama in the different countries of Europe, but by availing himself of the splendid names which have, from time to time, illustrated the annals of Private Theatres, he might, with perfect relevancy, branch out into such a rich variety of anecdote and biography, as few subjects—even among the best adapted for this sort of literary *Macédoine*—could furnish. By a converse of the proposition, ‘all the world’s a stage,’ he might, with little difficulty, succeed in making his ‘stage all the world.’

Among the ancient Greeks there are, we believe, no traces of private theatrical performances; and the reason may be, that as, in the eyes of that enlightened people, no stigma attached itself to the profession of an actor, the wealthy and high-born might indulge, not only with impunity but with honour, in their taste for the practice of that art on the boards of the public theatres. ‘It was allowed,’ says Montaigne, ‘to persons of the greatest quality to follow the profession of the stage in Greece.’ The testimony of Livy to the same point is decisive: speaking of the tragic actor, Aristo, he says, ‘Huic et genus et fortuna honesta erant, nec ars, quia nihil tale apud Græcos pudori est, ea deformabat.’ Some of the greatest dramatic poets of Greece, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Aristophanes, thought it not unbecoming to take a part in the representation of their immortal works; nor did the fellow-countrymen and contemporaries of Demosthenes feel themselves disgraced by having a great actor, Aristodemus, their representative at the Court of Philip.

¹ ‘That all the arguments of Berkeley (says Hume), though otherwise intended, are, in reality, merely sceptical, appears from this, that they admit of no answer, and produce no conviction.’

This high appreciation of the ministers of the Dramatic Muse was worthy of the taste and liberal feeling of such a people. If the interpreters of the oracles of the gods derived a character of sacredness from their very task, those who gave utterance to the written spells of genius might with equal justice participate in the homage paid to genius itself.

Far different was the estimation in which actors were held among the Romans. Their profession was pronounced by the law to be infamous,¹ and no person of free birth was to be found among its members. The pathetic address of Laberius, the Roman knight, on being forced by Cæsar to appear on the public stage, is well known:—

Twice thirty years I've borne a spotless name,
But foul dishonour brands, at length, my brow;
From home this morn a Roman knight I came,
And home a jester I'm returning now.
Ah, would that I had died, ere men could say,
He has outlived his honour—by a day.²

Where such ignominy was attached to the practice of acting in public, it was natural that the taste for theatrical personation, which is sure to spring up in all

¹ The defence which a writer in the *Mémoires de l'Académie* attempts to set up for the illiberal law of the Romans, is mere sophistry:—‘Les Comédiens n'étoient réputés infâmes à Rome que par le vice de leur naissance, et non pas à cause de leur profession; et si elle n'eût été exercée que par des hommes libres, ils auroient eu autant de respect que leur art en mérite.’ Whether the law pronounced the profession itself to be infamous, or attained the same end by allowing none but infamous persons to practise it, makes assuredly no difference in the real state of the case.

² ‘Ego, bis tricenis annis actis sine notâ,
Eques Romanus ex lare egressus meo,
Domum revertar mimus: nimirum hoc die
Uno plus vixi mihi quam vivendum fuit.’

cultivated communities, should seek a vent for its indulgence in private performances. Accordingly, we find that there was a species of satirical drama, called *Atellanæ* or *Exodia*, in which the free and noble youths of Rome not only took delight to perform, but, with the true spirit of aristocratic exclusiveness, reserved the right of appearing in such dramas wholly to themselves; nor would suffer them, as Livy tells us, 'to be polluted by common histrions.'

On the arrival of dramatic poesy among the Italians, it was in private theatres—and, for a long period, in private theatres only—that any advances in the cultivation of the art were made. The slow growth, indeed, of this branch of literature in that country, and the few fruits of any excellence which it has even yet put forth, would seem to warrant the conclusion to which the French critics have long since come, that the Italians are not, any more than their great ancestors, a dramatic people. It is certain that their literature had produced its brightest and most desirable wonders before even the ordinary scenery and decorations of a theatre were introduced among them; and the poetry of Dante and Petrarca, and the prose of Boccaccio, had carried their beautiful language to its highest pitch of perfection, near a century and a half before a single play in this language was attempted. Nothing can, indeed, more strongly prove how little dramatic ideas or associations were afloat in the time of Dante, than that he should have ventured to call his shadowy and awful panorama of Hell, Heaven, and Purgatory—a 'Comedy.'

During all this interval, from the time of the great triumvirate of the fourteenth century to near the close of the fifteenth, an occasional representation of a play of Plautus or Terence, with now and then a drama,

written in the same language, by some academician of Siena,¹ and acted, or rather recited, by himself and his brethren, were the only signs of life that the dramatic muse of Italy exhibited. At length, towards the end of the fifteenth century, the poet and scholar Politian—so bepraised during his lifetime, and so wholly unread almost ever since—presented his countrymen with the first native Italian tragedy;² and the *Orfeo* was acted before Lorenzo the Magnificent, amid the acclamations of all the wits and beauties of Florence.

What an audience might not imagination conjure up at a private performance of the *Orfeo*!—‘Who is he, with the princely air and manly form,³ to whose remarks Lorenzo de Medici listens with such deference?’ ‘It is the all-accomplished Lord of Mirandola, the phenix of the wits of his age, to whom every science, every art, every language is familiar, but upon whose young brow the seal of death is already fixed, as the astrologers have already pronounced that he will not pass his thirty-second year.’⁴ ‘And that child, with

¹ The academicians of Siena were long famous for their theatrical exhibitions. The *Intronati* of that learned city played the ‘*Amor Costante*’ of the Archbishop Piccolomini before Charles V., when he visited Siena in 1536; and the ‘*Ortensio*’ of the same archiepiscopal dramatist was performed by them before Cosmo I., in 1560.

² ‘La première tragédie qui parut sur le Théâtre, en bon style, et avec quelque idée d’une action régulièrement conduite, est l’*Orphée* de Ange Politien.’ *Gingueré*. Doctor Burney traces the origin of the Italian Opera to the *Orfeo*.

³ ‘Il étoit le plus bel homme de son siècle—il avoit la mine haute, la taille extraordinaire.’—*Varillas, Histoire Secrète de la Maison de Medicis*.

⁴ ‘Les Astrologues dressèrent l’Horoscope du Prince de la Mirandole, et trouvèrent deux choses remarquables; l’une, qu’il ne mettroit pas la dernière main à son ouvrage contre eux, et l’autre, qu’il ne passeroit pas l’âge de trente-deux ans. Ils lui envoyèrent signifier cet arrêt, dont il se mocqua. Mais l’évènement justifia leur prédiction.’—*Varillas*.

the cardinal's hat in his hand, whose red shoes and robes proclaim him already a counsellor of the Pontiff?' 'In that boy you see the future Leo the Tenth,¹ the destined ornament of the Papacy, its first and its last.' 'But him yonder, with the neck a little awry;² with that portentous nose and purblind eyes?'³ 'Tis Politian himself, the author of the tragedy; and she, that fair maid, to whom he has just handed a Greek extempore, which she reads with the same facility with which it was written, is the beautiful and learned Alessandra Scala—herself a distinguished private actress, as the verses of Politian, on her performance of the *Electra* of Sophocles, testify.⁴ With how little success the poet woos her may be collected from his extempore:—

Καρπὸν ἐμοὶ ποθέοντι, σὺ δ' ἄνθεα φύλλα τε μοῦνον
Δώρη, σημαίνουσ' ὅττι μάτην πονέω.

To teach me, that in hopeless suit
I do but waste my sighing hours,
Cold maid, whene'er I ask for fruit,
Thou givest me nought but leaves and flowers.'

The example set by Politian was soon followed; and, an Italian comedy being still a desideratum, the want was, not long after, supplied by Cardinal Bibbiera, whose clever but licentious comedy, the *Calandra*, was honoured with no less distinguished a place of representation than the private apartments of Leo the Tenth

¹ Leo was nominated a cardinal in his thirteenth year.

² Sed quid te cruciat, reflexa colla
Si interdum gero?—*Polit.*

³ 'Facie nequaquam ingenua et liberali, ab enormi præsertim naso, subluscoque oculo perabsurdo.'—*Paul. Jov.*

⁴ There are several poems in praise of this lady among the works of Politian; and there is also an answer of hers, which—considering that it is Greek—is very modest and unassuming.

at the Vatican.¹ Gay times! when cardinals wrote 'right merrye' farces, and popes were their audience. Had Leo contented himself with the classic indulgences of this world, without opening a mart for indulgences in the next, Luther would have wanted his best card, and the papacy might have remained a little longer unshaken.

The illusions of scenic decoration—which had been first introduced, it is said, by Pomponius Lætus, in a play performed by his scholars at Rome²—were at this period not only universally brought into play, but assisted by all that splendour and pageantry in which the luxurious prelates and nobles of Italy delighted. Among the givers of these dramatic fêtes, the Dukes of Ferrara shone pre-eminent, and Hercules I. was the author of an Italian translation of the *Menæchmi*, which was acted at Ferrara in 1486. Ariosto furnished the design for the theatre of the court, which stood on the spot now occupied by the Chiesa Nuova; and 'such,' says Gibbon, 'was the enthusiasm of the new arts, that one of the sons of Alfonso I. did not disdain to speak a prologue on this stage.'³

But, among all the amateur actors of this period, he of whom the lovers of private theatricals have most reason to be proud is the great Nicholas Machiavel, he, the mighty searcher of courts, who stripped the leaves off the sceptre of tyrants, and showed the naked iron underneath. This author of the profoundest book ever written was not only a comic writer of first-rate power, but a comic actor, whose mimicry made car-

¹ Baldastarre Peruzzi is said to have painted the scenery for this representation at the Vatican.

² By some the invention of painted scenes is attributed to Cardinal Riario, nephew of the unprincipled Sixtus IV.

³ *Antiquities of the House of Brunswick.*

dinals and popes (as he himself expresses it) ‘smascellarsi della risa.’ How delightedly might a historian of private theatres dwell on all the details of the correspondence between Guicciardini¹ and Machiavel, respecting the plan of the former to induce his friend to visit him at Modena, by getting up a representation of the ‘Mandragora,’ for his amusement. The supper of Machiavel at Florence, with the *cantatrice*, la Barbera; his proposals to her to accompany him to the carnival at Modena, and his anxiety for her assistance in the cast of his comedy, all these little details derive a preciousness from the reputation of the men concerned in them, and from that charm which genius communicates to everything connected with its name.

Nor was it only among the profane ones of the world that this rage for private acting diffused itself. Even the recesses of the monastery and the convent were not sacred from the ‘soft infection,’ and the mask of Thalia was often found in the same wardrobe with the cowl and the veil. The wit of Plautus was not thought too coarse for the lips of the monks of S. Stefano,² and even the fair nuns of Venice were allowed to pour forth their souls in tragedy.³ As might be expected, however, some of these sequestered young actresses showed a disposition to convert their fictitious loves into real ones, and an order was accordingly issued prohibiting all such performances in convents, ‘per l’indecenza della rappresentazione e delle maschere,’ and restraining the poor stage-struck nuns, in future, to the innocent indulgence of a dull oratorio.

¹ The historian, who was then Governor of Modena.

² There is a published translation of the *Asinaria* of Plautus, which, as appears from the title-page, was ‘rappresentata nel monastero di S. Stefano in Venezia, 1528.’

³ Addison speaks of the theatrical amusements of the nuns at the time when he visited Venice, 1701.

As this passion for private acting increased, new inventions and new luxuries were devised, to give a zest to the pursuit. The theatrical dilettanti of Vicenza, not content with their temporary stage in the Palazzo della Ragione, applied to their brother academician, Palladio, to furnish them with the design of a theatre, worthy of the classic objects of their institution;—‘*adattata ai loro geniali esercizi, fra quali v’era quello delle tragiche rappresentazioni.*’ In the beautiful structure which he planned for them was performed, in the year 1585, the tragedy of *Œdipus*; and the interest of the representation was, we are told, most touchingly increased by the circumstance of the sightless king being played by Luigi Groto, the ‘blind man of Adria,’ as he was called, himself a dramatic poet of no ordinary celebrity and power.

But it was not alone amid the pomp of a ducal hall or surrounded by the forms of Palladian architecture that these worshippers of the drama indulged their devotions. That fine canopy, which the evening sky of Italy affords, not unfrequently formed their only theatre. For pastoral subjects, such as the *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido*, the natural scenery of gardens and groves was thought to be the most appropriate; and vestiges of one of these rural theatres, in which the sweet dialogue of Ariosto and Tasso was recited by the ‘*donne*’ and ‘*cavalieri*’ of old, might, till very lately, be traced in the garden of the Villa Madama at Rome.

It is not within the scope of our present design to do more than merely intimate the many interesting details, into which a more extended research on this subject would lead. To the brilliant names, therefore, already mentioned, as having thrown a lustre over the annals of private acting, we shall content ourselves with adding a few more, as they occur to our recollection,

without attending very much to form in the enumeration, or dwelling, at any great length, on the peculiar merits or histories of the personages.

Lorenzo de Medici, on the marriage of his daughter Maddalena, wrote a sacred drama called 'S. Giovanni e S. Paolo,' which was performed in his palace by his own children.

Cinthio, the novelist, to whom Shakespeare was indebted for some of his stories, had a private theatre, we are told, in his own house, where the most celebrated of all his own tragedies, 'Orbacche,' was performed, with splendid scenic decorations, before Hercules II., Duke of Ferrara.

About the same period, Luigi Cornaro, vivacious celebrity—having not yet, we presume, taken to measuring his wine by ounces—gave a dramatic fête under his own roof, at which one of the plays of L'Anguillara was performed.

Chiabrera, misnamed the Pindar of Italy, was one of a classic society at Rome, called 'the Humourists,' who devoted themselves (says Muratori) 'to the composition and performance of beautiful and ingenious comedies.' The *Sala*, in which their meetings were held, still existed in the time of Muratori.

Beolco, one of the academic fraternity of the *Infiammati*, is said, by the historian of Padua, to have surpassed Plautus in composing comedies, and Roscius in representing them. The talent, indeed, of this *Infiammato* for acting, was thought worthy of being commemorated, even on his tomb:—'Nullis in scribendis *agendisque comædiis*, ingenio, facundia, aut arte, secundo.'

Salvator Rosa was, it appears, a comic actor of infinite vivacity; and his personation of Formica, and of the Coviello of the ancient farces, is said to have

thrown the Immortal city into convulsions of gaiety.¹ Another Neapolitan painter, of much less celebrity, Andria Belvedere, was, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, at the head of a society of theatrical amateurs at Naples, and diffused such a zeal for the drama among his fellow-citizens, that (says M. Amaury Duval)² ‘l’on vit plusieurs seigneurs, par amour pour cet art, élever dans leurs palais des théâtres particuliers.’

The Duke Annibale Marchese, who resigned his government of Salerno in the year 1740, and retired to the monastery of the holy fathers of the Oratory at Naples,³ is said to have written his sacred dramas for the private theatre of that holy retreat, from whose performances the Oratorio, or Scriptural opera, derives both its origin and name.

Coming down to a still later period, we find the ‘Serse’ of Bettinelli acted, for the first time, in a private theatre at Verona; the principal character of the piece being performed by the Marquis Albergati, who was, himself, the author of various comedies, and so accomplished an actor that Goldoni says of him, ‘non vi era in Italia comico ne dilettante chi rappresentasse al pari di lui gli eroi tragici e gli amorosi nelle commedie.’

Lastly, we have Alfieri, the great boast of the Italian stage, performing in his own *Antigone* at Rome, with the beautiful and majestic Duchess of Zagarolo, establishing afterwards his little theatre on the Lungo d’Arno, near the Ponte S. Trinita, at Florence, where he acted successively the parts of Filippo, Carlo, and

¹ See Lady Morgan’s lively account of these exhibitions in her life of this painter.

² *Mémoires sur le Royaume de Naples*.—Belvedere was followed by Amenta, the comic poet, who died in 1719. ‘Comme Belvedere,’ says M. Duval, ‘il faisoit jouer chez lui ses propres pièces par des amateurs qu’il avoit formés à l’art du Théâtre.’

³ *L’Oratorio de’ PP. di S. Filippo Neri*.

Saul, in his own plays; and, finally, taking his leave for ever of the boards at the feast of the Illumination at Pisa, where, says the poet, ‘ebbi la pueril vanagloria di andarvi, e là recitai per una sola volta, e per l’ultima, la mia diletta parte del Saul, e là rimasi, quanto al teatro, morto da Rè.’

In France, as well as in Italy, it was on the boards of private theatres that the first glimmerings, the ‘*primus oriens*,’ of the drama appeared. The only difference was, that in Italy, as we have seen, the originators of the art were scholars and nobles, while in France they were humble *bourgeois* and priests. ‘C’est à la lettre,’ says Suard, ‘que l’on peut dire que notre comédie naquit dans le sein de l’Eglise.’¹ Excited by the example of those religious shows, which, in the fourteenth century, were exhibited in different parts of Europe by the pilgrims who had returned from the Holy Land, some pious citizens of Paris formed themselves into a society (on the model of the Christian theatre, instituted by Gregory Nazianzene) for the purpose of improving upon these rude spectacles. Having established a sort of theatre at St. Maur, near Vincennes, they there continued for some time to attract audiences of the faithful, and even to wean away crowds of good Christians from less amusing places of devotion.

Voltaire, who has thought proper, in an unusual fit of charity, to vindicate the scriptural dramas of this period from the charges of absurdity brought against them, assures us that they were performed with a solemnity not unworthy of their sacred subjects; ‘il y avait,’ he says, ‘sur le théâtre beaucoup plus de pompe et d’appareil que nous n’en avons jamais vu. La troupe bourgeoise était composée de plus de cent acteurs

¹ *Mélanges de Littérature.*

indépendamment des assistans, des gagistes, et des machinistes.'

The priests, naturally becoming a little jealous of these showy competitors, thought it the safest policy at length to court an alliance with them. The hours of prayer were altered so as to suit those of the theatre; reverend pens volunteered to dramatise new subjects from the Scriptures; and priests not only became managers of this devotional theatre, but condescended without scruple to appear as actors on its stage. It was not long, however, before this union between the Church and the drama was dissolved; and it is perhaps on the principle of family quarrels being invariably the most violent that actors and priests have continued on such deadly terms of hostility ever since.

The drama, being thus disengaged from religion, soon 'stooped its wing' towards an humbler and more congenial region, and in the affairs of this world found its most legitimate quarry. A society of private actors, styling themselves 'Enfans sans soucy,' was instituted about the beginning of the reign of Charles VI., and still flourished, after an interval of a hundred years, in the time of Marot, the poet. The professed object of their representations—which were called *Sotties*, or *Sottises*, and answered probably to our idea of farces—was to satirise good-humouredly the manners and vices of the age, and particularly those of the classes always most obnoxious, the nobility and higher clergy.

The most brilliant period of this merry fraternity was under the gentle reign of Louis XII., who had the good sense to tolerate their sallies, even when directed against himself. To judge from Marot's description of them—this charming French poet having apparently lived much in their society—they were, in general, young men of wealth and condition, and must have

contributed, in no small degree, to prepare the way for the birth of a regular theatre in France.

During the long interval that elapsed between these rude beginnings and the sudden maturity of the drama in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the Muse of Tragedy sprung at once, full-armed, from the brain of Corneille, all the essays in this department of literature were confined to the private theatres and universities. The plays acted in the colleges of Paris were a source of constant irritation to the higher powers; and we find decrees without end, not only from the principals of the university, but from the Parliament, forbidding (particularly at the annual return of the Fête des Rois) the representation of any 'farces, momeries, ni sottises,' among the students. The reason given for these anti-dramatic interferences was one which, in all times and in all countries, has been made the pretext for the incursions of power upon intellect:—'La précaution étoit d'autant plus nécessaire, que les exemples du passé faisoient craindre, que, dans ces jeux folâtres, on ne s'emancipât à parler contre le gouvernement, et contre les premières personnes de l'Etat.'¹

Sometimes these collegiate performances were made the medium of theological satire; as in the instance² of a comedy played at the College of Navarre, in which Marguerite de Valois (on account of the supposed leaning of that celebrated Princess towards the Reformation) was represented under the shape of a fury of hell, a piece of priestly pleasantry for which, on a complaint to the King, the learned amateurs were forthwith cast into prison.

Few names of any distinguished celebrity appear

¹ *Histoire de l'Université de Paris*, tom. i. p. 191.

² Another instance may be seen in Bayle, art. *Schorus*.

among the private actors of this period; but there is one worth whole millions of university pedants, who will be read as long as racy language, attaching egotism, and philosophy without pretension, have any charms for mankind. 'I played,' says Montaigne, 'the chiefest parts in the Latin tragedies of Buchanan, Guerente, and Muretus, that were presented in our College of Guienne, with very great applause; wherein Andreas Goveanus, our principal, as in all other parts of his undertaking, was, without comparison, the best of his employment in France, and I was looked upon as one of the chief actors. 'Tis an exercise that I do not disapprove in young people of condition, and have since seen our Princes, by the example of the ancients, in person handsomely and commendably perform these services.'

It was in the year 1552 that the first regular tragedy, the *Cléopâtre of Iodelle*, made its appearance in France. Having been first acted before the King at the Hôtel de Reims, it was afterwards performed by the author and his friends at the College of Boncour. 'I was there present myself (says Pasquier), in company with the great Turnelus. All the actors were men of name, and Remy de Belleau and Jean de la Peruse played the principal parts.'

Of the merit of the dramatic pieces that succeeded this first attempt—almost all of which, as Suard tells us, were performed '*sur des théâtres particuliers*'—the reader may form some idea from a specimen or two of their plots and dialogue. In the tragedy of '*La Force du Sang*,' the heroine, *Léocadie*—not having, as yet, the fear of the unities before her eyes—is seduced in the first act of the play, confined in the fourth, and steps forth, the mother of a fine seven-year-old boy, in the fifth. In another tragedy, founded on the loves of

Dido and Æneas, by Scuderi (a wretched pretender, who was by a Court cabal set above Corneille), the Trojan hero, during his scene with the enamoured Queen in the cave, having bethought him of the state of the weather, walks forth to see whether it has cleared up, and returns saying,

Madame, il ne pleut plus—votre Majesté sort ?

From the time of Louis XIV. downward, the annals of private theatres afford a still more ample field for discursiveness and research. Amidst the projects of ambition and the plots of bigotry, through all the war of priests, philosophers, economists, and courtiers, down to the very brink of that Revolution towards which all were hurrying, we find the practice of private acting prevalent throughout, and enlisting under its gay banner almost every name that high station, genius, or misfortune, has rendered celebrated.

The private theatre of Madame Maintenon, on a night when 'Esther' or 'Athalie' was performed, affords, in itself, a gallery of historical portraits, where our attention is equally divided between the audience and the poet—between Louis and his sanctified mistress on one side, and Racine, prostituting his fine genius to their bigotry and vanity,¹ on the other. Imagination carries us through the rehearsals of these honourable performances ; we see the actor Baron courteously keeping down his powers to the level of those of his amateur pupils ; we see Racine himself giving instructions to his Athalie, the fair Madame de Caylas, with whose 'soavità e l'altre grazie,' we are told by an eye-witness,² he was so captivated. In 1702, a few years

¹ The allusions in the Esther to Madame de Montespan and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, are an eternal disgrace to Racine.

² The Abate Conti, who translated the *Athalie* into Italian.

after the death of Racine, when this consummate tragedy was acted before the King, the part of Josabat was performed by the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and that of Abner by the accomplished and dissolute Duke of Orleans, afterwards Regent.

In the subsequent reign we find another Duke of Orleans, the grandson of the Regent, and the father of *Egalité*, distinguishing himself by his superior talents as a comic actor.¹ Besides his various performances at Bagnolet—where, till the sale of this chateau, he maintained a regular theatrical establishment—we trace him acting in the ‘*Philosophe Marié*’ at St. Cloud, and afterwards before Mesdames de France, in the now ruined chateau of Bellevue. The piece performed on the latter occasion was ‘*Les Trois Cousines*,’ the Duc de Chartres, as he was then, acting Delorme, and Madame de Pompadour taking the part of Collette; and when this adroit mistress of the monarch, looking earnestly at her royal lover, sung the words,

Mais pour un amant chéri
Tromper tuteur ou mari,
La bonne aventure, &c.,

‘one may easily guess’ (says Collé, who relates the circumstance) ‘what was passing in the minds of all the audience at the moment.’

The details of the fêtes given by this dramatic Duke of Orleans at Villers-Cotteret, of the comedies in which he performed there with Madame de Montesson and Mesdames de Segur and Barbantane, and of the love that sprung up out of these festivities with Madame de Montesson, to the great grief of his former fellow-actress and mistress, Marquise, all this gossip of

¹ ‘C’est le plus excellent acteur,’ says Collé, ‘et le plus vrai, que j’aie vu.’

the day may be found in Collé, and other writers, and would not a little enliven the chapter on royal green-rooms, in such a history of private theatricals as we have suggested.

But, however amusing these ducal exhibitions may have been, some of the performances that took place, at the same period, in circles less elevated by rank, were far more interesting; and the little theatre of Voltaire at Paris, where he performed the part of Cicero, in his own '*Rome Sauvée*,' calls up associations in the minds of all lovers of genius, before which the splendour of Bagnolet and St. Cloud fades into nothing. 'When this great man (says Condorcet) repeated the beautiful lines in which Cicero excuses his own love of fame,

Romains, j'aime la gloire, et ne veux point m'en taire, &c.,

the character and the actor seemed one; and the delighted auditory almost doubted whether it was Cicero or Voltaire that stood before them, avowing and pleading for this weakness of great minds.' The tragedian Le Kain, whose splendid talents, by the way, Voltaire first discovered and brought into notice, having by chance seen him acting among a company of amateur tradesmen,¹ thus speaks of the performance of Cicero by his patron: 'I think it is not possible that any one could be more true, more pathetic, or more enthusiastic than M. de Voltaire in this part.'

So strong, indeed, was Voltaire's fancy for private acting that, wherever he went, a theatre seemed always a necessary adjunct to his establishment. His plays at Ferney, and his gay suppers of a hundred covers after-

¹ See the whole of this anecdote in Le Kain's interesting account of his acquaintance with Voltaire, given by Condorcet, vol. ii.

wards, attracted company, we are told, from a distance of twenty leagues round. When at Berlin, he used to indulge his dramatic propensity by performing tragedy with the brothers and sisters of the King; and, during his residence at Paris, a large room above his own apartment was converted into a theatre, in which he made his nieces act with Le Kain.

While the philosopher of Ferney assumed the buskin with such success, the citizen of Geneva, it appears, attempted the same accomplishment, and failed; not even Madame d'Epinaÿ could make anything of an actor of him. 'Malgré ma bêtise et ma gaucherie,' he says, in his Confessions, 'Madame d'Epinaÿ voulut me mettre des amusements de la Chevrette, château près de Saint-Denis, appartenant à M. de Bellegarde. Il y avoit un théâtre où l'on jouoit souvent des pièces. On me chargea d'un rôle que j'étudiais six mois sans relâche, et qu'il fallut me souffler d'un bout à l'autre, à la représentation. Après cette épreuve, on ne me donna plus de rôle.' It was, perhaps, jealousy of the superior talents of Voltaire in this line that impelled Rousseau to inveigh so violently against the plays of Ferney.

To these few notices of the state of private acting in the reign of Louis XV. may be added the account given by Marmontel of the performances at the house of M. de la Popliniere, the rich financier, at Passy; as also the details of the magnificent fêtes given at Pantin, by the Opera-dancer, Mademoiselle Guimard, for whose superb theatre some of the 'Proverbes Dramatiques' of Carmonlet were written. Nor should the historian pass over in silence the theatre of M. Trudaine, on whose boards 'Les Accidents, ou les Abbés,' a piece considered by Collé, its author, too licentious to be printed with his other works, was yet

thought innocent enough to be acted in the presence of two bishops—one of them holder of the *Feuille des Bénéfices*. ‘There was also, I think,’ says Collé, ‘a third bishop there, whose name I forget, but of the other two I am certain.’

In the subsequent reign the Court gave the tone in acting, as in all other sorts of amusements. Never was there a more flowery path to ruin than that of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette; nor is it possible to read of the festivities of Marly and of the Little Trianon without shuddering to think of the dreadful tragedies that followed. The practice, so prevalent at that period, of throwing ridicule upon all established institutions (a fate for which established institutions had to thank their own corruption and folly), was, with most short-sighted levity, adopted at Court; and one of the favourite amusements of the Queen and her gay companions was to parody the sittings of the Parliament¹ in a sort of mock-heroic pantomime, one of the princes playing the part of President, and the *beau* Dillon, Besenvald, &c., representing ludicrously the other personages. It was on one of these occasions that the *rôle* of Procureur-Général was sustained by a youth, who little then foresaw the destiny that awaited him; who, instrumental in the formation of two great Republics, has survived, it is true, the brief glory of the one, but has lived to receive an immortal reward in the universal gratitude and homage of the other.

To these pantomimes succeeded ballets, and such *jeux de société* as ‘*La Peur*’ and ‘*Decampativos*;’—the former a sort of dumb show in which the actors put on the appearance of dying and coming to life again, and the latter a more refined species of Blindman’s Buff. To such an excess did these royal persons carry their

¹ *Séguir’s Memoirs.*

love of sport and mountebankism that the Comte d'Artois—his present Majesty Charles X.—actually took lessons, for some time, in rope-dancing from Placido and the celebrated Little Devil.¹

At length, tired both of ballets and Blindman's Buff, these royal play-fellows aspired to regular acting; and to the Queen it was a relief from the representation of Royalty to act the soubrettes in the 'Gageure Imprévue' and the 'Devin du Village.' It was not, however, without a struggle with some parts of her family that she was allowed to indulge in this favourite pursuit. The brother of the King would not suffer Madame to act; and the King himself, in order to discourage what he considered an indecorous proceeding, is said to have hissed the royal débutante the first night. From what has transpired, indeed, of the merits of her Majesty's acting, there is little doubt that the great majority of the audience must have been 'de l'avis de l'aspic,' as well as the King. But royalty, 'quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit,' is sure of applause, and the only honest opinion hazarded at the time is that which Madame Campan as well as Montjoie has recorded:—'Il faut avouer que c'est royalement mal joué.'

Of the history of the German drama we profess to know little; but from the time of Reuchlin, the earliest writer and actor of plays in the academies of Germany, down to Schiller, whose sole experiment in the way of acting seems to have been still more un-

¹ 'M. le Comte d'Artois, qui par sa taille, sa jeunesse, et ses grâces naturelles, est fait pour réussir dans tous les exercices du corps, a ambitionné aussi la gloire de danser sur la corde. Il a pris longtemps en silence, et dans le plus grand secret, des leçons du Sieur Placide et du Petit Diable.'—*Mémoires Secrets pour servir, &c.*, tom. xv. p. 182.

fortunate than that of Rousseau,¹ we have no doubt that a sufficient contribution of materials towards a History of Private Theatres might be found.

In England the drama, in its rise and progress, has followed pretty nearly the same course as in France. The sacred comedy, or mystery, was its first essay, and showmen and priests the earliest actors. From the church, too, after a similar sort of divorce, the histrionic art passed to universities and schools—in the former of which it flourished to a very late period, while in the later some relics of it even still remain. ‘Gammer Gurton’s Needle,’ the production of a Bishop of Bath and Wells, and the first approach to anything like a regular comedy in our language, was acted at Christ’s College, Cambridge, in the year 1522. About forty years afterwards, both Oxford and Cambridge represented plays before Queen Elizabeth, in English as well as in Latin; and a drama composed by a learned Doctor of Divinity of Cambridge had the honour, we are told, of putting his Majesty King James I. fast to sleep.

Warton is of opinion that, to these early collegiate representations, the dramatic taste of the nation was, in no small degree, indebted for its improvement; nor must some share of the merit be denied to another class of private actors, the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, who, both by writing and acting, conduced considerably to the same object. John Roos, a student of Gray’s Inn, and afterwards serjeant-at-law, wrote a comedy which was acted in the hall of the society in

¹ ‘Schiller acted, while at the University, in a piece played before the Duke of Wirtemberg. ‘Il choisit le Drame de Clavigo, de Goethe, et s’y réserva le principal rôle. Ce ne fut point pour lui une occasion de succès; il se montra fort gauche et fort empêché.’—*Vie de Schiller*.

1511; and the Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex, the first specimen of a heroic play in our language, was performed by the students of the Inner Temple, in the year 1561, before Elizabeth at Whitehall.

We have seen that, in Italy and France, the cultivation of the histrionic art among amateurs of rank and station had prevailed long before the establishment of public actors. But in England mercenary stage-players existed from a very early period, and most of the entertainments we read of at court and at the houses of nobility were evidently performed by persons of this description. From the very infancy, indeed, of the drama, there appears to have been a regular company of actors attached to the court, both in England and Scotland, and the only entertainments of a theatrical nature, in which royal and noble personages themselves condescended to appear, were those allegorical pageants and pomps with which it was the custom to celebrate all solemn occasions.

These costly shows, becoming gradually more refined and dramatic, assumed, at a later period, a more elevated character under the name of masques, and, calling incident and beautiful poetry to their aid, have been enshrined imperishably in our literature, by the pens of Jonson and Milton.¹

It was in the reigns of James I. and his successor that these splendid creations attained their highest perfection. 'Thus magnificently constructed,' observes Gifford, 'the Masque was not committed to ordinary performers. It was composed, as Lord Bacon says, for princes, and by princes it was played. The

¹ The *Arcades* of Milton was performed by the children of the Countess Dowager of Derby, at her seat, Harefield Place; and the *Comus*, says Johnson, 'was presented at Ludlow, then the residence of the Lord President of Wales, in 1634, and had the honour of being acted by the Earl of Bridgewater's sons and daughters.'

prime nobility of both sexes, led on by James and his Queen, took upon themselves the respective characters ; and it may be justly questioned whether a nobler display of grace, and elegance, and beauty was ever beheld than appeared in the masques of Jonson. The songs in these entertainments were probably intrusted to professional men ; but the dialogue, and above all the dances, which were adapted to the fable, and acquired without much study and practice, were executed by the Court themselves.'

It would be by no means an unamusing or un-instructive task to collect such particulars as are recorded of these rich and fanciful spectacles, on which the Veres, the Derbys, the Bedfords, the Cliffords, the Arundels, and other historical names, reflect such lustre. In Jonson's Masque of Blackness, the Queen, and the ladies Suffolk, Derby, Effingham, Herbert, &c., personated the parts of Moors, and had, as we are informed by Sir Dudley Carleton, 'their faces and arms, up to the elbows, painted black.' 'But it became them,' adds the learned Secretary, 'nothing so well as their own red and white.' In the Masque of Oberon, Sir John Finnet tells us, 'the little Duke Charles (Charles I.) was still found to be in the midst of the fairy dancers.' The 'Hue and Cry after Cupid,' as performed at Lord Haddington's marriage, 1608, transcended in expensiveness even the ever memorable fête this year at Boyle Farm—having cost the eleven noblemen and gentlemen concerned in it '300*l.* a man.'¹

The last attempt made to revive this species of entertainment was in the reign of Charles II., when the two future Queens, Mary and Anne, assisted by many of the young nobility of both sexes, performed a masque, called 'Calisto,' written by Crowne, and the

¹ Lodge's *Illustrations*, vol. iii. p. 343.

unfortunate Duke of Monmouth appeared among the dancers. Evelyn thus speaks of this representation :—
‘Saw a comedy at night at Court, acted by the ladies only ; amongst them, Lady Mary and Anne, his R. H.’s two daughters, and my dear friend Mrs. Blagg, who, having the principal part, performed it to admiration.’

From that time we hear no more of such courtly pageants in England ; though, within these few years, a taste for performances somewhat similar seems to have sprung up in some of the courts on the continent, where spectacles founded on the stories of *Ivanhoe* and *Lalla Rookh* have been got up with a splendour which even the masques of our ancient kings could hardly parallel. In the ‘*Divertissement*’ from *Lalla Rookh*, performed at the Court of Berlin in 1822, the present Emperor and Empress of Russia played the parts of *Feramorz* and *Lalla Rookh* ; the Duke of Cumberland personated *Abdallah*, the father of the royal minstrel ; and the other characters in the tableaux, selected from the poem, were represented by the Princes and Princesses of Prussia, and by the most distinguished persons of the court and society of Berlin.¹

We should have mentioned that during the reign of Oliver and his saints, when stage-plays in public were so strictly prohibited, there were, besides the entertainments set on foot by Sir William Davenant at Rutland House, occasional representations of plays at the houses of the nobility ; and Holland House, among its other memorable associations, is particularly mentioned as having been used for this purpose. These performances, however, though clandestine, or at least connived at by the ruling powers, cannot fairly be

¹ ‘*Lalla Roûkh, Divertissement mêlé de Chants et de Danses, exécuté au Château Royal de Berlin, le 27 Janvier, 1822, &c. &c.—avec 23 planches coloriées.*’

classed under the head of private theatricals; their object being to give relief to the unemployed players, who chiefly, if not exclusively, performed on these occasions. The same remark applies to what is called the 'private' theatre of Davenant—Mr. Malone, we believe, having no authority for asserting, that in the pieces at Rutland House 'no stage-player performed.'

From the time of Charles II. till near the end of the last century, the *Théâtre de Société* of England affords but little, as far as we know, that is interesting. In the Memoirs of Lord Orford we find, under the date 1751, the following curious notice:—'The 7th was appointed for the Naturalisation Bill, but the House adjourned to attend at Drury Lane, where Othello was acted by a Mr. Delaval and his family, who had hired the theatre on purpose. The crowd of people of fashion was so great that the footmen's gallery was hung with blue ribands.'

The performances at the Duchess of Queensberry's, for the amusement of the royal personages of Leicester House, are only memorable, we believe, for having enabled the favourite, Lord Bute, to display his fine legs (of which he was so proud) in the gay character of Lothario. We might next pass in review the theatricals of Winterslow, where no less an actor on the stage of life than the late Charles Fox—*cœlestis hic in dicendo vir*—played Horatio in the 'Fair Penitent,' and Sir Harry in 'High Life Below Stairs.' At Holland House, too, Mr. Fox played Hastings to the 'Jane Shore' of the beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury.

Richmond House presents another patrician theatre of the bygone times, whose attractions, on one occasion, shortened the solemn sittings of the Senate, and brought Mr. Pitt himself (to use his own words on another occasion) 'under the wand of the enchanter.' If the anecdote be true, which attributes to that festive

evening the glory of having collected Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan together in one hackney-coach—of which hackney-coach, it might well be said, ‘sideraque alta trahit’—it is an event that, among the memorabilia of private theatres, is deserving of special and emphatic record.

We have thus hastily, and, we rather fear, tiresomely, put together the few particulars relating to private theatres that have fallen within the range of our research. It is now time, we feel, to take a little notice of the volume which has been the innocent cause of all this *causerie*, and which, though not intended, we believe, for circulation beyond the members of the institution to which it refers, appeared to us to warrant, by its connexion with the general history of the drama, the use that we have made of it.

The city of Kilkenny, where the performances commemorated in this volume were continued annually, with but few interruptions, from the year 1802 to 1819, possesses some ancient claims on the reverence of all lovers of the drama. The celebrated Bale, whose tragedy of Pammachius was acted at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1544, inhabited for some time, as Bishop of Ossory, the palace of Kilkenny; and two of his sacred comedies, or mysteries, were, as he himself tells us, acted at the market-cross in that town. ‘On the xx daye of August was the Ladye Marye, with us at Kilkennye, proclaimed Queen of England, etc. The yonge men in the forenone played a tragedye of “God's Promises in the Old Lawe,” at the market-crosse, with organe-plaingis and songes, very aptely. In the afternone, again, they played a comedie of “Sanct Johan Baptiste's Preachings, of Christe's Baptisyng, and of his Temptacion in the Vildernesse.”’¹

¹ *The Vocation of John Bale.*

From that period till the middle of the last century, Ireland furnishes but few materials for a history of the stage, public or private. So slow, indeed, was the progress of the drama in that country, that, in the year 1600, when England had been for some time enjoying the inspirations of Shakespeare's muse, we find the old tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex*, the first rude essay of the art, represented before Lord Montjoy at the Castle of Dublin. It was, indeed, about the same period when, as we have said, the taste for private acting reappeared in England, that a similar feeling manifested itself among the higher ranks of society in Ireland; and in the year 1759 a series of amusements of this kind took place at Lurgan, in the County of Armagh, the seat of that distinguished member of the Irish parliament, William Brownlow. 'To this meeting,' says the editor of the volume before us, in his introduction, 'the stage is indebted for the popular entertainment of *Midas*. It was written upon that occasion by one of the company, the late Mr. Kane O'Hara, and originally consisted of but one act, commencing with the fall of *Apollo* from the clouds. The characters in the piece were undertaken by the members of the family and their relatives, with the exception of the part of *Pan*, which was reserved by the author for himself. Many additions were made to it before its introduction to the public, and, among others, the opening scene of "*Jove in his Chair*," as it is now represented.'

To these representations succeeded, in 1760, a sort of theatrical jubilee at Castletown, the residence of the Right Hon. Thomas Conolly, where, after the performance of the '*First Part of Henry IV.*,' an epilogue was, it appears, spoken by Hussy Burgh—afterwards Baron of the Exchequer—one of the most accomplished men that the Bar of Ireland has ever produced. In the

year 1761, the Duke of Leinster opened his princely mansion at Cartown to a series of entertainments of the same description; and, in a list of the characters of the Beggar's Opera, which was one of the pieces performed on this occasion, we find, among a number of other distinguished names (Lord Charlemont, Lady Louisa Conolly, &c.), the rather startling announcement of 'Lockit by the Rev. Dean Marly.'¹ This worthy *pendant* to the Bibienus of the Court of Leo X. spoke also a prologue on the same occasion, written by himself, the concluding lines of which are as follows:—

But when this busy mimic scene is o'er,
All shall resume the worth they had before;
Lockit himself his knavery shall resign,
And lose the gaoler in the dull divine.

Among the most interesting of the other performances recorded in this volume are those got up in the year 1774, at the seats of Sir Hercules Langrishe and Mr. Henry Flood, where the two celebrated orators, Grattan and Flood, appeared together on the stage, and, in personating the two contending chieftains, Macbeth and Macduff, had a sort of poetical foretaste of their own future rivalry, 'belli propinqui rudimenta.' We find the name of Mr. Grattan again connected with private theatricals in the year 1776, when, after a representation of the Masque of Comus at the country seat of the Right Hon. David La Touche, an epilogue from the pen of Mr. Grattan was spoken—the only copy of verses, we believe, that this illustrious son of Ireland is known to have written. The verses of great statesmen are always sure to be objects of curiosity, even when, like those of Cicero, they have no other recommendation than their badness. Some specimens

¹ Afterwards Bishop of Waterford.

of the poetry of Mr. Burke have lately been given to the world, and those who complain of his being too poetical in his prose will perhaps be consoled by finding him so prosaic in his poetry. Pope says, with perhaps rather an undue pride in his heart, that ‘the corruption of a poet is the generation of a statesman ;’ if so, Burke must have been far gone in decomposition when he wrote such verses. The epilogue of Mr. Grattan, however, contains some lively and fluent lines, and our readers, we presume, will not be displeased to see a few of them here :—

Hist ! hist ! I hear a dame of fashion say,
 Lord, how absurd the heroine of this play !
 A god of rank and station was so good
 To take a lady from a hideous wood,—
 Brought her to all the pleasures of his court,
 Of love, and men, and music the resort ;
 Bid mirth and transport wait on her command ;
 Gave her a ball, and offer’d her his hand ;
 And she, quite *country*, obstinate and mulish,
 Extremely fine, perhaps, but vastly foolish,
 Would neither speak, nor laugh, nor dance, nor sing,
 Nor condescend, nor wed, nor—anything.

* * * * *

But, gentle ladies ! you’ll, I’m sure, approve
 Your sex’s triumph over guilty love ;
 Nor will our sports of gaiety alarm you ;—
 These little bacchanals will never harm you ;¹
 Nor Comus’ wreathed smiles ; and you’ll admire,
 Once more, true English force and genuine fire ;
 Milton’s chaste majesty—Arne’s airy song,
 The light note tripping on Allegro’s tongue ;
 While the sweet flowing of the purest breast,
 Like Milton tuneful, vestal as his taste,

¹ The *Masque* was acted by children.

Calls Music from her cell, and warbles high
The rapturous soul of song and sovereign ecstasy.

We shall not further pursue the enumerations which this volume supplies of the various amateur performances that preceded those of Kilkenny—except to remark that, in the list of the actors at Shane's Castle in 1785, there occurs one name, which, in the hearts of all true Irishmen, awakens feelings which they can hardly trust their lips to utter—Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

With the theatricals of Kilkenny expired the last faint remains of what may be called the Social Era in Ireland. 'Adieu, Société!' was the lively dying-speech of one of the fellow-conspirators of Berton, when about to submit his neck to the guillotine; and 'Adieu, Société!' might, with the same 'tragical mirth,' have been ejaculated by Ireland at the period of the Union. To such times as we have been describing—to such classic and humanising amusements—has succeeded an age of bitter cant and bewildering controversy. Instead of opening their mansions, as of old, to such innocent and ennobling hospitalities, the Saint-Peers of the present day convert their halls into conventicles and conversion shops. Where the theatre once re-echoed the young voices of a Grattan and a Flood, the arena is now prepared for the disputations of the Reverend Popes and Maguires. The scenes of Otway and Shakespeare have given way to the often-announced tragedies of Pastorini, and even farce has taken its last refuge in Sir Harcourt Lees.

We have only to add that this curious volume, which will, one day or other, be a gem in the eyes of the bibliomaniac, contains portraits of all the most distinguished members of the Theatrical Society of

Kilkenny, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Thomas Moore,¹ Mr. James Corry, &c., &c. There is also prefixed to the work a portrait of the founder of the society, the late Mr. Richard Power, followed by a tribute to the high qualities of that excellent man, from 'one of the best and warmest hearts' (says the editor of the work), 'united with, perhaps, the finest talents that Ireland ever produced.'² From this just and eloquent eulogy we give the following short extract:—

It was truly said of him, that 'he never made an enemy or lost a friend'—and in a country distracted by civil and religious discord a man could not be found, of any sect or party, who felt unkindly towards him. Yet this popularity was not earned by the compliances of a timid or assenting character; he had a benevolent disposition, which made it pleasure to him to make others happy, and he shrunk from giving pain almost with the same instinct that men shrink from suffering it. This made him prompt to approve, and slow to censure; indulgent to error, and encouraging to merit; yet there was something about him that repelled and rebuked whatever was sordid or mean; and, when firmness was required, his integrity was uncompromising, and his courage not to be shaken.

¹ This, as well as the allusion to *Lalla Rookh* on a previous page, is merely a mystification of Moore's to conceal the authorship of the article; in which object, however, he was not successful. In his *Diary* of November 1827 (vol. v. p. 239) he records the receipt of 'a letter from Corry, inclosing one he had just got from the Chief Justice Bushe, on the subject of my article in the *Edinburgh*, "*Private Theatricals*."' The following is an extract:—'So much curious information, conveyed in a manner so fascinating, leaves little doubt as to that hand which *nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*, at least only as much as Erasmus felt when, after reading a work of his times, he exclaimed, "*Aut Morus, aut diabolus*."'—ED.

² The person alluded to as the writer of the Eulogy is, we have reason to believe, the able and eloquent Chief Justice Bushe.—*Note by Moore.*

GERMAN RATIONALISM.¹

[SEPTEMBER 1831.]

It is, we think, high time for the well-paid champions of orthodoxy in this country to awake from the dignified slumbers in which it is their delight to indulge, and to take some notice of those incursions into their sacred territory which the theologians of Germany have been so long permitted, without any repulse, to make. We are assured by Shakespeare, that

Dainty bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits ;

nor could we ask a much more pregnant proof of this fact than the striking contrast which exists between the poor, active, studious, and inquisitive theologians of Germany, and the sleek, somnolent, and satisfied

¹ 1. *The State of Protestantism in Germany, being the Substance of Four Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge.* By the Rev. Hugh James Rose, B.D. Second edition, enlarged. 8vo, London, 1829.

2. *An Historical Enquiry into the probable Causes of the Rationalist Character, lately predominant in the Theology of Germany.* By E. B. Pusey, M.A., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford. 8vo. 1828.

3. *An Historical Enquiry, &c. Part the Second; containing an Explanation of the Views misconceived by Mr. Rose, and further Illustrations.* By E. B. Pusey. 1830.

4. *Six Sermons on the Study of the Holy Scriptures, preached before the University of Cambridge in the years 1827 and 1828; to which are annexed Two Dissertations; the first on the Reasonableness of the Orthodox Views of Christianity, as opposed to the Rationalism of Germany; the second on Prophecy, with an original Exposition of the Book of Revelation, showing that the whole of that remarkable Prophecy has long ago been fulfilled.* By the Rev. S. Lee, B.D., D.D., Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge. 8vo. 1830.

divines of the Church of England. The priests of Egypt, we are told, abstained from drinking the water of the Nile because they found it too fattening;—the Pactolus of the Church also fattens, but it is *not* abstained from; and the consequence is, that our portly sentinels slumber on their posts, while the lean theologues of Halle and Gottingen carry away all the glory of the field.

Among the lower ranks, indeed, of the English clergy, that sharpener of the wits, poverty, is not wanting. But so strict is the watch kept over *their* orthodoxy by their superiors, and so promptly does the episcopal eye, awake only to innovation, mark out for reproof and punishment every movement of free inquiry by which the general compromise of belief throughout the Church may be disturbed, that the few among those lower expectants of patronage, who have either learning or leisure for theological disquisitions, think it most prudent not to enter into them; and accordingly, on all the great questions agitated by the German Rationalists, a ‘sacred silence,’ like that which Basil and others of the Fathers tell us was maintained, respecting her dogmas, by the Primitive Church, reigns with almost equal profoundness throughout that hallowed domain which reposes within the fence of the Thirty-nine Articles.

It is the opinion, indeed, of the Rev. Mr. Rose, whose work on Rationalism is now before us, that to the want of a regular Episcopacy, like that of the English Church, as well as to the absence of those curbs upon the restiveness of private judgment, which a compulsory subscription of certain Articles of Faith imposes, the very erratic course into which German theology has extravagated is, in a great measure, to be attributed. In this respect he says, ‘there is a marked

difference between our Church and these Protestant Churches.' We are inclined to doubt, however, whether that implicit acquiescence in a common symbol of faith which diffuses so halcyon a calm over the surface of our Church Establishment has not been brought about by appeals to far more worldly feelings than Mr. Rose would willingly admit to exist in his reverend brotherhood; and we find ourselves strengthened not a little in this view of the matter by having observed that, in proportion as the Church has become more rich and powerful, less of the 'old leaven of innovations' has mixed perceptibly with the mass; so that, by a result which sounds more miraculous than it really is, our establishment has gone on improving in *Unity* in proportion as it has more and more abounded in *Pluralities*.

With respect to the efficacy of Confessions of Faith in producing uniformity of belief, it may safely be asserted, that no formula of this nature has ever been constructed, out of which easy and pliant consciences could not find some plausible loophole of escape. Among the Germans themselves subscription has, we believe, been always required to what they call the Symbolic Books in the Lutheran Church, and to the Heidelberg Catechism in the Reformed Churches. In the former of these two professions of faith an opening was indeed left, of which the free-thinking divines of Germany have most abundantly availed themselves, and to which Mr. Rose imputes the blame of having been one of the main inlets through which the flood of heresy, that has, if we may so say, unchristianised their Church, found admission. Their Symbolic Books, he says, were subscribed '*only in as far as they agree with Scripture*—a qualification which obviously bestows on the ministry the most perfect liberty of believing

and teaching whatever their own fancy may suggest.' In attributing, however, to this elastic 'quatenus' in the creed of the Lutherans so much of that perilous matter which has been introduced into their Church, the reverend gentleman must, we think, have forgotten the Sixth Article of those he himself has subscribed; sanctioning virtually, as it appears to us, the same latitude of interpretation and dissent. 'Holy Scripture,' says this article, 'contains all things necessary to salvation; so that whatever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man to be believed as an article of faith, or to be thought requisite or necessary to salvation.'

It was, indeed, under the shelter of this commodious clause that the Jortins, Claytons, Blackburnes, &c., of other times, when the Church of England was perhaps less afraid of the consequences of dissent, and certainly less furnished with the means of purchasing conformity, were left unmolested in their bishoprics, prebends, and rectories, to indulge in their own heterodox notions, and enjoy at once the comforts of preferment and luxuries of dissent.¹ Times are, however, in this respect much altered. We should like to see the actually existing Rector of St. Dunstan in the East, who would so far risk his chance of a stall as to venture upon Jortin's rash avowal, that 'there are Propositions contained in our Liturgy and Articles which no man

¹ It is thought that Jortin had somewhat more than a leaning towards Arianism. (See a Letter addressed to Gilbert Wakefield, inserted in his *Memoirs*, i. 376.) That he was, at all events, not orthodox on this subject, may be seen from a passage in his Tracts, where he goes so far as to declare, that they who uphold the orthodox doctrine respecting the Trinity must be prepared to assert 'that Jesus Christ is his own Father and his own Son.' 'The consequence will be so,' he adds, 'whether they like it, or whether they like it not.'

of common sense among us believes.' Even that enigmatic production (the work, it is said, of one Vigilius, a contentious bishop of Tapsus), which passed under the name of the Athanasian Creed, is to be included, if we may believe a late learned archbishop, in the same inviolable circle of reverential silence, by which all established and subscribed symbols are to be surrounded. The same tranquillising effects which the power of patronage has so long produced in our political system, the hope of preferment has even more successfully accomplished in the ecclesiastical branch of our constitution; and, as a hot and headlong loyalty has long been the sole title to any favours from the state, so a blind and uninquiring orthodoxy is the one 'narrow way' that leadeth to all good things in the Church. Woe unto the young divine who, like the accomplished author of the 'History of the Jews,' dares to reason, however unpretendingly and sensibly, upon matters of religious concernment!—on him will the Theological Reviews, monthly and quarterly, pour the vials of their wrath, and on him the golden gates of preferment will, as sure as he lives, be shut.

Very different from all this, and, it must be owned, bordering on the opposite extreme, is the state of such matters in Germany. The immediate effect of the Reformation upon the clergy of that country was to render them at once poor¹ and polemical—to despoil them of

¹ Neither has time nor long possession improved their condition in this respect. 'The richest member of the Church of Hanover,' says a modern traveller, 'the Abbot of Loccum, who was formerly a Prince of the Empire, is said not to enjoy, including all his little privileges (such as the inhabitants of Loccum being obliged to maintain his horses and wash his linen), more than 6,000 thalers, or 1,000*l.* per year.' The same intelligent traveller gives the following account of the celebrated University of Gottingen: 'The whole expense of this university (and, compared with other German

their princely abbeys and bishoprics, and give them the choice of about fifty new creeds instead. The history of the Reformers themselves—of the course of intolerance into which these assertors of the right of private judgment at once plunged—the various standards of infallibility set up by them, substituting (as has been often remarked)¹ a plurality of Popes for the one whom they had renounced—all this is but too freshly present to the memories of those who study the strange history of Human Faith. Nor can we conceive a much more curious chapter of that history, as illustrating the tendency there is in the human mind to oscillate from one extreme to another, than would be furnished by a full inquiry into the process by which the Church of Germany has been brought to its present state; by which a people who once carried their notions of inspiration so far as not only to maintain that every syllable of the Hebrew Bible, even to its vowel points, was inspired, but also to insist upon having it believed that their own Symbolic Books were every one of them dictated by the Holy Spirit, has been at length brought to entertain a system of theology, which discards inspiration from the Scriptures altogether—makes Reason the sole test and arbiter of Faith, and, by divesting Christianity of

universities, it is magnificently endowed), for books, salaries of professors, buildings, and all other expenses, is somewhat more than 11,000*l.* per year—a sum about equal, probably, to the incomes of four heads of houses at one of our universities.' Accordingly, as he adds, 'Gottingen has no good things to bribe its younger members to a continued adherence to taught opinions. There is no warm and well-lined stall of orthodoxy. They believe according as they discover truth, and not according to the prebends and fellowships which reward a particular faith.'

¹ Luther himself, indeed, seems to have been the first utterer of this sarcasm. On stepping into the carriage with Pomeranus, who was about to introduce him to the Pope's nuncio, he said laughingly, 'Here sit the Pope of Germany and Cardinal Pomeranus.'

all claims to the supernatural and miraculous, robs her of the strong ground on which she has hitherto rested her lever.

The task of tracing the causes which led to this singular revolution has, on a limited scale, been undertaken by Mr. Pusey, in two of the volumes before us; and until he, or some other writer equally strong in German lore, but somewhat more gifted, it might be wished, with ease and lucidness of style, shall do full justice to the subject, we content ourselves thankfully with the sketch which he has so ably and with so truly a Christian spirit given us.

The fierce divisions of the German Reformers among themselves, and the polemical spirit which was thereby engendered, converting the zeal which ought to have actuated them, in defence of their common cause, into bitter and unmitigated virulence against each other, were, it cannot be doubted (though Mr. Pusey passes lightly over this true fountain-head of the mischief), the original source of those abuses and corruptions of theology, which the warfare of neighbouring creeds is always sure to generate; and which, in this instance, by making Christianity subservient to the passions and purposes of party, had the effect of gradually lowering her divine character, and placing her on ground where she was within easy reach of her enemies. Among the causes to which this result is to be attributed, one of the most fatal, confessedly, was the erroneous view which the early Reformers took of the doctrine of inspiration,¹ and the forced modes of

¹ That the warning, however, has been thrown away, is proved by such declarations as the following:—‘After all, the Bible is the inspired word of God, and we do well to lean to the advocates of plenary inspiration; for there is no end to latitude and incertitude, there is no knowing where to stop if you once admit that a single particle is uninspired.’—Grant’s *English Church*.

interpreting the Scriptures to which it drove them. Having laid it down that every word and syllable of the text was dictated by the Holy Spirit, it became incumbent upon them, of course, to endeavour to reconcile with this unwise hypothesis all those inaccuracies in minor points of detail which might be remarked in the Sacred Volume ; and which, under a more qualified theory of inspiration, might have been safely left without any such effort at defence. In thus claiming, however, for the least important parts of the text the same authority as for the most essential and vital, they rashly grounded both on the same evidence, and exposed their character for authenticity to one common risk.

During the desolating period of the Thirty Years' War, the 'Protestant party-spirit' (as Mr. Pusey styles it), which had from the very first been sufficiently strong, increased in virulence, and, while it prolonged the duration of that struggle, aggravated all its miseries. The only branches of theology then cultivated were those that ministered to the factious spirit of the day, till, at last, the page of Scripture was referred to but as a sort of armoury, from whence the weapons of the respective combatants were to be furnished. Hence arose a vain and verbal school of divinity—or, as one of their own better divines characterised it, 'an armed theology, pointed with mere thorns of logic'—to the utter neglect both of Christian practice, and of the enlightened knowledge which should be the handmaid of Christian truth. Ignorant of history, of sound Biblical criticism, of all those branches, in short, of learning from which a prepared champion of the Faith draws his resources of defence, the divines of Germany were, on the first approaches of scepticism, taken by surprise ; those Scriptural proofs, founded chiefly upon scholastic

subtleties, which they had found so potent against each other, fell powerless before the common foe, and they were at last compelled to submit to a compromise with the infidel even more ruinous than defeat.

As a counteraction to this cold, fleshly, and formal theology, a sect had arisen to which the appellation of Pietists was given, whose original object it was to re-awaken, throughout the Christian world, some of those moral and devotional feelings which the subtleties of the schools had nearly extinguished, and to call back Religion from the regions of the head to her own humble and natural home in the heart. But the system of these religionists, however amiable their professed doctrines, contained within itself, from the first, the seeds of abuse. Their devotional fervour soon abated into hypocrisy; their pretensions to internal illumination and divine impulses afforded a pretext to the fanatic for every license of heresy; and in the disgrace thus brought upon the professors of Pietism the interests of genuine piety itself suffered. Among the practices which this sect held to be illicit were laughing, card-playing, and dancing; and the remarks made by Mr. Pusey upon this part of their creed may be read, perhaps, with advantage by some of our modern pietists :

The degree of value, however, attached to the abstinence from amusements, whose character is derived solely from their influence upon each individual (the so-called *ἀδιάφορα*), became a source both of self-deception and of breaches of Christian charity; a deflection invariably occurring as soon as the abstinence is regarded as being in itself a Christian duty. A legal yoke is then substituted for Christian freedom; and things, in the first instance acknowledged by the party itself to be of subordinate importance, become the tests of Christian progress. It thus became common to exclude

from the communion persons known to have danced or to have played at cards.¹ The great object, lastly, of the early school, the promotion of practical living Christianity around them, became a mere external duty, and being consequently pursued mechanically, alienated, too often, instead of winning to the Gospel.

It will be perceived from what we have here stated, that it was by no means from any want of religious zeal but from the wrong channels through which that zeal was directed, and the infinite varieties and whims of opinion into which the right of private judgment wandered, that the public mind in Germany came, at last, to lose all standard of orthodoxy, and to be at the mercy of every 'wind of doctrine' by which poor human reason was ever yet 'carried about.' So entirely, indeed, had they exchanged the substance of Christianity for the shadow, that the Bible itself, the professed oracle of all, was in reality but rarely consulted by any. The orthodox teachers had substituted their own scholastic theology for that of the Scriptures; and 'many very diligent students of theology,' says Spener, 'who readily followed the guidance of their preceptors, and so were well versed in other portions of theology, and held diligently lectures on Thetica, Antithetica, Polemica, and the like, had never in their life gone through a single book of the Bible.' Of the utter neglect, indeed, into which the study of the Bible had fallen, among this earliest Protestant people, towards the beginning of the eighteenth century, some idea may be formed from the fact that, at the great fair of Leipsic, at that

¹ It is an amusing instance of the excesses that arise on both sides, from the mutual reaction of two religious sects, that, on one occasion, when an edict excluding card-players from their communion was issued by the pietists, a formula of prayer for success at cards was immediately published by one of the orthodox preachers.

period, in not one of the booksellers' shops was either Bible or Testament to be found.

It is not wonderful that, in a country where religion was left thus wild and unfenced, intersected by so many various cross-ways of doctrine, and without any fixed frontier of faith, the inroads of sceptics should, on their first appearance, be successful, and at once 'win their easy way.' To the introduction and study of the works of the English freethinkers, Toland, Tindal, Collins, &c., Mr. Pusey attributes the first strong impression that was made upon the already fragile outworks of German faith; and he might have added that the title alone of Toland's famous book, 'Christianity not Mysteriorious; a treatise showing that there is nothing in the Gospel contrary to reason, or above it, and that no Christian doctrine can be properly called a mystery,' contains within it the germ of all that system of Rationalism which the Germans afterwards adopted. The flattering reception, indeed, which this bold innovator met with at the Courts of Hanover and Berlin, after having been chased out of society for his opinions in his own country, affords a stronger proof, perhaps, than any that Mr. Pusey has produced, of the state of ripeness for the reception of anti-Christian doctrines to which all classes of German society had at that period been quickened. This avowed author of a book which had, in England, undergone the singular criticism of being presented as a public nuisance by the Grand Jury of Middlesex, found himself in Hanover so honoured by the Electress Dowager and her family as even to be presented by these illustrious persons with gold medals and pictures of themselves on his departure; and at Berlin, where the Queen noticed him with peculiar favour, he was allowed to hold a conference in her Majesty's presence with the learned Beausobre, the

acknowledged object of which, on Toland's part, was to call in question the authenticity of the books of the New Testament.

To the still more direct encouragement, backed also by his own personal example, which the great Frederick held out to all apostles of infidelity, a more than due share of weight has been allotted among the causes that have occurred to bring the Protestantism of the land of Luther so low; the truth being that such royal instances of irreverence and scepticism as were exhibited by Frederick and his philosophical grandmother,¹ are to be classed rather among the results than the causes of this singular revolution, which had been in full progress long before either of them existed, and the real seeds of which are to be sought as far back as the Reformation itself. In the extreme opinions and doctrines to which that great outbreak of the human mind gave vent, and the strong reaction which, after a long course of intolerance, they provoked, lies the whole solution of the phenomena which the Church of Germany has exhibited, the explanation of every phasis through which the 'inconstant moon' of her faith has passed. To this reaction alone was it owing that the busy spirit of strife and dogmatism among her sects was succeeded by the dangerous calm of indifference and scepticism, that the neglect and contempt of human learning which had prevailed under the influence of Spener and his followers, was displaced by the over-fastidious Biblical criticism and daring inquisitiveness

¹ This princess declined the offer of religious counsel in her last hours, saying 'Laissez-moi mourir sans disputer.' It is also told of her that, on seeing one of her *dames d'honneur* weeping by her bedside, she said, 'Ne me plaignez pas, car je vais à présent satisfaire ma curiosité sur les principes des choses que Leibnitz n'a jamais pu m'expliquer.'

of the learned school of Michaelis; while (most fatal change of all) from the heights of that lofty theory of inspiration which had led her divines to see the dictates of the Spirit in every syllable of the Old and New Testament, they descended at last to the opposite and deadly extreme of rejecting inspiration from the Scriptures altogether. This last mortal blow to the authority of the sacred volume was the result, it is evident, of a sort of compromise between religion and philosophy, in which the former, pressed by the reasonings of her adversary, and already half in his interests, consented to give up whatever there was of supernatural in the grounds on which she stood, for the sake of securing to herself his aid in the conservation of what remained; while, on the other hand, the philosopher, thus imprudently propitiated by the sacrifice of all that had shocked him in the popular faith, saw no longer any objection to assuming the name of Christian; but, on the contrary, rejoiced in having thus ready formed to his hand a grand scheme of moral instruction, by which, purified as it now appeared to him of all superfluous alloy, the true happiness of mankind, both here and hereafter, might be advantaged.

Such, as far as we have been able briefly to trace it, combining our own views with those of the writers before us, is the history of the rise, progress, and ultimate results of the system called Rationalism in Germany. It is right to add that, in the opinion of Mr. Pusey and others conversant with the subject, this school of theology has within these few years experienced a check, and is at present on the decline. How far this opinion may be correct we know not; but, in a work published very lately at Altona, entitled '*Fortsetzung der Reformation*,' we perceive that the author, who is one of the superintendents of the Lutheran

Church in Hanover, still claims for the Rationalists, if not superiority of numbers, a decided preponderance in intellectual force and literary acquirement.

Of the general objects and character of the school, some idea may be formed from the sketch we have given; but the different degrees and varieties of their heterodoxy can only be learned by a perusal of their works. The fundamental principles of Rationalism we take to be these:—That human reason, or the reasoning faculty, is the sole arbiter as to what is to be received as truth, and what is to be rejected as error, by the human mind; that facts recognised by sense or consciousness form the materials on which the reasoning faculty is to be exercised; that human belief is then, and then only, reasonable, when the degree of assent given to any proposition is in exact proportion to the degree of evidence presented to the mind of the inquirer.

The Rationalist goes on to affirm that one of the most important among the facts to which experience bears its testimony is this,—that the phenomena of Nature are so linked to each other that the whole, as presented before the human spectator, constitutes a series invariably uniform. Every phenomenon is found, if it can be examined, to be connected with something antecedent; every change indicates a previous change, and the precedent and the consequent are always seen to bear the same uniform and reciprocal relation. Hence the Rationalist concludes that the government of this world is conducted in every instance, not by an *immediate*, but by an *intermediate* agency; or at least by an agency of which the manifestations always appear to be *intermediate*, and to be regulated by the same unvarying laws.

In subscribing to this conclusion, the Rationalist

considers that he is not acting an optional part, but merely listening with attention to what he deems the primary and indisputable revelation of Nature and of God ; to doubt which, he contends, would be an outrage against his own being, and an act of infidelity towards its author. When the history of a long extended series of miracles is placed before the Rationalist, he replies that narratives of a similar kind are to be found among every people whose understandings are uninformed and uncultivated ; nay, that the existence and the belief of such narratives are the inseparable result of that state of mind in which the knowledge of the operations of nature is as yet limited and superficial ; while, on the contrary, to one who is largely conversant with the facts and laws of the natural world, no fact adequately attested has ever yet been brought in which these laws have been departed from ; and further, that even if what might appear to be an instance of this kind could be adduced, of which the evidence might seem to be irrefragable, still, all analogy, and the history of past errors on this subject, would enforce the conclusion that this apparent deviation was only apparent, and that the solution must be sought in our yet inadequate acquaintance with all the parts of the process, and our inability to detect the intermediate links of the chain by which such phenomenon is united to the regular laws of the universe.

If, then, continues the Rationalist, I am required to receive as true a history of a series of miraculous interventions suspending the accustomed laws of Nature, and this on the attestation of men of uncultivated minds, I am required also, at the same time, to admit that there has been a strange subversion of the order of Nature ; that an incomprehensible change has taken place in the human mind, and a still more incompre-

hensible change in the divine government. I must believe that, whilst man was in knowledge and reason a child, he had attained to an accuracy of attention, a comprehensiveness of research, an extent of knowledge, which is now found to belong to the human mind only after it has been developed by a long series of education, and has appropriated to itself all that the observation of ages has accumulated. I must believe that man was competent to judge of *variations* before experience had taught him to expect *uniformity*; to become an acute observer and a trustworthy witness of *exceptions* before he had learned the *rule*. On the other hand, I must believe that God has changed his mode of governing the world; that his administration was not then, as now, *intermediate*, but *immediate*—that it was a succession of divine interventions; that it was a suspension of the *natural*, and a substitution of the *supernatural*. In a word, I must believe that while the human mind was in a state of childhood it had attained to more than the maturity of manhood, and that the government of God was then parallel to what are now the dreams of intellectual childhood.

It is easy to perceive that principles such as these, consistently pursued, would conduct to the total rejection of whatever is supernatural in the Judaical and Christian revelations; nor does the Rationalist evade this rejection; on the contrary, he attempts to defend it; and a very large proportion of the works already published by the advocates of the system consist of observations, philological, philosophical, historical, and critical, on the books of the Old and New Testament, evidently intended to diminish the reader's confidence in the inspiration of the sacred writers, in the miraculous events they relate, in their divine authority and infallible truth.

Of the dangerous consequences of such an irruption into the pages of Holy Writ by a body of men learned and acute, sincerely honest, as of many of them it must be accorded, in this their bold chase after truth, but still unprepossessed with any of that feeling, as to the sacredness of their subject, which might insure from them at least delicacy, if not reverence, in handling it, there requires but little reflection to bring before us the whole startling extent. In pursuance of their plan of rejecting all that is supernatural in the Christian history, they apply themselves, of course with peculiar diligence, to explaining away the miracles of the New Testament; and how familiarly and even coarsely some of them grapple with this task may be seen from a specimen of the manner in which Paulus, one of their most celebrated theologians, has executed it. On the miracle of the tribute-money and fish he says: 'What sort of a miracle is it which is commonly found here? I will not say a miracle of about twelve or twenty groschen (2s. 6d.), for the greatness of the value does not make the greatness of the miracle. But it may be observed that as, first, Jesus received, in general, support from many persons (Judas kept the stock, John xii. 6) in the same way as the Rabbis frequently lived from such donations; as, secondly, so many pious women provided for the wants of Jesus; as, finally, the claim did not occur at any remote place, but at Capernaum, where Christ had friends, a miracle for about a dollar would certainly have been superfluous.' The miracle of Christ walking upon the water, the same theologian gets rid of by resolving it into a mistranslation of the words ἐπὶ τῆς θαλάσσης, which he asserts ought to be rendered not 'on the sea,' but 'by or near the sea.'

Among the modes of interpretation adopted by the

Rationalists for the purpose of shaping to their own hypothesis the events and doctrines recorded in the Gospel, one of the most favourite, as being one of the most convenient, is the theory of accommodation, a theory which, in supposing Christ and his apostles to have adapted themselves, in much of what they said and did, to the religious and national prejudices of the persons whom they addressed, throws a commodious sort of ambiguity round their actions and sayings, under the cover of which any difficulty that stands in the way of any commentator may with ease be explained away. Against this hypothesis, as made use of by Semler and others, Mr. Rose enters his protest with considerable indignation; but we may be allowed to say, in passing, that by none of the German theologians—not even by Professor Van Hemert, who seems to have escaped Mr. Rose's multifarious research—has this theory of accommodation been ever carried to a much more astounding length than by the right reverend author of the '*Divine Legation*,' in his view of the numerous compliances with popular prejudice and superstition to which the Almighty, as he thinks, condescended, when (to use the bishop's own extraordinary words) 'it pleased the God of Heaven to take upon himself the office of chief magistrate of the Jewish Republic.'

But, whatever irreverence some of these rationalising critics may have been guilty of, and however that most headlong of coursers, Hypothesis, may have carried them (as it does all who mount it) away, there seems to be but one opinion as to the unwearied industry, deep learning, and, we will add, conscientious purpose, of the greater number of these recluse and laborious scholars; nor does it appear to us to be denied, in any quarter, that among the questions which they have raised relative to the divine character of Scripture—

some frivolous, some startling, some merely ingenious—there have been also some which not only claim the earnest consideration of our own learned divines, but are well worthy the attention of all reflecting Christians.

Among this latter class of their lucubrations must be ranked the question respecting the origin of the three first Gospels—a question in which no less important a point is involved than whether these three Evangelical narratives are really the composition of the writers whose names they bear; or whether they are not merely transcriptions or translations of some documents relative to the life of Christ which had previously existed. The remarkable instances that occur in them of close verbal agreement, not only in places relating to the discourses and parables of Christ, but in passages containing no more than a mere narrative of facts, afford such strong proofs of the existence of an original document—a *πρωτευαγγέλιον*, either in Greek or Aramaic—from which two, at least, out of the three Evangelists must have copied their details, that it is now, we believe, not even attempted to be denied that there must have existed some such source; and the main point of discussion at present, is, whether it was from a Gospel composed by one of these Evangelists that the two others copied theirs; or whether, as the German critics suppose, all the three were alike indebted for their materials to some common documents, which they found already in circulation, and from which they compiled their narratives.

This discovery, for so it may be called, of the biblical critics of Germany, was first made known in this country some years since by a translation, from the pen of the Bishop of Peterborough, of the elaborate work of Michaelis, in which the question was put forth. That a discussion affecting, in its results, even the

claims of the Gospels in question to inspiration, and supported, on the heterodox side, by such an array of erudition and criticism, should not have drawn forth from our benefited theologians some counteracting effort, can only be accounted for by that spell of 'rich repose' which, as we have said, hangs over all; and renders them, as long as they can prevail upon Heterodoxy to keep the peace *within* their circle, indifferent as to what gambols she may indulge in *out* of it. It was, indeed, not without good reason that Boileau placed the dwelling of the goddess of Sloth in the rich Abbaye of Citeaux where the light of *Réforme* had never penetrated. The question of the three Gospels was again returned upon the hands of the hard-working and hard-named scholars of Germany—the Schleiermachers, Bretschneiders, &c.—and with the exception, if we recollect right, of Archdeacon Townson's Discourses on the Gospels, and a stray, contemptuous notice or two from the young candidates for livings that conduct some of the Theological Reviews, not a single response on the subject has breathed from any of those oracles to which we lay-readers of divinity are taught to look for instruction.

Nor has this arisen from any want of a taste for authorship among the members of the Episcopal bench, one of whom has been even engaged—very innocently, we acknowledge—in disturbing with his single voice that unanimity so dear to the Church, by upholding the 1 John, v. 7, which everybody else rejects; and doubting the authenticity of Milton's 'Christian Doctrine,' which everybody else believes. Another right reverend author, to whose enlightened candour, erudition, and literary tastes we shall always be among the first to pay willing homage, has amused his classic

leisure by composing two very interesting works on the writings of Tertullian and Justin Martyr; from the former of which our profane memories have carried away the following short and playful anecdote, related, as the bishop tells us, in Tertullian's Treatise, 'De Virginibus Velandis: '—A female, who had somewhat too liberally displayed her person, was thus addressed by an angel in a dream (cervices, quasi applauderet, verberans) 'Elegantes,' inquit, 'cervices et merito nudæ!' This is all very well, and very harmless, but, in the meantime, while our bishops are thus culling flowers from the Fathers, such momentous questions as we have above alluded to, involving vitally, it cannot be denied, the nearest interests of Christianity—as troubling with doubt the very spring-head from which that 'Fount of Life' flows—remain unsifted and almost untouched; while such humble inquirers after truth as ourselves are left wholly at the mercy of these indefatigable Germans (who *will* write, and whom we cannot help reading), without any aid from our own established teachers of the truth, to enable us to detect their sophistries, or sound the shallows of their learning.

The policy of silence, however inglorious, was no doubt sufficiently safe, as long as the ignorance of the German language, prevailing throughout this country, rendered the heresies of the Wegscheiders and Fritzsches a 'sealed fountain' to most readers. But this state of things no longer exists. The study of German is becoming universal; translations multiply upon us daily, and we may soon expect to see our literary market glutted with rationalism. Nor is it only on the shelves of theology we shall have to encounter its visitations, for it can take all shapes—'mille habet ornatus.' It has, before now, lurked in a fable of Lessing, won its

way in the form of a religious essay by Schiller,¹ and glimmered doubtfully through the bright mist of the 'Allemagne' of Madame de Stael; while a late rationalising geologist among ourselves has contrived to insinuate its poison into a history of the primitive strata.

Among the very few works this subject has as yet called forth are those which have been selected for the groundwork of this article, and whose contents we shall now proceed briefly to notice. We have already stated that the chief object of Mr. Rose's publication is to prove that to the want of an episcopal church establishment—like that of which he is himself an aspiring minister—the decline, and all but fall, of German Protestantism is to be attributed. From this view of the matter Mr. Pusey ventures to differ. He thinks it possible that a Christian Church may exist without the constitution, liturgy, or articles of the Church of England, and does us the honour among other examples to cite the Church of Scotland. He is of opinion that the superintendents in the Lutheran Church are not very dissimilar from the bishops in the Church of England; and he believes, on sufficient grounds, that subscription to the Symbolic books is universally required, the qualification to which Mr. Rose so much objects, being, he thinks, of comparatively recent introduction, and very partially adopted. He therefore, with a far more comprehensive view of his subject than could be expected from an eye long accustomed, like Mr. Rose's, to rest upon the bench of bishops as its origin, deduces the gradual deterioration of the Protestant spirit in Germany to causes, some of them even anterior to the formation of Protestant communities into a Church,

¹ *The Finding of Moses*—a little essay, full of eloquence and rationalism.

and most of them, we should ourselves add, too deep and strong for any form of church discipline whatever to have controlled. This use of his reasoning powers by the Oxford professor could not do otherwise than give mortal offence to Mr. Rose, both because he is himself (in more senses than one) an anti-rationalist, and because he foresaw danger therefrom to his own much-loved theory. Accordingly, without loss of time or anger, he sends forth a reply to Mr. Pusey, which, for ill temper and unfairness—for the prodigal use of what Warburton calls ‘hard words and soft arguments’—has few parallels that we know of in the range even of theological controversy. For lack of seemlier modes of warfare, he has even resorted to that cry of ‘heresy’ in which the defeated champions of State doctrines have always a sure resource; and, in the face not only of declarations, but of sound proofs of Christian orthodoxy, on the part of Mr. Pusey, more than intimates that the historian of Rationalism is himself a Rationalist. To this attack Mr. Pusey has replied, in a second volume on the state of German Protestantism, and in which, with a style much improved and stores of learning still unexhausted, he develops still further his own views of this important subject; and answers the cavils and insinuations of his angry assailant with a degree of dignity, firmness, and imperturbable urbanity which cannot fail to inspire his readers with the sincerest admiration.

Of the thick octavo volume of Professor Lee, the only portions that come within the scope of our present notice are his ‘Dissertation on the Views and Principles of the Modern Rationalists of Germany,’ and his criticisms on two distinguished ornaments of that school—Bertholdt and Gesenius. That Professor Lee is a very learned person, we are not inclined to doubt; but he

would make but a sorry figure, we suspect, in the hands of the theologians of Halle. For his Chaldaic we have, of course, infinite respect; but must confess, that, were we to judge him by his English, it would be with some difficulty we should keep out of our heads that unlucky French couplet—

Peut-être, en latin, c'est un grand personnage,
Mais, en français, c'est un,' &c. &c.

In this gentleman's criticisms on the *Christologia Judæorum* of Bertholdt, it gives us no very promising notion of his familiarity with the works of the author whom he pretends to criticise to find him avowing his inability to cite Bertholdt's interpretation of the fifty-second and fifty-third chapters of Isaiah; and this for the very simple and intelligible reason that he did not know where to find it. Out of this difficulty we think it but charitable to help the learned Professor, by referring him as well to a distinct essay of Bertholdt on the subject, as to the third part of this writer's treatise, *De Ortu Theologiæ Hebræorum*, at the end of which Mr. Lee will find the interpretation he seeks.

We have, however, a much graver charge than this of ignorance to bring against the Professor—if, indeed, ignorance be not equally his excuse in both cases—which is, that, in his strictures upon the commentary of Dr. Gesenius on Isaiah, he has, in one instance, totally misrepresented the opinions of that learned commentator; and this injustice is the less excusable, as, in the novelty and boldness of the German's theories, there may be found abundance of heterodox points to attack, without thus falsely charging him with any others.

In his observations on the fifty-second and fifty-third chapters of Isaiah, Gesenius contends, in opposition

to the general opinion of Christians of all ages, and of many among the Jews themselves, that these passages cannot be interpreted as a direct prophecy of the Messiah; and having proved, as he thinks, by a series of elaborate arguments, that the commonly received interpretation is to be rejected, he next enters into an inquiry as to the interpretation that ought to be substituted in its place. The conclusion he comes to at last is, that, in those passages where the Prophet speaks of the Servant of the Lord, he had in view not any one particular person, past, present, or future, but the body or aggregate of the prophets of the Lord collectively considered; in other words, the Prophetic Order, which he thus personifies, describing their wrongs and their hopes as the wrongs and hopes of an individual, lamenting the long series of suffering, insult, and persecution they had endured, and looking forward with confidence to their future vindication and triumph.

With the arguments by which Dr. Gesenius endeavours to sustain this hypothesis we have no concern at present, except to say that they appear to us, on the whole, strained and unsatisfactory. Such, however, is his deliberate view of the prophecy, and he has declared it as explicitly as words can speak. In the face of all this, Professor Lee—having taken pains, as he with much simplicity tells us, to ‘ascertain’ exactly the opinion of Gesenius—comes forward and attributes to him an interpretation of the passage totally different from that which he has thus plainly and distinctly enounced. ‘The servant of the Lord here mentioned,’ says Mr. Lee, ‘is, according to Gesenius’s comment, the Prophet Isaiah.’ Now, not only is it the fact that this interpretation is *not* that of Gesenius, but it will be seen that Gesenius himself has taken great pains to

prove that the passage cannot be applied to Isaiah; and for proof of this we refer to his work, where various interpretations of the passage, and its applications to Uzziah, Hezekiah, Josiah, Isaiah, and Jeremiah, are successively examined and rejected (Part Second, p. 171).

We should be inclined to consider this misrepresentation as merely a blunder of ignorance, had not Mr. Lee turned it to such triumphant account in taunting and exulting over his brother doctor.¹ He pursues, indeed, his fancied triumph through several pages, talking of 'the marvellous inconsistency of Isaiah suffering death by martyrdom, and yet enjoying long life as a reward;' and exclaiming exultingly, 'I should like to know how this servant of God could know that he was to become a martyr for the sins of the Jews.' This triumph of the professor, resembling as it does that of another valorous personage of whom we are told, 'He made the giants first, and then he killed them,' would be merely ridiculous were there not strong reasons for suspecting that there is full as much of unfairness as of ignorance at the bottom of it.

We have already ventured to criticise the learned Chaldaist's English; we will now say a word about his German. In a passage immediately following that which we have above referred to, Gesenius says, 'Die Rede des Propheten wechselt mit der Rede des Jehova so ab, dass LII. 13—15 Jehova zu reden fortfahrt, wie in dem Vorgehenden: LIII. 1 Der Prophet redet, und zwar communicativ in Namen seines Standes.' The meaning of this, according to our humble apprehension, is as follows: 'Jehovah and the prophet speak here

¹ Mr. Lee, among his many titles, counts that of D.D. of the University of Halle, an honour for which, as he himself boasts, he was indebted to this very Dr. Gesenius whom he thus disfigures.

alternately. Thus, at the end of the fifty-second chapter, it is Jehovah who continues to speak, as in the foregoing verses; but in the beginning of the fifty-third chapter, it is the prophet who speaks, communicatively indeed (or in the manner of one who is holding communication with others), and in the name of his order.' We shall now give Mr. Lee's translation of the passage:—'The speaking of the prophet is here so *changed for that of Jehovah* that, chapter LII. 15, Jehovah continues to speak as in the preceding context: in LIII. 1, the Prophet communicates in the name *proper for his own station*.'

Having given these few specimens of Mr. Lee's capacity for the task he has undertaken, we shall now dismiss him, with a sentence which he himself has applied to poets,¹ but which strikes us as not altogether inapplicable to some prozers:—'It is greatly to be regretted that learned geniuses do not make themselves better informed on these subjects.'

¹ Note on Milman's *History of the Jews*, p. 146.

['Told Murray, on his asking me had I seen the mention of Milman in the last *Edinburgh* (my own article), that I was myself the author of that article, and authorised him to tell Milman so in confidence. Murray asked M. had he any suspicion who wrote that article; and on Milman's answering, "Not the least," "Could you at all have suspected our friend Moore of such an article?" "Moore!" exclaimed Milman. "No, no; I know Moore to be very multifarious, but I don't think he has yet got to German theology." It was with some difficulty that, when I myself assured him that it was mine, I could get him to believe that I was serious.'—*Diary of Thomas Moore*, October 14, 1831. (Vol. vi. p. 226.)]

THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND.¹

[APRIL 1834.]

WE were beginning to fear that the good old race of etymologists and antiquarians were all extinct; and most sincerely should we have lamented their loss. For, next to the fairy tales of our childhood, in nothing have we ever half so much delighted as in the lucubrations of these grave twisters of words—these searchers after syllables through the vast night of time. When, sometimes, with the industrious and truly learned historian of Manchester, we have gone roaming in quest of Celtic roots (which seem to have the fecundating effect of those of the mandrake upon a certain class of brains), and, by their aid, lighted upon the agreeable, though rather startling intelligence, that there existed sheriffs of the County of Wilts in the time of Julius Cæsar;² when, by the same means, we have discovered that the Briton who invited Cæsar to this island was the unworthy son of no less honest citizen than the Chancellor of Albury College, in, or near London,³ our delight, on finding ourselves so much at home with the Roman conqueror and his cotemporaries, was far too lively to let us pause upon any sceptical doubts, or think on how small a modicum of monosyllables the whole vision rested.

But, of all the grave freaks of erudition, the sober

¹ *The Round Towers of Ireland; or, The Mysteries of Freemasonry, of Sabaism, and of Buddhism, for the first time unveiled.* 'Prize Essay' of the Royal Irish Academy, enlarged, and embellished with numerous illustrations. By Henry O'Brien, Esq., A.B. 8vo. London, 1834.

² *Specimen of an Etymological Vocabulary, &c.* p. 89.

³ P. 177.

antics of archæology, that have, at times, diverted us, those of the gallant and venerable champion of Irish Antiquity, General Vallancey, assert the strongest claims to our recollection and gratitude. The exceeding complacency with which he detects an ancient Punic gentleman speaking good Irish, in one of Plautus's plays; his modest suggestion, whether a gold collar, which had been picked up out of a turf-bog, in the County of Limerick, might not be the actual Breastplate of Judgment—the Urim and Thummim of the Jews;¹ the conclusion he comes to, that the Iroquois Indians of North America must be the very same people as the Irish, because the former call the sun Grounhia, and the later call him² Grian; and, not to enumerate too many such dazzling speculations at once, his discovery that Ossian was the Messiah, and St. Patrick the Devil;³ these, and a number of other such erudite fancies, which are to be found in the same antiquarian's writings, we should have cited as unrivalled flights in this peculiar walk of research, had we not met with the ingenious and precious volume which forms the subject of this article.

So long had Vallancey been accustomed to look at his beloved Ireland through an orientalizing medium, that she grew, at last, to be as completely an Eastern island, in his eyes, as if (like the Casa Santa which angels wafted, we are told, from Galilee to Loretto) the Green Isle had in times past been transported from the Sea

¹ *Collectanea*, No. 13.

² *Vindication of the Ancient History of Ireland*, p. 395.

³ His (St. Patrick's) name was Succat. He said he was come to preach the doctrine of the great prophet *Oishan* (the Messiah); but the Magi, wishing to keep up their authority and religion, then declared, if *Nian*, i.e., *Oishin*, was come, then he, *Succat*, must be *Paterah*, that is, the Devil, and from hence his name Patric.'—*Vind.*

of Oman, or some other such summer quarters, and dropped, much to its discomposure, in the cold comfortless Atlantic. That there exist strong traces of an Oriental origin in the language, character, and monuments of the Irish people, no fair inquirer into the subject will be inclined to deny. Vallancey himself, indeed, began with this moderate view of the matter; and his first works, relating to Ireland, abound with materials of knowledge, which must always render them valuable to her historians and antiquaries. But by dint of reading and writing for ever on the same theme, by labouring constantly at his favourite parallel between the Easterns and the Irish, he at last worked himself into a state little short of monomania on the subject. Not content with merely deriving the Irish nation from the ancient Chaldæans, Persians, Scytho-Iberians, or whatever other name he chose to give to their progenitors, he seems, at last, to have almost persuaded himself that the offspring has changed but little on the way, and that the Irish continue to be good Chaldæans, Persians, Scytho-Iberians, &c., to this very day.

Not only does he often quote vernacular Irish writers as good authorities respecting Eastern affairs, but even intimates that they know much more of the matter than the Easterns themselves; and the reason alleged by him for questioning the authenticity of the Phœnician history attributed to Sanchoniathon is, that it differs in some particulars respecting the Cabiric mysteries from what Irish History has, it seems, recorded on the same recondite topic. The point at issue between Sanchoniathon and the Irish is thus, with ludicrous gravity, laid down by the learned General:—

This I venture to say, from comparing the Irish history of the Cabiri with the Phœnician; for example, why should *Ouranus*, the Heavens, marry his sister *Ge*, the Earth, and

bring forth, 1st, Ilus, who is called Cronus ; 2nd, Betylus ; 3rd, Dagon, who is Siton, or the god of corn ; and 4th, Atlas ; because in the Irish story, Aoran, the ploughman, marries *Ge* or *Ce*, the Earth, and the first ploughing brings forth Ilus, weeds, stones, oats, &c., &c.

That we should have despaired of ever finding another such antiquarian—one so rich in absurdity—will hardly be deemed wonderful. But ‘the thing that hath been is that which shall be ;’ and the cycle of human absurdity, if it does not, like the Periodic year of the Stoics, bring back the same man to say the same foolish thing, brings round others, at least to say it *for* him. Not only in the work on the ‘Round Towers,’ now before us, but also in another extraordinary production, entitled ‘Nimrod,’ as remarkable for its eccentricity as for its omnigenous erudition, there occur speculations respecting Ireland and her past history, which even Vallancey might wish his own ; and which show clearly that to write about that country almost as much unsettles the wits of people as to legislate for it.

Taking up the notion that Ulysses, in the course of the various voyages attributed to him, passed some time in Ireland, ‘I am strongly of opinion,’ says the author of *Nimrod*, ‘that Ulysses is the original Patricius of Ireland, celebrated in the style of a Saint, as Hercules, Perseus, and Triptolemus were at Antioch, and afterwards throughout Christendom, under the name of Georgius, the seventh champion.’ Having thus satisfied himself that Ulysses was St. Patrick, he arrives, with equal ease, at the conclusion that Penelope was St. Bridget,¹ and informs us that her famous distaff

¹ ‘The Greeks had a custom, long retained by the Athenians, of carrying, each new year, to their neighbour’s house, an olive branch surrounded with wool, and called *Eires-Ionè*, the *Dove’s-branch with Wool* ; and these yearly visits, I conceive, are nearly akin to those

is still preserved in the Island of Berkerry. Among his reasons for concluding that Ulysses was St. Patrick are the following:—‘Ulysses, during his detention in Aiaia, was king of a host of swine; and Patrick, during a six years’ captivity in the hands of king Milcho or Malcho, was employed to keep swine. Ulysses flourished in Babel, and St. Patrick was born at Nem-Turris, or the Celestial Tower: the type of Babel, in Irish mythology, is Tory Island, or the Island of the Tower.’

Whether it is supposed by this learned gentleman that the poet Homer ever visited Ireland, we cannot very clearly make out; but that some of Homer’s near relatives were once quartered there is evidently his opinion. ‘At the time of St. Patrick’s landing,’ he says, ‘*Niul of the nine hostages* was King of Ireland: but I strongly suspect the fable of his hostages originated in Homer’s name being supposed to mean *a hostage*, and that the nine hostages are nine Homers, or successions of Homeridæ, from Niul the Learned.’¹ The Irish might well afford to spare *one* Ossian to Macpherson, when they were so well supplied with Homers. The fabulous cave, in the province of Ulster, called St. Patrick’s Purgatory, he supposes to be the fosse dug by Ulysses as mentioned in the Odyssey; and his mode of accounting for the name of Ulster, on this supposition, is not a little ingenious. ‘The fossa Patricii,’ he says, ‘was in the province called Ulidia, Oylister, or Ulster, which seems to me to be *Ulyssis Terra*.’

mentioned by Suidas in ’ΙΩ. Now, the Celts of Britain or Armórica, in France, have the like custom of going with the mistletoe to each other’s doors at the new year, crying, “au gui l’an neuf.” That the branch with wool relates to the distaff of Penelope, or St. Bridget, I think probable from Homer’s line,

Αὐτὴ δ’ ἴστον ὕφαινοι ἐπ’ ἡλέκτρῳ βεβαυῖα.

Nimrod, vol. ii. p. 662.

¹ P. 639.

We cannot, even thus passingly, advert to this very singular work without expressing seriously our regret that such rich and varied stores of scholarship, so much refined ingenuity and industrious zeal, should have been employed in researches which but longsomely and laboriously lead to nothing, and speculations little more sound than are a sick man's dreams.

We have now to ascend, even still higher, the cloud-capt regions of Antiquarianism, in order to arrive at Mr. O'Brien, who sits supreme in his vocation—'*sedet altus Olympo*'—overtopping even the old Pelion, Vallancey himself. Though this gentleman's present labours refer chiefly to that most fertile source of wonderment and conjecture, the Irish Round Towers, the remote date of these venerable structures throws open so wide a play-ground to the fancy, that he must be a puny Milesian who could not, like Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, 'people' the whole space between 'with his own hands.' The original essay, of which the volume before us is an enlargement, obtained one of the prizes proposed by the Royal Irish Academy, in the year 1832, for the best essay on the subject of the Round Towers of Ireland. Conceiving himself alone to be in the secret of the birth, parentage, and bringing up of these Towers, Mr. O'Brien naturally felt aggrieved by the decision of the Council, which adjudged the principal prize to another, and, as he thought, unduly favoured competitor; and a correspondence ensued in consequence between him and some of the officers of the Academy, which is now laid before the public in the Preface to the present work.

Mr. O'Brien's anxiety for the preservation of his great secret respecting the Towers seems to have haunted him even to the very eve of its disclosure, as appears from the following note, addressed by him to a brother

antiquarian, Mr. Godfrey Higgins, the author of 'The Celtic Druids :'

May 2, 1833.

Dear Sir,—I hope you will not feel displeased at the frankness of this question which I am about to propose to you, viz., have you any objection to show me, in the manuscript before you send to print, the terms in which you speak of me, in reference to those points of information which I intrusted to your confidence—such as the ancient names of Ireland, and their derivation, the towers and founders, dates, &c.?

Should you think proper to consent to this feeling of anxiety on my part, I shall be most willing to share with you those other 'points' which I exclusively retain. To the full extent you shall have these, &c.

Mr. Higgins' answer to the above note follows, and from this document it transpires that the Round Towers were not Mr. O'Brien's only secret, but that he also knew something about the Indian god, Buddha, which he was no less anxious to keep concealed from the ears of the profane.

May 3, 1833.

My dear O'Brien,—You may be perfectly assured I shall print nothing which I have learned from you without acknowledging it. But I have really forgotten what you told me, because I considered that I should see it in print in a few days. Any thing I shall write on the subject will not be printed for years after your books have been before the public. You did not tell me the name of Buddha, but I told it *you*, that it was Saca or Saca-sa, which I have already printed a hundred times, and can show you in my great quarto, when you take your tea with me, as I hope you will to-morrow. Sir W. Betham told me of the Fire Towers being * * * * last night, at the Antiquarian Society.

Yours truly,

G. HIGGINS.

It will be seen from this that Mr. Higgins—who, being an antiquarian himself, ought to have known better—had not only promulgated, before the ‘time was ripe,’ the ineffable name Saca-sa, but had even blabbed, at a learned rout, the great secret of the Round Towers. Not to subject ourselves to a charge of similar imprudence, we have thrown, as the reader sees, a modest veil of asterisks round the mystery, being resolved (for our own parts at least) to keep Mr. O’Brien’s secret religiously and faithfully. We may be told that already it is all in print, but publishing is not always divulging; and we would almost pledge ourselves that the secret of this book will be nearly as safe in the hands of its respectable publishers, Messrs. Whittaker & Co., Ave Maria Lane, as in Mr. O’Brien’s own breast.

Before we part, however, with his great mystery, we must say a word or two as to his boast of being himself the first promulgator of it. On the contrary, General Vallancey, from whom he has had most of his learned vagaries at second hand, is, in this instance also, his provider; that imaginative General having drawn frequent parallels between the Muidhr of the Irish and the Mahadeva of the Hindus, between the emblem called Dia Teibith by the former, and the mystic Bahva of the latter. In the remarkable work, too, called ‘Nimrod,’ which we have just cited, and which has been before the public some years, Mr. O’Brien will find this great discovery, which he so grandly proclaims to be ‘now for the first time revealed,’ stated quietly, in a single sentence, with as much *sang froid* as if it was no discovery at all. ‘They are fire-temples’ (says the author of ‘Nimrod’) ‘and ithyphallic Nimrodian towers.’ The contrast, indeed, between a self-satisfied Englishman and a self-satisfied Irishman could

not be better illustrated than by the juxtaposition of this short, pithy assertion, with the following *Io triumphe* of Mr. O'Brien: 'Will this be considered the vapouring of conceit? Is it the spouting of self-sufficient inanity? Let the heartless utilitarian, unable to appreciate the motives which first enlisted me in this inquiry, and which still fascinate my zeal at an age when, did not my love for truth and the rectification of my country's history, rise superior to the mortification of alienated honour, I should have flung from me letters and literature in disgust, and betaken myself an adventurer for distinction as a soldier—let such, I say, conceal within himself his despicable worldly-mindedness, and leave me unmolested, if unrewarded, to posterity.'—(P. 130.)

Again, in commemorating Persia as the builder of the Irish Round Towers, he exclaims: 'This was the moment of Persia's halcyon pride, this the period of her earthly coruscation: to this have all the faculties of my ardent mind been addressed; and while, in the humble consciousness of successful investigation, I announce its issue to have far exceeded my hopes, I shall avail myself of the industry of preceding inquirers to throw light upon the intervals of value which intervene.'—(P. 178.)

We have also another remark to venture with respect to one of the engravings with which Mr. O'Brien has decorated his book. We recollect, in Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Dryden*, where he mentions the compliment intended by Tonson to King William, in having the features of Æneas, in all the prints to Dryden's *Virgil*, made to resemble those of the monarch, the illustrious biographer tells us that the engraver contrived 'to aggravate the nose of Æneas into a sufficient resemblance to the hooked promontory of the Deliverer's

countenance.' In a similar manner we suspect that Mr. O'Brien's engraver has been induced to accommodate the Tower of Clondalkin to his learned employer's theory. We say no more: *norunt fideles*.

In most of his general views Mr. O'Brien follows implicitly, as we have said, in the steps of Vallancey. With that great mixer-up of nations he conceives the Chaldæans to have been among the earliest colonists of Ireland, supplying this colony from his own pure fancy, with an order of priests called Borades, by whom the Scythian Druids that succeeded them were instructed, he says, in all sorts of knowledge. Like Vallancey, too, he seems well disposed to make the most of the Irish in the way of antiquarianism, by converting them into a number of other people, besides Chaldæans, such as Etrurians, Hindus, Pishdadians, Egyptians, etc.

The famous traveller, Bishop Pococke, on visiting Ireland after his return from the East, was much struck, as a letter of his own informs us, with 'the amazing conformity' he observed between the Irish and the Egyptians; and a wag of the present day has pointed out a mark of affinity between the two nations, which, to our minds, is quite as satisfactory as any that Bishop Pococke himself could suggest. It runs thus:—

According to some learn'd opinions,
The Irish once were Carthaginians;
But, judging from some late descriptions,
I'd rather say they were Egyptians.
My reason's this:—the Priests of Isis,
When forth they march'd, in grand array,
Employ'd, 'mong other strange devices,
A Sacred Ass to lead the way.
And still the antiquarian traces,
'Mong Irish lords, this Pagan plan;
For still in all religious cases
They put Lord R——n in the van.

It is no doubt in consequence of this particular origin of his countrymen that Mr. O'Brien assures us the Egyptian name Osiris ought to be written, in the proper Milesian manner, O'Siris, like O'Gorman Mahon, or O'Brien.

By Shaw, Jones, and other African travellers, we have been furnished with vocabularies of the language spoken by the people of Mount Atlas; and the close resemblance which not only their language, but also some of their national customs, bear to those of the people of Ireland, are remarked strongly by Jones. Their manner particularly of crying out the *Ulalu*, or, as they read it, 'Wiley, wiley, wogh, wogh,' over the dead, and their exclamations, 'Why did you die?' are described by this traveller as strikingly Irish.¹ Whatever grounds there may be for these representations, we ourselves once heard a Moorish gentleman, who has been many years resident in England, relate a circumstance so curiously coincident with the accounts of these travellers that we feel ourselves tempted to repeat it briefly here. Being, for a short time, on a visit to Ireland, and happening to stop one day at the post-office of a small country town to inquire for letters, he heard with surprise a language sounding in his ears, whose tones for a moment made him believe himself in his own country. It was the conversation, in Irish, of some poor people who had thronged to look at him, and resembled remarkably, he said, the language of the *Brerebbers*, or African mountaineers; a language which, by some writers, is said to be a corruption of the ancient Punic or Numidian.

¹ 'Shillensis populus eundem quem Arabes, Judæi, et Hiberni habent ritum mortem amicorum deplorandi, vociferando *Wiley! wiley! wogh! wogh!* &c. terram in ordine pulsantes, sculpentis vultum et evellentes crines suos, dicendo *woe! woe!* cur mortuus es? *woe! woe!*'—Jones, *Dissertatio de lingua Shillensi*.

A version which we have heard of this anecdote represents our Moorish friend as saying that he understood these people, and could converse with them; but our memory does not authorise us in venturing so far. Here, however, is a scent for Mr. O'Brien, by following which all Mauritania may be transported to Connaught, or *vice versâ*, just as it may suit his purpose. If we are to believe Jones, these original Irish of Mount Atlas are already all dressed for the occasion; as they wear, it seems, exactly the same sort of kilt, or philabeg, which used to be worn by the ancient Hibernians, and which we of Scotland have inherited from them.¹ Already the site of Carthage is signalised, not only by the Irish gentleman from that city, who figures in Plautus, but by those good cakes, spotted over with the seeds of poppy, coriander, and saffron, which are, to this day, known in Dublin by the Oriental name of *baran breac*.² Under the auspices of Mr. O'Brien, the empire of the Nemedi, or Numidians, may be restored; and who knows but he may even resuscitate that famed 'Mauritanian Republic' by a pretended proclamation from which poor Sir Robert Wilson was once so well *hoaxed* in his early, fraternising days?

Having said so much of Mr. O'Brien, we feel that we are bound to let him speak a little for himself; and shall, therefore, through the remainder of this article, treat the reader to our author's *ipsissima verba*. Perceiving how extensive is his acquaintance with all the Eastern dialects, we were for some time doubtful as to which of them his own style principally follows; but the information which he himself affords on this

¹ 'Habitus eorum similis est *Hibernico*, involvunt enim sese lodicibus, vel *lickseeas* duabus ulnis largis et 3 vel 4 longis: mulieres *Hibernicarum* more liberos humeris circumferunt.'—*Ib.*

² Ledwick, *Letter to Governor Pownal*.

point relieves us from our uncertainty. After some remarks on the use of the initial letter E in the Persico-Hibernian language, he proceeds thus:—

“ The prefixing of this letter, in both instances of its occurrence, whether we regard the Eastern or Western hemisphere (i.e., Persia or Ireland), was neither the result of chance, nor intended as an operative in the import of the term. It was a mere dialectal distinction appertaining to the court language of the dynasty of the times, and, what is astoundingly miraculous, retains the same appellation, with literal precision, unimpaired, unadulterated, in both countries, up to the moment in which I write.

Palavhi is the appellation of this courtly dialect in *Persia*, and *Palahver* is the epithet assigned to it in *Ireland*; and such is the softness and mellifluence of its exchanting tones, and its energy also, that to soothe care, to excite sensibility, or to stimulate heroism, it may properly be designated as ‘the language of the Gods.’—(P. 121.)

The specimens of the *Palahver*, or Court language, which we are about to exhibit must be considered, we presume, as of the most refined kind; though we confess our own learned researches would have suggested to us the Phœnician term, *Phudge*, as the most fitting and appropriate for them. Speaking of the various types and epithets under which woman and her attributes have been described in all the various mythologies of antiquity, he says:—

Of all those various epithets, however vitiated by time, or injured by accommodation to different climates and languages, the import—intact and undamaged—is still preserved in the *primitive Irish tongue*,¹ and in that alone; and with that fertility of conception whereby it engendered *all myths*, and kept the human intellect suspended by its *verbal phantasmagoria*, we shall find the *drift* and the *design*, the *type*

¹ The Italics throughout are all Mr. O’Brien’s own.

and the *thing typified*, united in the ligature of one *appellative chord*, which, to the *enlightened* and the *few*, presented a chastened, yet sublime and microscopic, *moral* delineation; but, to the *profane* and the *many*, was an impenetrable night, producing submission the most slavish and mental prostration the most abject; or, wherever a ray of the *equivocal* did happen to reach their eyes, perverted, with that propensity which we all have to the depraved, into the most reckless indulgence and the most profligate *licentiousness*.—(P. 212.)

The names given to goddesses, he tells us, are to be taken in a double meaning, as referring equally to love and astronomy, thus:—

From *Astarte* ('Αστάρτη), the Greeks formed *Aster* ('Αστήρ), a star, thereby retaining but one branch of this duplicity. The Irish deduced from it the well-known endearment, *Astore*; and I believe I do not exaggerate when I affirm, that in the whole circuit of dialectal enunciations, there exists not another sound calculated to convey to a native of this country so many commingling ideas of *tender pathos* and of *exalted adventure* as this syllabic representation of the *lunar deity*.—(P. 213.)

In exposing some error of his great precursor, Vallancey, he thus eloquently characterises him:—

This is but an *item* in that great ocean of incertitude in which that enterprising etymologist had, unfortunately, been swallowed up. Having perceived, by the perusal of the manuscripts of our country, that there must have been a time when it basked in the *sunshine* of literary superiority; yet unable tangibly to grapple with it, having no *clue* into the *origin* of its sacred repute, or the collateral particulars of its *date*, *nature*, or *supporters*, he was tossed about by the ferment of a *parturient* imagination, without the saving ballast of a *discriminating* faculty.—(P. 254.)

After amassing proofs of his theory from mythology

and etymology, our author next draws, for the same purpose, upon theology; and having proved, to his own satisfaction, that all the knowledge derived by Moses from the Egyptians respecting the Creation, the Deluge, and the Fall, was learned by the latter from the Pish-de-danaan ancestors of the Irish, he comes to the conclusion that the Jewish legislator, though 'talented and otherwise highly favoured,' was wholly ignorant of the real meaning of what the Egyptians had taught him; and this ignorance he conceives (if we rightly understand the following paragraph) to have arisen solely from the unlucky circumstance of Moses never having learned Irish:—

But though it is undeniable, from their *symbols*, that the Egyptians must have been well apprised of the *constitution* of those rites, yet am I as satisfied as I am of my physical motion that the folding of that *web*, in which they were so mystically *doubled*, was lost to their grasp in the labyrinths of antiquity.

Moses, therefore, could not have *learned* from the Egyptians more than the Egyptians themselves had *known*. He related the allegory as he had *received* it from them; and it is, doubtless, to his ignorance of its *ambiguous interpretation*, *accessible only through that language in which it was originally involved*, that we are indebted for a transmission so *essentially Irish*.—(P. 281.)

Another source of theological error, which he traces equally to a want of knowledge of the Irish, is the false interpretation given, as he thinks, to the opening verses of the Gospel of St. John, and more particularly to the word *Logos*, the true meaning of which is to be sought, not in Greek, but in Irish:—

Having asserted that the preliminary part was inalienably *Irish*, I now undertake to prove a *radical misconception*, nay, a *derogation* from the *majesty* of the *Messiah*, to have

crept into the text, in consequence of its having been translated by persons unacquainted with that language! The term *logos*, which you render *word*, means to an iota the *spiritual flame*—*log*, or *logh*, being the *original* denomination. The Greeks, who have borrowed all their religion from the Irish, adopted this also from their vocabulary; but its form not being suited to the genius of their language, they fashioned it thereto by adding the termination *os*, as *loghos*. —(P. 484.)

There is still much more of this rich and rare matter,—every page, indeed, would afford specimens of it; nor is there any lack, as we have seen, of that sort of Irish eloquence, which, like the old Appian Way, holds on its course for some time prosperously, and then loses itself in a bog. We have also a good deal of the sort of etymology described in the following French epigram:—

Alfana vient d'*equus* sans doute :
Mais il faut avouer aussi,
Qu'en venant delà jusqu'ici,
Il a bien changé sur sa route.'

But, however our own *foiblesse* for such speculations might tempt us to select a few more samples, we suspect that by this time our readers have had quite enough of them.

It can hardly be necessary, we trust, to say, that to no deficiency whatever of reverence for the high and authentic claims of Ireland to antiquity, nor to any want of deep interest in her history, is the light tone we may seem to have indulged, in the preceding remarks, to be attributed. If some more ardent than judicious among her champions have erred through excess of zeal, and brought ridicule on a good cause by the extravagance of their advocacy, there are some,

on the other hand, who have succeeded in shedding over her past times and records that steady light which alone distinguishes the bounds of truth from those of fiction. By the work of the late venerable librarian of Stowe, the authenticity of the Irish chronicles is placed beyond dispute, and the essay of Mr. Dalton on the religion, learning, arts, and government of Ireland, abounds with research on these several subjects, alike creditable to his industry and his judgment. Let us hope that the same service which these and other sensible Irishmen have achieved for their country's *ancient* history will be effected also for the *modern*, by the work which is now expected from Mr. Moore.¹

¹ Another mystification, like Southey's mention of his own name in *The Doctor*, in order to conceal the authorship of the article. The following entry in Moore's *Diary*, under date May 5, 1834, authenticates it as his:—'A column of extract in *The Times* from my article on "The Round Towers," given as from an able and lively article in the last *Edinburgh*.' (Vol. vii. p. 31.)—ED.

A LETTER
TO THE
ROMAN CATHOLICS OF DUBLIN

ΑΚΕΛΕΤΣΤΟΣ
ΑΜΙΣΘΟΣ
ÆSCHYL. *Agamemnon*.

[Originally published in 1810.]

THE
HISTORY OF
THE
CITY OF DUBLIN
FROM THE
EARLIEST PERIODS
TO THE PRESENT
BY
JOHN CAMERON ESQ. OF DUBLIN

PRINTED BY
JOHN CAMERON ESQ. OF DUBLIN
AND
JOHN CAMERON ESQ. OF DUBLIN
IN THE YEAR 1791

A LETTER.

THOUGH the late resolutions of your committee in Dublin ¹ seem intended to be final upon the subject of the Veto, let us hope that a question so vitally connected with the freedom, peace, and stability of the Empire may not be dismissed with such hasty and absolute decision. The discussion has hitherto been carried on with a degree of warmth and passion which, however creditable to the feelings of those engaged in it, has certainly tended but little to the improvement of their reasoning powers. Indeed, it is but an abuse of language to dignify with the name of discussion either the proceedings or the writings to which the question has hitherto given rise. Those orators and authors who live but by flattering your prejudices, having found that you look to but one point of the compass for argument, have set in from that quarter with a regular trade-wind of declamation, which neither your Bishops, your friends, nor common sense have been able to withstand. In this state of the question, it requires no ordinary share of indifference to the taunts and suspicions of the illiberal, the misinterpretations of the ignorant, and the cold-blooded rancour of the bigoted, to stand forth as the advocate of this required concession, and to urge it as the sole, the necessary sacrifice, by which you are to deserve the liberties which you demand. Inadequate as I am to this under-

¹ March 2, 1810.

taking, and entering the lists, like David, in armour 'which I have not proved,' I am yet conscious of bringing an honesty of feeling to the task, a zeal for my country's honour, and an ardent wish for her liberties, which entitle me to attention at least, though they should fail in producing conviction.

The first point which naturally comes under consideration, in a subject where the interests of religion are concerned, is the conduct of your bishops; and here at the outset we meet with that insurmountable fact (which your lay-theologians would so willingly throw into the shade), that, in the year 1799, four metropolitans and six prelates professed themselves willing, as the price of Catholic emancipation, to concede to the Government a control upon the appointment of your bishops, and signed a formal document to that effect. This stipulated basis of negotiation, so solemnly agreed to by ten of your spiritual magistrates, has been since retracted; and the defence resorted to by those who think it necessary to apologise for the conduct of these prelates, and explain away the awkwardness of the retractation, wears so strongly the features of jesuitical evasion that I blush for its parents and adopters. 'It was a moment of panic,' they tell us, 'in which these venerable men were surprised; and no stipulation, extorted in such circumstances, could possibly be meant or considered as binding.' Observe, however, the dilemma in which this document of 1799 has involved the opposers of the Veto. If the bishops were right in making this concession, if, acquainted, as they must be intimately, with the essentials of your faith and the interests of your hierarchy, they yet saw nothing in the proposed pledge which was likely to violate or endanger either, then the principal argument against the Veto must, of course, fall point-

less to the ground. But if, on the contrary, they were false in their trust, if, believing (as their lay masters would have them believe) that the measure was deeply injurious to the Church, so large a portion of your dignified clergy were driven by fear or seduced by emolument to sign what they considered the death-warrant of their faith, then, I ask, would not your rulers be justified in suspecting the integrity of these men, and in asking for some guard against the appointment of persons so ineligible, in the event of your becoming co-partners in the Constitution? Could they, who had failed in faith, be expected to prove steady in politics? or would not the same hands which had surrendered your Church to the Government in like manner surrender that Government to the enemy? Such is the alternative to which we are forced, by those violent charges and insidious vindications with which the members of your episcopacy have been assailed: the less upright and trustworthy they make your bishops appear, the more fully do they justify the Government in demanding some security against the appointment of such persons in future.

But the characters of these venerable men are a sufficient answer to so gross an imputation. It is worse than insult to suspect that, if they had perceived in the measure any one of those ruinous results so boldly and fancifully predicted by your orators, they could have lapsed, for a moment, through motives of fear or ambition, into such an act of spiritual treason, such a recreant abandonment of their ministry. It is quite impossible; and we are therefore warranted in considering those anti-catholic terrors in which the Veto is arrayed as the dreams of ignorant, though perhaps well-meaning alarmists, who, if they could be prevailed upon to adopt the philosophy of Panurge,

and 'fear nothing but danger,' would be much more respectable in their panic, and might be somewhat more easily relieved from it.

The second occasion which called forth the sentiments of your bishops was the clamour excited in the year 1808, when your parliamentary friends, upon the authority of this document and the corroborating information of Dr. Milner, declared that, in the event of your full emancipation, a negative control upon the nomination of your bishops would be vested, as a pledge of security, in the Crown. The effect which this proposal produced upon the Parliament and people of England must be remembered with a mixture of pleasure and regret, for the brightness of its promise and the shortness of its duration. The hopes of your friends were kindled into confidence; the fears of the timid and the doubts of the conscientious were allayed and satisfied by this liberal compromise; and the champions of intolerance saw, with dismay, the last dark barrier of exclusion disappearing. But transient indeed was this lucid interval. In the very act of curing the folly of your adversaries you were suddenly seized with the infection yourselves; and the senseless cry of 'The church is in danger' was just dying away upon the lips of Protestants, when it was caught up by Catholics, and echoed with emulous vociferation.

The laity were the first to give the alarm; the proposed concession was denounced as an act of apostasy; and your friends, not less than your enemies, were charged with a design to overturn the Catholic religion in Ireland; Dr. Milner was degraded from an apostle into a hireling, and your bishops were called upon, with the most indecorous menaces, to disavow the conciliatory spirit which he had imputed to them. And here, let me ask, can anyone suppose for an instant that Dr.

Milner, the acknowledged agent of your hierarchy (with whose sentiments, upon every bearing of the question, he must have made himself intimately conversant), is it rational to think that he would have ventured even to hint at an arrangement which he considered in the last degree unwelcome to the feelings and principles of his constituents? It is not to be imagined; and, though I am but little inclined to argue from Dr. Milner's consistency, being of opinion that there is, in this right reverend scholar, a certain irresponsible unsteadiness of judgment, which not even his studies of Cabbasutius and Thomasinus¹ have been heavy enough to ballast sufficiently, it is impossible, I think, not to see, in his conduct upon this occasion, a conclusive proof that the great body of your prelates was by no means averse from the concession of a negative to the Crown.

The alarm, however, was gone abroad, a rash and unreasoning laity were taught to see perils and mischiefs in the measure, which had escaped the eyes of those most interested and best informed upon the subject. The decisions of the ignorant are always violent, in proportion to their erroneousness; *furiosa res est in tenebris impetus*; not a whisper of argument was heard; not a single link of the drag-chain of reason was suffered to retard the down-hill precipitancy of passion, nor could the tried and active fidelity of years protect your friends from the ungenerous charge of

¹ Two favourite authors of Dr. Milner. I confess I am ungrateful enough to wish that, before Dr. Milner did us the honour of visiting Ireland, he had consulted his friend Cabbasutius for some of those canons which so wisely forbid ecclesiastics *to travel*. He will find something to this purpose in p. 591 of the *Notitia Ecclesiastica*, and also amongst the Canons of the *Concilium Budense*, the 64th of which complains that it was the practice of clergymen 'tam turpiter quam damnabiliter per terram saepius evagari.'—Cabbasut. *Not. Ecclesiast.* p. 476.

having prevaricated with your interests and conspired against your faith. In the midst of this ferment a general meeting of your prelates was assembled, and I question much if they did not perceive, in the insolent tone with which the laity dictated to them, more danger to the peace and unity of your church than centuries of Government interference could threaten. Let us see, however, the result of this synod. Did they retract or condemn the *principle* of their former concession? Did they, in any way, authorise those alarms for the safety of your religion which had been so industriously circulated among the laity? Did they intimate, even in the remotest manner, that this proposed price of your complete disenthralment was incompatible with their doctrine, discipline, or principles? By no means. They merely passed a resolution (in which they were perhaps justified by the ferment of the public mind at the moment) that it was inexpedient to alter the existing mode of nomination—not dangerous, observe, nor heterodox, nor anti-Catholic, nor any of those *sanbenito*¹ epithets, in which your orators still clothe the measure, but simply *inexpedient*; and, as if not content with this virtual admission of the perfect compatibility of a Veto with the Catholic faith and discipline, they voted the thanks of the synod to Dr. Milner, to that very Dr. Milner who had just answered for their friendliness to the measure, and whose representation of their sentiments respecting it they had been so menacingly called upon by the laity to disavow. Such, after all, was the extent of the palinode which your clamours extorted from the bishops in 1808. They acknowledged the representative services of Dr. Milner, thus sanction-

¹ The name of the garment worn by those who were condemned by the Inquisition; 'more properly (says Townsend) *sacrobendito*.'

ing the principle of that concession which he had offered in their names, and, instead of entrenching themselves behind any of those pertinacious objections by which some persons would willingly shut out conciliation for ever, they merely took shelter (and rather from their flocks than their rulers) behind the light and surmountable fence of inexpediency, an obstacle which, as it was raised in deference to the infatuation of the laity, awaits but the return of their good sense to show its untenable futility.

I am not aware that I have assumed too much, in the dispositions which I here attribute to your prelates, throughout the entire discussion of the Veto; and yet *this* is the measure, thus virtually approved by them, thus formally conceded at first, and at last rather reserved than retracted, which the wrong-headed politicians amongst you, in contempt of their spiritual guides, have branded as impious, deadly, and apostatical; *this* is the condition of your liberties, for his luminous enforcement of which Lord Grenville is now grossly and ungratefully calumniated, as a sophisticator of your cause and a conspirator against your religion: and *this* is the pledge to whose pretended inexpediency the bigoted and the factious would not hesitate to sacrifice the freedom of Ireland, and the harmony of the whole empire, more wicked in their folly than that people of antiquity,¹ who set a fly upon an altar, and sacrificed an ox to it!

In addition to the implied acquiescence of your prelates (implied, I think, satisfactorily, from the foregoing review of their conduct), when we know that the vicars apostolical of England have all, with the exception of the *consistent* Dr. Milner, expressed themselves

¹ Mentioned by Aelian, and alluded to by Addison in his *Freeholder*.

favourable to the proposed arrangement, we cannot but feel indignant at the audacity of those lay pamphleteers, who still officiously interfere with the jurisdiction of your hierarchy, and persist in arraigning, as ruinous and impious, a measure which its spiritual judges have acquitted of all but inexpediency. At the same time, it must be confessed that the disposition which the laity have shown, in encroaching upon the province of their clergy in this question, and presuming to know their duties much better than themselves, is, in common life, but too frequently the characteristic of our countrymen, who would, most of them, much rather let their own affairs run to ruin than incur the least suspicion of being ignorant of those of their neighbours. To this disinterested activity, this supererogating spirit (so worthy of an '*insula sanctorum*' like ours), we are indebted, I doubt not, for much of that solicitude which your laity insist upon feeling for the honour and safety of the hierarchy. There are many, however, whose opposition to the measure is founded upon deeper and less innocent motives. Queen Elizabeth, as we are told by Secretary Walsingham, distinguished Papists in conscience from Papists in faction; and, however little she may deserve, in general, to be cited as a precedent in such cases, I believe we shall but do justice to the opposers of the Veto if we divide them into the same two classes. To the Anti-Vetoists *in conscience*, therefore—to those whose apprehensions, however groundless, are at least sincere, and many of whom, without examining the subject themselves, have merely taken up those ready-made terrors, of which your orators keep such a constant supply—I shall, with deference, submit a few considerations, which may soften, if they do not remove, those objections which have been considered so formidable; and, as arguments

on this side of the question are strangers to your ears, I cannot doubt that your ears will receive them hospitably.

With respect to the supremacy of the Pope, it has not, I believe, been asserted, even by those who possess most facility of assertion, that his interference in the nomination of bishops, any farther than the form of recognition, or his exercise of an appellatory jurisdiction upon matters relating to discipline, are, in any degree, necessary to the existence or purity of a Catholic hierarchy. Indeed, the example of the Gallican church,¹ so long free and so long illustrious, sufficiently proves the full compatibility of liberty with reverence, of independence with orthodoxy. From the conflict which her enlightened divines maintained against the pretensions of Rome your religion rose purer and firmer than it had stood for many ages before; and those slavish notions of Papal authority, which had been taken up in times of darkness, and clung to during the storm of the Reformation,² were cast off as

¹ 'Why a man may not be a Romanist without being a Papist, in Ireland as well as in France, I can see no reason. We know that the Gallican Church has long been emancipated from the thralldom of the Roman Pontiff.'—Campbell's *Survey of the South of Ireland*, in 1775.

² The advances which the Church and Court of Rome were making towards purity of doctrine and practice, when they were checked by the turbulent burst of the Reformation, are strongly acknowledged by Hume in the following curious passage, which (according to Towers) is to be found only in the first edition of his *History*, printed at Edinburgh in 1754: 'It has been observed that, upon the revival of letters, very generous and enlarged sentiments of religion prevailed throughout all Italy, and that, during the reign of Leo, the Court of Rome itself, in imitation of their illustrious prince, had not been wanting in a just sense of freedom. But when the enraged and fanatical reformers took arms against the Papal hierarchy, and threatened to rend from the Church at once all her riches and authority, no wonder she was animated with equal zeal and ardour in defence of such ancient and valuable possession.'

insulting alike to piety and common sense. The deposing power of the Pope, his personal infallibility, and all those absurd attributes,¹ which degraded the Church much more than they elevated the Pontiff, were then indignantly rejected from your belief, and consigned to that contemptuous oblivion from which even the malicious industry of your enemies has been unable to call them up in judgment against you. To Launoi, one of the ablest advocates of the Gallican Church, your religion owes her release from much of that legendary superstition,² which sat like a nightmare upon her bosom, and filled her dreams with monsters: and in the works of the able Chancellor Gerson we find, mingled with his vindication of the rights of the Church,³ some

It is remarkable, that a similar spirit of political improvement had been manifested by some of the governments of Europe, when the French Revolution frightened them back into all their ruinous old errors.

In corroboration of the foregoing passage from Hume, I beg to refer the reader to Whitaker's *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots* (vol. iii. pp. 2, 50), where he will find the same effects imputed to the intemperance of the Reformers, and an honourable tribute to the Catholics of that period, upon the subject of *forgery*, 'which (says he), I blush for the honour of Protestantism while I write it, seems to have been peculiar to the reformed.'—Page 2.

¹ It was an assertion of Innocent III. 'that the Pope is as much greater than the Emperor as the sun is greater than the moon;' which modest pretension became, afterwards, a part of the common law, and set a wise glossator upon the following interesting calculation: 'Cum terra sit septies major lunâ, sol autem octies major terrâ, restat ergo ut pontificalis dignitas quadragesies septies sit major regali.'

² See, among others, his treatise *De Commentitio Lazari et Maximini et Marthae in Provinciam Appulsu*; in reading which, and similar works of this author, we regret to think that it should ever have been necessary to exert courage and ingenuity in the refutation of such puerile absurdities.

³ In some of his ideas about the right of resistance to Popes, he was thought, indeed, at that time, to have ventured too far; as in the passage, 'Casus multi esse possunt, in quibus aliquis se gerens

of those pure principles of political freedom,¹ which his country afterwards so grandly, though intemperately asserted, and which, however their animation may be suspended at present by the strong grasp of military power, have too much vitality, I think, to expire altogether beneath the pressure: like those tables of science which Shem is said to have taken with him into the ark, they are preserved, I trust, to enlighten mankind, when the present deluge of despotism shall have 'abated from off the earth.'

While the religion of England was Catholic, the same guards against Papal encroachment were adopted under her wisest sovereigns; and it was in the reign of Edward III., that patriotic monarch who first spiritedly filled up the rude outline of the British Constitution, that the statutes of *Præmunire* and *Provisors* were enacted, for the utter exclusion of the Pope from all matters of ecclesiastical discipline. Can Catholics then wonder that Protestants should be unwilling to endanger their establishments by the least infusion of an influence which Catholics themselves have so invariably pronounced to be mischievous? Nay, though Protestants should be inclined to try the experiment, would not Catholics blush to re-enter the temple of the Constitution which their own hands first built, and from which they have been so long excluded, with that badge of ecclesiastical servitude about their necks, which, in laying the foundations of the fane, they declared to be unworthy of its precincts? Could they bear to resemble

pro Papâ, et pro tali habitus ab Ecclesiâ, poterit a subdito licitè vel occidi, vel incarcerari,' &c. &c. Tom. secund. in *Regulis Moralibus* tit. De Præceptis Decalogi.

¹ In the famous passage (*Adversus Adulatores, considerat. 7*), which King James quotes, with such horror, in his *Defence of the Rights of Kings*, against Cardinal Perron.

those children of the Jews¹ who took back into Israel the language they had learned in bondage, and thus mix the Ashdod, the jargon of slavery, with their own old, native dialect of liberty? The Catholics of England seem to feel upon the subject as they ought; and, by the readiness which they have shown to exchange the rescripts and bulls of Rome² for the blessings of a free Constitution, they prove themselves worthy descendants of those founders of British liberty who, with all their reverence for the spiritual authority of the Pope, thought freedom too delicate a treasure to be exposed unnecessarily to his influence, and accordingly sheltered it round with Provisors and Præmunire, like that fenced-in pillar at Delphi,³ which not even priests might touch.

But neither by France nor by Catholic England was the interference of Rome more effectually excluded than by Ireland herself during the times of her native monarchy. However far the learned Usher may have carried his hypothesis with respect to the religion of the early Irish, the testimonies which he cites abundantly prove that, to as late a period as the twelfth century, the Pope had not exercised a legatine authority in Ireland, nor taken any share in the election of her bishops or archbishops; and how little inclined your ancestors of those days were to abide by a Papal decision,

¹ 'And their children spoke half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people.'—*Nehemiah* xiii. 23, 24.

² 'I do not, of course, mean that these instruments should be altogether excluded, as there may occur some questions of internal discipline upon which a reference to the See of Rome would be necessary. But even this degree of intercourse should be subjected to some such regulations as Sir John Cox Hippisley has proposed in his pamphlet.

³ Erected on the spot which they called the *ὀμφαλὸς γαίας*. Pausan. c. 16.—See Musgrave *Upon the Ion of Euripides*.

even in matters of canonical regulation, appears by their obstinate dissent from the Romish observance of Easter—a schism in which they were encouraged by some of your most celebrated Saints, whose anti-canonical boldness is, however, sufficiently justified by their canonization.

When declaimers, therefore, appeal to your passions upon the danger of disturbing a hierarchy which is ‘the only undestroyed monument of your ancient grandeur,’ you should remember that at the period to which alone they can refer in this allusive retrospect to former greatness, your hierarchy was quite as independent of Rome as the advocates of your liberties would wish to make it now;¹ and that this Papal interference which some persons consider so essential, and to which you are the only people in the world subjected at present, far from being a relic of grandeur or glory, is but the base remnant of that anomalous proscription which so long made you aliens in your own land, and which drove you to seek in a spiritual alliance abroad some shelter from the storm of a temporal tyranny at home.

It was not till the Reformation had added religious schism to the differences already existing between these countries that Ireland was effectually thrown

¹ At one period, they seem to have elected their bishops according to the mode which was practised at Alexandria as early as the time of Saint Mark the Evangelist—a model which, I think, would satisfy anyone but Cabbasutius. ‘Alexandriae a Marco Evangelista usque ad Heraclium et Dionysium Episcopos, Presbyteri semper unum ex se electum in excelsiori gradu collocatum Episcopum nominabant.’—Hieronym. *Epist. ad Evagr.*

In the tenth century, as Campion informs us, the monarch of Ireland was allowed the exercise of a Veto. ‘To the Monarch, besides his allowance of ground and titles of honours, and other privileges in jurisdiction, was granted a negative on the nomination of bishops at every vocation.’—Book i. c. 15.

into the arms of Rome ; and from that period down to the accession of his present Majesty the events of every succeeding reign have served but to draw the tie more closely. Indeed, nothing could be more natural than that the members of a persecuted religion should turn for support, for counsel and consolation, to the visible head of that faith for which they were suffering—that they should find some relief to their wounded pride in the patronage of a prince who had long been formidable, and whose throne seemed to stand upon the line which separates this world from the next, illuminated strongly by the glories of both—that, possessing no political rights which foreign interference could injure, they should unreservedly abandon their church to his guidance, and find a charm in this voluntary obedience to him which consoled them for their extorted submission to others. All these feelings were as natural and just as the causes that produced them were monstrous and iniquitous. But those causes exist no longer : a tyranny, which disgraced alike the inflictors and the sufferers, has gradually given way before the light of liberality and conviction, and its last slow lingering vestige is about, I trust, to vanish for ever ; but surely it is worse than absurdity to expect that the precautions and prejudices adopted upon both sides during that dark season of mutual ill-will should now be surrendered by *one* of the parties, while they are cautiously kept in full force by the *other*, and that Protestants should throw away the last fragment of the penal sword, while the Papal stiletto is still in the hands of Catholics : it is folly to expect, and insult to ask it ! The subjection of your church to the Pope was the consequence of your political misfortunes ; and, even granting that the continuance of this yoke is consistent with the freedom which you ask for (a

position which you yourselves have, in all times and countries, denied), yet, by unnecessarily preserving such a memorial of your former alienation, you perpetuate the remembrance of times which it is the interest of all parties to forget; you withhold that reciprocity of sacrifice which alone makes reconciliation satisfactory; and you take all its grace from the gift of liberty by ungenerously declaring that you distrust the giver. In short, it shows an ignorance of the commonest feelings of human nature to suppose that the present possessors of the State would willingly admit you to a share upon such very unequal terms, or that as long as you cling close to the Court of Rome you can be cordially embraced by the British Constitution.

Again, therefore, I appeal to that love of liberty which is native to you as Irishmen, and avowed by you as Catholics;¹ and I ask whether you can think, without shame and indignation, that for a long period you have been the only people in Europe (with the exception of a few petty States in the neighbourhood of the Pope) who have sunk so low in ecclesiastical vassalage as to place their whole hierarchy at the disposal of the Roman Court? Can you patiently reflect that the humiliating doctrine of Caietanus, '*servam esse ecclesiam*,' which the divines of France so boldly and successfully combated,² has been admitted

¹ Among many examples which might be adduced to prove that a warm zeal for the Roman Catholic religion is consistent with the best feelings and principles of political liberty, we may mention the very interesting instance of the Dalecarlians, who, though they chiefly assisted Gustavus to shake off the tyranny of the Danes, were among the first to oppose his reformation of their ancient religion.—See Sheridan's *Revolution of Sweden*, p. 110, where we may trace a strong similarity to the Irish character through the description which he gives of the turbulent, but generous nature of these hardy mountaineers.

² See particularly Launoi's *Letters*.

and acted upon in Ireland alone, and that the title under which Pope Adrian affected to transfer this kingdom to Henry II.,¹ though treated by your ancestors with the contempt which it deserved,² has been almost justified by the voluntary submission with which you have since surrendered the only rights that were left you to his successors? If you felt, upon these reflections, as lovers of liberty ought, you would rejoice in the opportunity which now so brightly presents itself, of regaining at the same moment your political and ecclesiastical freedom; of proving to your fellow-countrymen that the yoke, which you assumed as Catholics, was but a kind of counterbalance to the fetter which hung upon you as citizens; and that the same emancipating touch which bursts the links of the latter will for ever release you from the degradation of the former.

Let me add, too, that as revenge was naturally among the motives which sweetened your alliance with a prince whom your persecutors feared and detested, it becomes you to beware lest those whom you now ask

¹ This title might be sent after the famous deed of gift from Constantine to Pope Silvester, which Ariosto tells us is to be found in the moon.

Questo era il dono (se però dir lice)

Che Constantino al buon Silvestro fece.

I am aware that to certain lay controversialists I shall not appear quite orthodox in quoting Ariosto, whom their great annalist, Baronius, has styled 'vulgaris poeta ille,' in his indignation against the bard, for having borrowed from the Legends his curious story of Isabella and the Moor.—See La Cerda, upon the 7th book of the *Aeneid*.—'Ita scilicet patet secta plagiariorum,' &c.

² In the same manner, Paul IV. in the time of Mary, took upon him to erect Ireland into a kingdom, with pompous references, for his authority, to the saints, &c.; upon which Archbishop Usher says, 'Paul need not make all that noise, and trouble the whole Court of Heaven with the matter.'

to confide in you should suspect that a wilful perseverance in this connexion is actuated by some remains of that vindictive spirit under whose embittering influence it first was formed. The Greeks had the feeling and good taste to exclude from the architecture of their temples those figures of female slaves called Caryatides, because (as it is well expressed by a writer upon the art) they would be ‘monuments of vengeance in an asylum of mercy’¹—how much more importantly then are *you* called upon to imitate this tasteful generosity of the Greeks, and to shrink from profaning, with the least trace of revengeful feeling, that free sanctuary of reconciliation to which you are invited!

I shall be told, of course, that, in the instances which I have adduced of France² and of the early times of England³ and Ireland, the religion of the State was Catholic; and that, therefore, the interests of your Church might be safely entrusted to the consciences of those who governed, without the protective interference of the Pope. Before we examine into the soundness of

¹ ‘Vindictae monumenta in asylo misericordiae.’—Aldrich’s *Architecture*.

² The famous declaration of the liberties of the Gallican Church, contained in the four propositions of the bishops, in 1682, which the learned Bossuet was the most active in promoting, and which (as a Roman Catholic divine of these countries tells us) went so far as ‘to pronounce the sovereign pastor fallible even in his dogmatic decisions of faith’ (Reeve’s *Christian Church*), has been lately revived, in its full extent, by that greatest of all statesmen and warriors, Buonaparte.

³ Doctor Bramhall thus states the liberties of the Roman Catholic Church of England: ‘When the kings of England owned the Pope’s spiritual authority, his decrees had no force of laws without the confirmation of the king. The Kings of England suffered no appeals to Rome out of their kingdoms, nor Roman legates to enter their dominions without their licence, and declared the Pope’s bulls to be otherwise void.’—*Just Vindication of the Church of England*, vol. i.

this objection, I must urge somewhat farther a point to which I have already adverted, and entreat of you to consider whether a Protestant government is not abundantly warranted in its suspicion of Papal influence¹ by the jealous apprehension with which Roman Catholic sovereigns have at all times endeavoured to control and resist its inroads; and whether you are not guilty of something worse than charlatanry in recommending to others, as harmless and even salutary, what you have constantly rejected as unnerving and poisonous yourselves. If this influence be baneful under monarchs of your own religion, it must work with tenfold virulence where the government is of an opposite faith; and where, to the restless spirit of intrigue, the strong ascendancy over conscience, and the alienating claims of a spiritual allegiance² which render it so formidable in the former case, are added the diversity of interests, the warmth of anti-heretical zeal, and the ambition of proselytism, which must invariably actuate it in the latter.

¹ I have purposely refrained from urging the very obvious argument with which the present state of the Continent has supplied my predecessors on this side of the question; partly because the prelates have given up this point themselves, and admitted the necessity, in the existing state of Europe, of a temporary interruption of their dependence upon the Holy See; and chiefly because my arguments are meant to go the much greater length of proving that, in all possible times and circumstances, this subjection to Rome is degrading and mischievous.

² The dangers of such an allegiance are thus forcibly enumerated by a writer who, however irreverently blind to the beauties of religion, had the quickest of all eyes in detecting and smiling at its abuses: 'La difficulté de savoir à quel point on doit obéir à ce souverain étranger, la facilité de se laisser séduire, le plaisir de secouer un joug naturel pour en prendre un qu'on se donne soi-même, l'esprit de trouble, le malheur des temps, n'ont que trop souvent porté des ordres entiers de Religieux à servir Rome contre leur patrie.'—*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

With respect to the distinction between spiritual and temporal power, by which you endeavour to reconcile your submission to the Pope with the free discharge of your duties as subjects and citizens, it is a security, which the history of all the religions of the world too fully justifies a legislature in refusing to trust to implicitly. It would be happy, indeed, for mankind, if this line between the spiritual and the temporal had always been definitively and inviolably drawn;¹ for the experience both of past and present times proves, that the mixture of religion with this world's politics is as dangerous as electrical experiments upon lightning—though the flame comes from heaven, it can do much mischief upon earth. Entangled, however, as the interests of Churches and States have become, from the frailty, ambition, and worldliness of mankind, it is hardly possible to detach them fairly or satisfactorily; and, therefore, refine away, as you will, the spiritual authority of the Pope, there will still remain combined with it, in its purest state, many gross particles of temporal power, which it is the duty of a wise and free government to counteract by every effort consistent with the consciences of its subjects.

But, to return to the objection of those who maintain that, though the supremacy of the Pope may be reduced to a mere titular existence, where the monarch is of the Roman Catholic faith, and, therefore,

¹ The taint which religion always takes from the least contact of temporal power, is observable even in that part of the progress of Mahometanism which we trace through the gradual compilation of the Koran. In the second chapter of this book it is said that 'all those who believe in God and the last day, shall have their reward with the Lord;' but as the sect became dominant, it also grew intolerant and monopolising, and this liberal tenet is revoked in succeeding parts of the Koran, chap. lxiv., &c.

equally interested with his subjects in the preservation of its strength and purity; yet this interposing shield of papal protection becomes necessary, where the government wields an opposite creed, recommended and enforced by every art of seduction and power. In the first place, experience is decidedly against this assumption; and we need but refer to the examples of Prussia and Russia, where your Church has, with safety, entrusted the appointment of her bishops to a Lutheran prince, and a schismatic autocrat,¹ to prove that even in arbitrary states,² where the rights of the subject lie more within the reach of the sovereign than they can ever be placed by the British constitution, your religion may defy alike the pressure of power and of opinion,

¹ The pontifical oath was altered, by the Empress of Russia's desire, in the year 1783, when Mohilhow was erected into an archbishopric, and a prelate, of Catherine's nomination, received the pall from Pius VI. In this new form of oath (which, since 1791, has been wisely adopted by the bishops and archbishops of Ireland), the words 'Hereticos persequar et impugnabo,' which excited such alarm in Doctor Duigenan and others, are omitted. See the pontifical rescript in Dr. Troy's *Pastoral Address*, 1793. The reader will find, in the 4th chapter of *Historical and Philosophical Memoirs of Pius VI.*, an unfair, perhaps, but certainly amusing account of the disputes between Catherine and His Holiness, relative to this archbishopric of Mohilhow. The circumstances which led to the alteration of the ancient oath are thus detailed: 'Archetti, the Pope's nuncio, being questioned relative to the kind of oath which the prelate would be expected to take, answered that he must swear not to tolerate heretics and schismatics. He was bluntly told that his instructions betrayed a want of sense and reflection, and that it was ridiculous to impose upon a subject the obligation of persecuting those who lived under the same sovereign as himself, &c. &c., pp. 32, 33.

² 'The Calvinistic states of the United Provinces regulated their conduct, with respect to their subjects of the Roman communion, on similar principles. The nomination even of a curé (or parish priest) was certified by the arch-priest to the provincial magistrate, and, if objected to, another was appointed.'—Sir John Cox Hppisley *On the Catholic Question*.

and flow on, like Arethusa, untinged by the mass of heterodoxy around it.¹

It requires, indeed, but little range of history to teach us, that, however a difference of religion may have exasperated the feuds of mankind, it has seldom been of itself the sole originating motive of hostility. The power connected with creeds is always much more obnoxious than their errors, and Faith may wear her mantle of any hue she likes as long as she is not suspected of hiding a sceptre under it. So little, in general, have states and sovereigns been guided in their movements by mere spiritual considerations, that we find them, as worldly policy dictates, combining in such motley alliances of creeds, as seem almost to realise the rambling dreams of scepticism. We see the Cross united with the Crescent against Christians; we find Catholics assisting Protestants to cast off a Catholic yoke,² and, still more extraordinary, perhaps, within a very few years, we have seen papal badges about the necks of British dragoons,³ as a reward for having defended the Pope, in his own capital, against Papists. Indeed, through all the difficulties with which the Court of Rome had to struggle, during the warning events

¹ *Belle Aréthuse, ainsi ton onde fortunée
Roule au sein furieux d'Amphitrite étonnée,
Un cristal toujours pur, et des flots toujours clairs,
Que jamais ne corrompt l'amertume des mers.*

LA HENRIADE.

² Thus Innocent XI. assisted the great champion of Protestantism, William, with the money of the Church against the papist prince, his father-in-law. Indeed, so little were the interests of the Church considered, in this instance, that when James sent the Earl of Castlemaine, Ambassador Extraordinary to Rome, to make submission of the Crown of England to the Pope, the Court of Rome received him with repulsive coldness, and refused him a cardinal's hat, which the king solicited for Father Petre.

³ The 12th, or Prince of Wales's Light Dragoons.

which preceded the French revolution, her chief consolations and aids were administered by heretics and schismatics; and while the Emperor Joseph, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples, were weakening and degrading the Pontiff by every species of encroachment and insult; while France, the eldest child of the Church, was already preparing 'images of revolt and flying off,' the King of Sweden was on a visit of friendship at Rome, the great Frederick maintained a cordial intercourse with the Holy See, and protected its best supporters, the Jesuits, in his dominions; while Catherine, beside the interest which she evinced towards her Roman Catholic subjects in White Russia, proposed, and, I doubt not, with much sincerity, to establish a Concordat between the Greek and Latin churches.¹

Having satisfied ourselves, therefore, that a mere difference in creeds is, of itself, insufficient to provoke hostility, without an adequate mixture of political considerations, let us consider whether it would be the interest of the British Government, after admitting you to a full participation of the constitution, to follow up the boon by attacking or undermining your religion,

¹ There is nothing which excites more regret than the failure of every effort like this, towards reconciling the great schisms of the Christian world. The forbearance of Melanchthon and others, at the Reformation, in admitting several points as *adiaphora*, ought to have led to a more cordial adjustment of differences, instead of adding to the many absurd quarrels of mankind the preposterous instance of a *bellum adiaphoristicum*. The speculations of the Eirenists, too, for reconciling the Protestant and Catholic churches, were all put an end to by the bull *Unigenitus*. The plan which Fabricius proposed for this desirable object, may be found in Heidegger's *Life* of that able professor, at the end of his Works. It is impossible, however, to read the sarcasms against popery, in the *Euclides Catholicus* of Fabricius (published under the assumed name of Ferrarius), without suspecting that he was but indifferently qualified for the dispassionate duties of an arbitrator

and thus cancelling the only security which they can have for the morals of the people with whom they have shared so valuable a deposit. The very statement of such a supposition is, I think, a sufficient exposure of its absurdity. 'Religion (says Montesquieu), though false, is the only guarantee we can have for the probity of men;' and can you seriously think that the power which you are asked to vest in the Crown, will be pre-meditatedly employed towards the extinction of this guarantee? or that the religion, which alone has made you trustworthy, will be conspired against as soon as the trust has been confided to you?

That there are some persons, even in these reasoning times, who are ignorant and weak enough to dread and hate your Church, who would, for ever, exclude you from all political rights, and who, as long as your interests are separate from their own, would feel a pleasure in loosening your moorings of rectitude, and casting you adrift into those vices and irregularities which might give them some pretext for wronging and tormenting you—that there are a few such malicious bigots, I acknowledge with shame and astonishment: but to suppose that even those very persons, in the event of your becoming incorporated with them in the state and embarked in a complete identity of interests, should be so blind to their own safety as to weaken the restraints of that religion, to which alone they have to trust for the integrity and good faith of their co-partners, or so wanton as to vitiate this fountain of your morals at the risk of tainting the whole atmosphere of the constitution—to suppose such a perversion of the commonest dictates of policy, is to imagine a mixture of profligacy and bigotry, which I should hesitate in attributing even to Mr. Perceval.

The great King of Prussia, whose hatred to all

possible creeds¹ will not be questioned by the believers in Barruel and Robinson, far from indulging this malignity at the expense of his subjects and himself, thus speaks in justifying the cordial protection which he afforded to the Jesuits in Polish Prussia and Silesia: 'I have a million and a half of Catholics among my subjects, and it is of consequence to me that they should be brought up strictly and uniformly in the religion of their forefathers.' But it is superfluous to refer to such philosophical authority, for a policy obvious to the least reasoning capacities; the very instinct of self-preservation would suggest it to the most brainless politician, and I doubt whether even my Lord Castlereagh would not lose all the pleasure which he takes in the practice of corruption, if he had the slightest suspicion that he endangered himself by it.

When alarmists, therefore, try to persuade you that this concession will be fatal to your faith; that it is but a barter of spiritual treasures for a few temporal advantages, and that, as the eagle took the tortoise into the sky in order to break it, so your sect is to be elevated only for the purpose of destroying it—tell them that you have too high a value for liberty, and too strong a reliance upon the stability of your Church to be scared from the proffered enjoyment of the one, by vague or visionary alarms about the other; that you are inspired with a manly and well-grounded confidence, that the character which you have earned, while aliens from the state, will insure a respect for your consciences when allied with it; and that the religion which has *made* you worthy of the constitu-

¹ A truly *Protestant* prince, according to Bayle's definition of the term: 'Je suis Protestant (says this sceptic), car je protest contre toutes les religions.'

tion, will be cherished and supported as the best means of *keeping* you so. Tell them, that even should these liberal views be fallacious, you can yet rely for the safety of your faith upon those ordinary principles of self-interest, which prevent the merchant, who trusts half his stock to another, from making a knave of his partner, or teaching him to betray and plunder him. Tell them, in fine, as your best and ultimate security, that you depend upon the strength of the religion itself, which has for ages taken root in the hearts of Irishmen, which, like our beautiful arbutus, is native to the soil, and having lived so green through the long winter of persecution, will neither be checked in its growth, nor weakened in its stem, by those blossoms which the warm sun of freedom will bring out on it!

Among the lesser and more lightly urged objections to the Veto, there is one which it is really refreshing to meet, after the anile prejudices and terrors which I have been combating; because it shows some of that wakeful jealousy of power which is so becoming in suitors for the fair hand of Liberty, and which your other arguments against the measure would by no means encourage us in attributing to you. 'The concession of the negative,' we are told, 'would increase the power of the Crown, and that therefore it is the interest of the whole country that it should not be granted.' It does not seem, however, to have been taken into consideration by the proposers of this objection, that the complete enfranchisement of so large a portion of the empire would so considerably widen the basis of the legislature, as to form more than a counterbalance to this additional weight of the executive; and that if the constitution were now in its perfect equilibrium (which '*ne aniculæ quidem existi-*

mant'¹), such an accession of force to one part of the system would *require*, perhaps, some proportional control to be vested in the other. But it is not the power, which comes boldly in the shape of prerogative, that the people of these countries have chiefly to dread at present, and the exercise of a Veto would be so personally the act of the king, so individually exposed, and of such undivided responsibility, that few monarchs would risk an unpopular or arbitrary use of it.

I may be told, indeed, that the constitutional negative of the Crown has been got rid of by the insidious mediation of influence, and that the same pioneer may smooth the way to the appointment of your hierarchy, by procuring the recommendation of such persons only as are likely to coincide with the politics of the Court,² and thus preventing the ungracious ultimatum of a negative. Against this kind of danger under the present system, I must candidly own that I see but little security. Until a thorough reform shall have purified the constitution from that all-pervading corruption which threatens to change its very nature, nothing that comes within its sphere can hope to escape the contagion. That jealousy, perhaps, with which you must always regard the too close approaches of your clergy to the Court, may, for some time, avert their political seduction; but I dare not answer for the best or wisest of them, if too long exposed to those bewildering temptations, so meretri-

¹ Cicero, *De Divinat.* lib. 2, § 15.

² This apprehension of a political abuse of the royal interference was felt by the framers of the 12th canon of the 8th council of Constantinople in the year 869, which condemns such elections of bishops as have been procured 'per versutiam et tyrannidem principum.' See an able treatise, *De Libertat. Eccles. Gallican.*, by M. C. S. lib. iii. c. 7, p. 123, where a misconception of Dominus de Marca upon this subject is corrected.

ciously and shamelessly employed by the Government. It is impossible, however, that this state of things can last; the people of England demand a reform, and what they steadily demand cannot long be refused to them. Think, then, what incentives there are, at this moment, for a generous neglect of all minor obstacles, in your grand pursuit of that rank in the state which alone can empower you to serve the constitution; which alone can enable you to appear among the regenerators of that system, which statesmen of your own faith first gloriously founded, and to repay those friends who are now struggling for your liberty, by nobly assisting them to perfect their own. The very infusion of such a new untainted spirit cannot fail to produce reanimation and vigour; and your courage will rival the gallantry of that youth who courted his mistress at the moment when she was dying of the plague, and 'clasping the bright infection in his arms,'¹ restored her to health and beauty by his caresses.

I had intended to have adverted, somewhat more particularly, to the manner in which many of your writers have treated this subject; but, having proved (to my own conviction, at least), that their arguments and alarms are equally groundless, it is unnecessary to call upon their manes any further, or disturb that oblivion into which I must very soon follow them.

To your conduct between this and the discussion of the question in Parliament, your friends all look with considerable anxiety. Having pleaded your cause with unexampled perseverance, and succeeded in clearing away those gross calumnies,² which had so long inter-

¹ Somewhere in Darwin, who took this interesting story (as I believe he acknowledges) from a very curious poem by Vincentius Fabricius, which may be found in the *Miscellanea Curiosa*, an. 2.

² The reader will find some of the most ridiculous of these

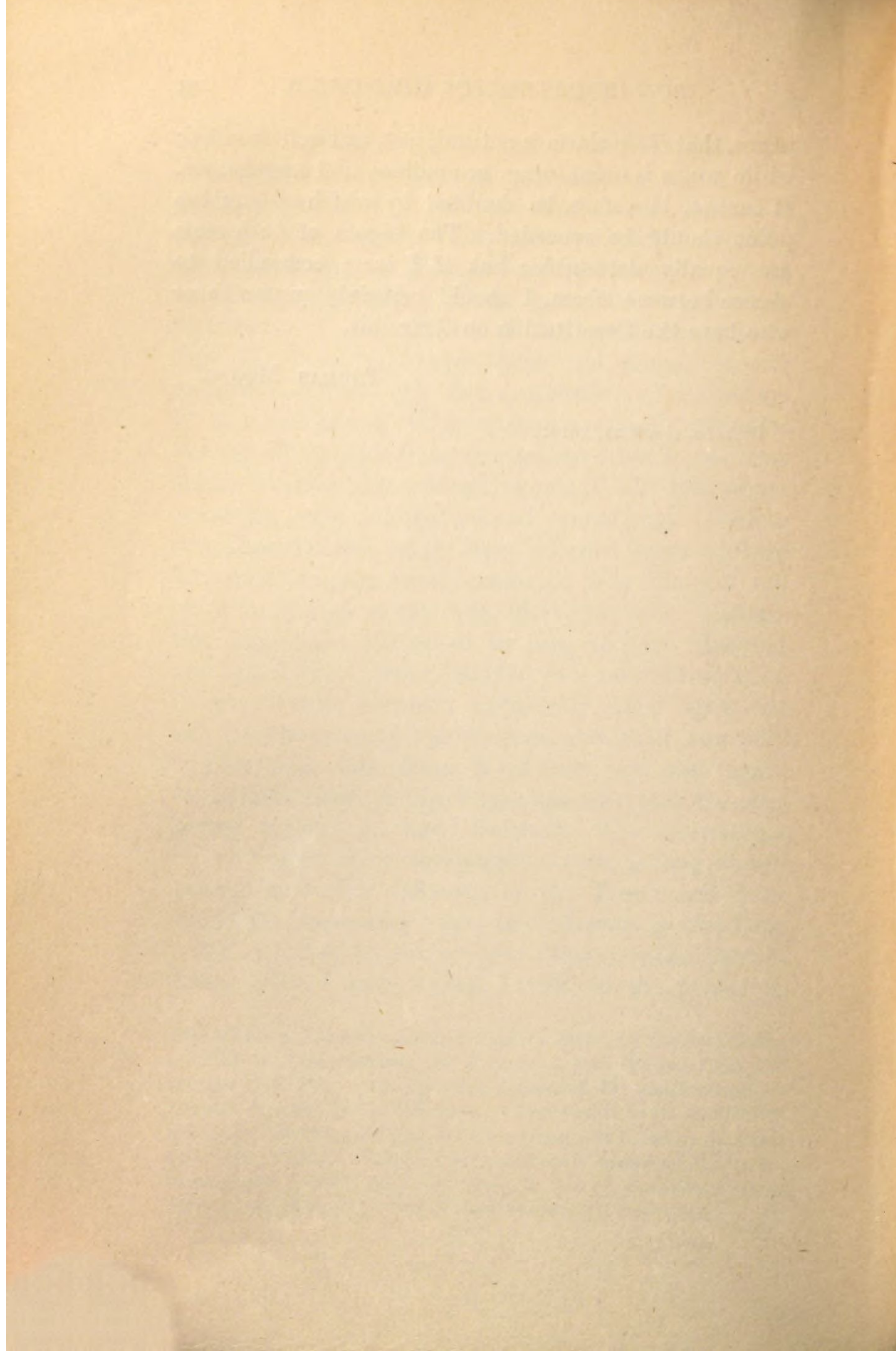
cepted the genuine light of your character, they saw with pleasure the moment approaching when your merits and rights were to be recognised, and their toils and sacrifices repaid. They observed that even the most timid and scrupulous, looking back to the long and dreary quarantine which you had so patiently performed off the harbour of the constitution, were beginning to lay aside their fears and prejudices, and preparing to admit you with confidence and cordiality. To see, suddenly, a blight thrown over such prospects was painful enough from any quarter; but to see that blight proceed from yourselves, was of all disappointments the most unexpected and mortifying. With a precipitancy which might have afforded some apology for your error, if a perseverance in folly did not rob you even of that excuse, you disavowed every favourable disposition attributed to you, and by falsifying your best friends, almost justified your worst adversaries. I have already, however, sufficiently dwelt upon the rash inconsistency of this conduct, and shall now only implore that, while there is yet time, you may regain the ground which you have lost, and win back the confidence which you have forfeited. The Protestants fear to entrust their constitution to you as long as you remain under the influence of the Pope; and your reason for continuing under the influence of the Pope is that you fear to entrust your Church to the Protestants. Now, I have shown, I trust, in the preceding

accusations in *The Character of a Papist's Belief*, by the Archbishop of York in 1762, 'written for a Lady to preserve her from the dangers of Popery.' Among other articles of the creed, which he imputes to them, is the following: 'That Christ is the Saviour of men only, but of no women; for that women are saved by St. Clare and Mother Jane.' Surely, surely, such old women as the Archbishop (and I could point out many a one of the sisterhood at present) are scarcely worthy of more respectable mediators.

pages, that *their* alarm is natural, just, and well founded; while *yours* is unmeaning, groundless, and ungenerous. It cannot, therefore, be doubted by which of you the point should be conceded. The bigots of both sects are equally detestable; but if I were compelled to choose between them, I should certainly prefer those who have the Constitution on their side.

THOMAS MOORE.

DUBLIN, *April* 21, 1810.



M. P.

OR

THE BLUE-STOCKING

A Comic Opera

IN THREE ACTS

The lines distinguished by inverted commas were omitted in the representation.

[The eight songs marked with a star were reprinted by the Author in the ninth volume of his *Poetical Works*, at the pages indicated.]

PREFACE

WHEN I gave this piece to the theatre, I had not the least intention of publishing it ; because, however I may have hoped that it would be tolerated upon the stage, among those light summer productions which are laughed at for a season and forgotten, I was conscious how ill such fugitive trifles can bear to be embodied into a literary form by publication. Among the motives which have influenced me to alter this purpose, the strongest, perhaps, is the pleasure I have felt in presenting the copyright of the dialogue to Mr. Power, as some little acknowledgment of the liberality which he has shown in the purchase of the music. The opera, altogether, has had a much better fate than I expected ; and it would, perhaps, have been less successful in amusing the audience, if I had *songé sérieusement à les faire rire*. But, that the humble opinion which I express of its merits has not been adopted in complaisance to any of my critics, will appear by the following extract from a letter which I addressed to the licenser, for the purpose of prevailing upon him to restore certain passages, which he had thought proper to expunge as politically objectionable : ‘ You will perceive, sir, by the true estimate which I make of my own nonsense, that, if your censorship were directed against bad jokes, &c., I should be much more ready to agree with you than I am at present. Indeed, in that case, the *una litura* would be sufficient.’ I cannot advert to my correspondence with this gentleman without thanking him for the politeness

and forbearance with which he attended to my remonstrances ; though I suspect he will not quite coincide with those journalists who have had the sagacity to discover symptoms of political servility ¹ in the dialogue.

Among the many wants which are experienced in these times, the want of a sufficient number of critics will not, I think, be complained of by the most querulous. Indeed, the state of an author now resembles very much that of the poor Laplander in winter, who has hardly time to light his little candle in the darkness, before myriads of insects swarm round to extinguish it. In the present instance, however, I have no reason to be angry with my censurers ; for, upon weighing their strictures on this dramatic bagatelle against the praises with which they have honoured my writings in general, I find the balance so flatteringly in my favour, that gratitude is the only sentiment which even the severest ² have awakened in me.

To Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the English Opera, I am indebted for many kindnesses and attentions ; and though we have differed so materially in our opinions of this piece, those who know the side which he has taken in the dispute, will easily believe that it has not *very* much embittered my feelings towards him.

The music, which I have ventured to compose for the opera, owes whatever little dramatic effect it may possess to the skilful suggestions and arrangements of Mr. Horn ; and I only fear that the delicacy with which he has re-

¹ This extraordinary charge was, I believe, founded upon the passage which alludes to the Regent ; and if it be *indeed* servility to look up with hope to the Prince, as the harbinger of better days to my wronged and insulted country, and to expect that the friend of a Fox and a Moira will also be the friend of liberty and of Ireland —if *this* be servility, in common with the great majority of my countrymen, I am proud to say I plead guilty to the charge.

² See the very elaborate criticisms in *The Times* of Tuesday, September 10, and in *The Examiner* of Sunday, September 15.

frained from altering the melodies, or even the harmonies which I attempted, may have led him into sanctioning many ungraceful errors in both, which his better taste and judgment would have rejected.

To the performers I am grateful for more than mere professional exertions ; there was a kind zeal amongst them, a cordial anxiety for my success, which, I am proud to hear, has seldom been equalled.

THOMAS MOORE.

BURY STREET, ST. JAMES'S :

October 9, 1811.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR CHARLES CANVAS.
CAPTAIN CANVAS.
HENRY DE ROSIER.
MR. HARTINGTON.
LEATHERHEAD.
DAVY.

LA FOSSE.
LADY BAB BLUE.
MADAME DE ROSIER.
MISS SELWYN.
MISS HARTINGTON.
SUSAN.

Peasants, &c., &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Beach —Boats coming to land.*

BOAT-GLEE.*

THE song, that lightens the languid way,
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound thro' life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along thro' waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him, who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave ;
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing, to lighten the languid way ;
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing :
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound thro' life we stray.

Sir CHARLES CANVAS, *Lady* BAB BLUE, *Miss* HARTINGTON, *Miss* SELWYN, and *DAVY*, land from the boat.

Lady B. What a charming clear morning ! I protest we might almost see the coast of France. Run, Davy, and fetch my telescope.

* This Boat-Glee is reprinted in Moore's *Poetical Works*, ix. 390.

Davy. I wool, my lady. [*Exit DAVY to boat.*]

Sir Charles. Ay, do, Davy, the French coast is a favourite view of mine.

Miss Selwyn. I thought, Sir Charles, your views lay nearer home.

Sir Charles. Hem, a hit at me for staying at home while my brother is abroad fighting the enemy (*aside*). Why, really, madam, if all the brains of the country were to be exported through the Admiralty and the War-office, you would have none left for home consumption. No, no, a few of *us* must stick to old England, or her politics and fashions would be entirely neglected, and the devil would get amongst the Ministers and the tailors.

Miss Hartington. You suppose then, Sir Charles, that our politics and our fashions may be safely entrusted to the same hands.

Sir C. Certainly, madam; there is nothing like *us* for *leading* either the *ton* or the *opposition*, for *turning out* either an *equipage* or an *administration*; and equally knowing on the *turf* and the *hustings*, if a favourite horse *breaks down*, or a new patriot *bolts*; we can start you fresh ones at the shortest notice.

Miss S. Your brother, however, seems to think, Sir Charles, that on the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war he may make himself at least *as* useful to his country as if he passed all his time between a barouche-box and the Treasury bench.

Sir C. That plaguy brother of mine is never out of her head (*aside*). Why, as to my brother, Miss Selwyn, my brother, in short, madam, if my brother had not been in such a hurry to come into the world, but had waited decently, like me, till his mother was married, he would not only have saved the family some blushes, but would have possessed, of course, the title, the

fortune, and all those cogent little reasons which I now have for keeping this head of mine out of gun-shot, and employing it *in the home department* at your service.

Miss S. His want of feeling upon this misfortune of his family is quite odious. We must not stay to listen to him (*to Miss HARTINGTON*). Believe me, Sir Charles, you mistake the mode of recommending yourself, if you think to amuse by this display of levity upon a subject in which a parent's honour and a brother's interests are so very deeply and delicately concerned. The rude hand of the world will be ready enough to lift the veil, without requiring *your* aid in the exposure.

[*Exeunt Miss HART. and Miss SELWYN.*]

Sir C. Ay, this now comes of talking facetiously upon grave subjects. 'Tis the way in *the House*, though, always ; Adam Smith and Joe Miller well mixed, that's your parliamentary style of eloquence. But what's our old Polyhymnia about here ? [*turning to Lady BAB, who during this time has got the telescope and is looking towards the sea.*]

Lady B. Well, positively, this is a most miraculous telescope. There—there he is again.

Sir C. May I ask what your ladyship has found out ?

Lady B. Something black and red, Sir Charles, that is moving on the coast opposite, which my fond fancy persuades me may be one of the great French chemists. There, there he goes again, the dear man ! the black must be his face, and the red his night-cap. What wonderful discoveries he may be making at this moment !

Sir C. Not more wonderful than you are making yourself, I think, old lady !

Lady B. Come here, Davy, and try what *you* can observe. *Your* eyes have not suffered in the cause of science, like mine.

Davy. Why, noa, not much ; and ecod ! sometimes of an evening I can see twice as much as other folk. Like your Highland witches, I have a sight to spare.

Sir C. (aside). I never yet knew a learned lady that did not delight in having a booby to show off upon. Whether it be in the shape of servant, lover, or husband, these curious copies of Sappho generally have a calf-skin at their backs.

Davy (looking through the glass). What colour did you say a chemist was, my lady ?

Lady B. (smiling). Why, rather of the dingy than otherwise ; the dark, sober tinge of the laboratory. As my friend Dr. O'Jargon often says to me—' Your ignorant people, madam, have an objection to *dirt*, but I know what it is *composed of*, and am perfectly reconciled to it.' And so he is, good man ! he bears it like a philosopher.'

Davy. By gum ! I see it now, sailing away to windward like smoke.

Lady B. Sailing ! you blockhead !

Davy. Ees, and if you had not tould me 'twas a chemist, I could have sworn 'twas a great collier from Newcastle.

Lady B. Ha ! plenty of *the carbonic*, however ! But, pray, Sir Charles, what has become of my niece and Miss Hartington ?

Sir C. Just *paired off*, madam, as we say at St. Stephen's, and left me in silent admiration of the ease with which your ladyship's vision can travel to the coast of France, while the eyes of this unlettered rustic can reach no farther than the middle of the Channel.

Davy. Well, come, to be half seas over is quite enough for any moderate man.

Lady B. Hold your familiar tongue, and follow me. Sir Charles, shall we try and find the young ladies ?

Sir C. With all my heart; though, I assure your ladyship the humour in which Miss Selwyn *adjourned the debate* made me rather fear that I was *put off till this day six months*.

Lady B. There are some of my sex, Sir Charles, like certain chemical substances, it is impossible to *melt* them, because they *fly off in vapour* during the process. My niece, I confess, is of this fly-away nature; while *I*, alas! am but too *fusible*. Come, Davy, bring the telescope safely after me.

[*Exeunt SIR C. and LADY B.*]

Davy. I wool, my lady (*looking after her*). What a comical thing your *larning* is! Now, here am I, as a body may say, in the very thick on't. Nothing but knowledge, genus, and what not, from morning till night, and yet, dang it, somehow, none of it sticks to me. It wouldn't be so in other concarns. Now in a public house, for instance, I think I could hardly be among the liquors all day without some of them finding their way into my mouth. But here's this larning—tho' I be made a kind of accomplice in it by my lady, I am as innocent of it all as the parson of our parish.

SONG.—DAVY.

Says Sammy, the tailor, to me,
 As he sat with his spindles crossways—
 'Tis bekase I'm a poet, you see,
 'That I kiver my head with green baize!'
 So says I, 'For a sample I begs,'
 And I'm shot if he didn't produce, sir,
 Some *crossticks* he wrote on his legs,
 And a *pastern ode* to his goose, sir.
 Oh this writing and reading!
 'Tis all a fine conjuration,
 Made for folks of high breeding,
 To bother themselves and the nation!

There's Dick, who sold wine in the lane,
 And old Dickey himself did not tope ill;
 But politics turned his brain,
 And a place he call'd Constantinople.
 He never could sit down to dine,
 But he thought of poor *Turkey*, he said, sir;
 And swore, while he tippled his wine,
 That the *Porte* was ne'er out of his head, sir.
 Oh this writing and reading! &c.

The grocer, Will Fig, who so fast
 Thro' his ciphers and figures could run ye,
 By gum! he has nothing, at last,
 But the ciphers to show for his money.
 The barber, a scollard, well known
 At the sign of the wig hanging from a tree,
 Makes every head like his own,
 For he cuts them all up into geometry!
 Oh this writing and reading! &c.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mr. HARTINGTON'S.*

Enter Miss SELWYN and Miss HARTINGTON.

Miss Hart. My dear Miss Selwyn, I am so happy for once to have you quietly in my father's house. We never should have got so intimate in London.

Miss Selwyn. In London! oh never. What with being at home to *nobody* in the morning, and being at home to *everybody* in the evening, there is no such thing as intimacy amongst us. We are like those ladies of Bagdad in the 'Arabian Nights,' who entertained strangers in their illuminated apartments, upon condition that they would not ask to know anything further about them.

Miss Hart. But I had almost forgot Sir Charles Canvas.

Miss S. Nothing so likely to slip out of one's memory, my dear.

Miss Hart. I am quite happy to hear you say so, as I rather feared Sir Charles was a lover of yours.

Miss S. And so he unfortunately is. He loves me with a sort of electioneering regard for the influence which my fortune would give him among the freeholders. In short, he canvasses my heart and the county together, and for every *vow* expects a *vote*.

Miss Hart. I had always supposed till now that Captain Canvas was the elder of the two.

Miss S. You were right, my dear: he is older by a year than Sir Charles. But their father, the late baronet, having married his lady privately in France, Captain Canvas was born before their marriage was avowed, and before the second solemnisation of it, which took place publicly in England. Though no one doubts the validity of the first union, yet the difficulty, indeed the impossibility of proving it from the total want of witness or document, has been taken advantage of by Sir Charles to usurp the title and fortune, while his brave and admirable brother is carelessly wandering over the ocean, with no fortune but his sword, no title but his glory!

Miss Hart. I am not at all surprised at the warmth with which you speak of Captain Canvas. I knew him once very well (*sighs*).

Miss S. Very well, did you say, Miss Hartington?

Miss Hart. Oh no—not—indeed scarcely at all. I meant merely that I had seen him. He was the friend of poor De Rosier (*aside*).

Miss S. That sigh—that confusion—yes—yes—I see it plain—she loves him too (*aside*).

[Mr. HARTINGTON'S voice heard without.

Miss Hart. My father's voice, what a lucky relief!

I am so happy, my dear Miss Selwyn, in the opportunity of introducing you to my father. You must not be surprised at the oddity of his appearance ; he is just now setting out upon one of those benevolent rambles, for which he dresses himself like the meanest of mankind ; being convinced that in this homely garb he finds an easier access to the house of misfortune, and that proud misery unburdens her heart more freely for him who seems to share in her wants, than for him who ostentatiously comes to relieve them.

Enter Mr. HARTINGTON, meanly dressed.

Miss Hart. Dear father, my friend, Miss Selwyn.

Mr. Hart. I fear, Miss Selwyn, I shall alarm you by these tatters. Fine ladies, like crows, are apt to be frightened away by rags.

Miss S. When we know, sir, the purpose for which this disguise is assumed, it looks brighter in our eyes than the gayest habiliments of fashion ; for when charity——

Mr. Hart. Nay, nay, child, no flattery. You have learned these fine speeches from your aunt, Lady Bab, who is, if I mistake not, what the world calls a *Blue-Stocking*.

Miss S. In truth, sir, I rather fear my aunt *has* incurred that title.

Mr. Hart. Yes, yes ; I knew her father ; he was a man of erudition himself, and, having no son to inherit his learning, was resolved to lay out every syllable of it upon this daughter, and accordingly stuffed her head with all that was legible and *illegible*, without once considering that the female intellect may possibly be too weak for such an experiment, and that, if guns were made of glass, we should be but idly employed in charging them.

Miss S. And would you, then, shut us out entirely from the light of learning?

Mr. Hart. No, no; learn as much as you please, but learn also to conceal it. I could even bear a little peep at the blue-stockings, but save me from the woman who shows them up to her knees!

Miss Hart. Nay, father, you speak severely.

Mr. Hart. Perhaps I do, child, and lose my time in the bargain. But here, make Miss Selwyn welcome, while I go to my bureau to fill this little ammunition-pouch (*shewing a small leather purse*) for my day's sport among the cottages. Oh money! money! let bullionists and paper-mongers say what they will, the true art of raising the value of a guinea is to share it with those who are undeservedly in want of it! [*Exit.*

Miss S. (looking after him). Excellent man!

Miss Hart. But were you not a little shocked by the misery of his appearance?

Miss S. Oh! not at all. He seems to me like one of those dark clouds that lay between us and the moon last night—gloomy and forbidding on its outward surface, but lined with the silver light of heaven within!

DUET.—*Miss SELWYN and Miss HARTINGTON.*

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,
Some gay-colour'd bark moving gracefully by;
No damp on her deck but the even-tide's weeping,
No breath in her sails but the summer-wind's sigh.

Yet who would not turn, with a fonder emotion,
To gaze on the life-boat, tho' rugged and worn,
Which often hath wafted, o'er hills of the ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn?

Oh ! grant that of those, who, in life's sunny slumber,
 Around us, like summer-barks, idly have play'd,
 When storms are abroad, we may find, in the number,
 One friend, like the life-boat, to fly to our aid !

[*Exeunt.*

Sir Charles (speaking without). Miss Selwyn ! your aunt has despatched me to say that—(*enters*)—Miss Selwyn ! Miss Selwyn ! This saucy heiress avoids me as if I was a collector of the income-tax. I see how it is ; she has the impudence to dislike me without asking her aunt's consent—*negatives me without a division*. But I'll have her yet—I'll marry her (as I got into Parliament) for *opposition's sake*. Snug house this of her friend, Miss Hartington's. Her father, I hear, a rich banker. I rather suspect too that little Tory is somewhat taken with me. She listened to everything I said as attentively as a *reporter*. Well, egad ! in case I should fail in the one, I think I may as well make sure of the other. Two strings to my bow, as *Lord Either-Side* says in *the House*. But who have we here ?

Enter Mr. HARTINGTON.

Oh ! some poor pensioner of the family, I suppose. One, too, who must have got his pension upon very honest terms, for his coat is evidently *not worth turning*.

Mr. Hart. Some troublesome visitor, that I must get rid of (*aside*).

Sir C. Pray, my good friend, is there any one at home ?

Mr. Hart. No, sir.

Sir C. I thought his *friends* were out by his looking so shabby (*aside*). And you, sir, I presume, are a quarterly visitor to this family, or monthly, perhaps, or weekly ; *the Treasury*, I know, pays quarterly.

Mr. Hart. It is true, sir, I am dependent upon the master of this house for all the comfort and happiness I enjoy.

Sir C. I knew it, at the first glance I knew it. Let me alone for the physiognomy of *placemen* and *pensioners*—from the careless smile of the *sinecure holder* to the keen forward-looking eye of *the reversionist*. This fellow may be useful to me (*aside*). And what are the services, pray, which you render in return to your benefactor?

Mr. Hart. The smile, sir, which his good actions always leave upon my cheek, and the sweet sleep which he knows I enjoy, after witnessing the happy effects of his charity, are ample repayment to him for the utmost efforts of his benevolence.

Sir C. Then, upon my soul, he is more easily paid than any of those *I* have ever had dealings with. I could smile bright or sleep heavy; but the guineas, being both bright and heavy, were always preferred to my smiling and sleeping.

Mr. Hart. I shall be kept here all day by this troublesome coxcomb (*aside*). Your pardon, sir, I have some business to transact for Mr. Hartington.

Sir C. Stay, my fine fellow, just one minute. How should you like to have an opportunity of serving your benefactor, and *receiving the thanks of this honourable house* for your good offices?

Mr. Hart. Everything that concerns Mr. Hartington, sir, is as dear to me as my own immediate interests.

Sir C. Exactly what we say of Great Britain in *the House*. ‘Everything that concerns Great Britain is as dear to me (*mimicking*)——.’ But, I say, my old *pensioner*, you know the boarding-house down street? (*Mr. H. nods his head*). Good feeding there, by the

bye—*commons* fit for *Lords*; only that *the bills* are brought in too *early in the session*. But call upon me there to-morrow or next day, and I'll employ you in some way that may be useful to you. In the meantime, as old Hartington seems to have a few amiable oddities about charity and so forth, you can tell him, if you have an opportunity, that *I* too have a wonderful taste that way. Oh! you smile, sir, do you? Well, then, to show you that I *have*, here's (*takes out his purse*)—yet stay—just wait till my friends come into power, and, as I think you love tippling, I'll get you made a gauger, you dog!

Mr. Hart. Keep your patronage, sir, for those who want it, and, above all, for those who deserve it. The master of this house is, thank Heaven! the only patron *I* require. Let but my conduct meet with *his* approbation, and I may look up, with hope, to that highest of places, which the power of monarchs cannot give, nor the caprices of this world deprive me of. [*Exit.*

Sir C. Well said, old boy; though, for the soul of me, I cannot imagine what is the *place* he alludes to. 'Tis not in *the Red-Book*, I'm sure. But no matter—he may be useful in delivering a billet-doux for me to Miss Hartington. Cursed troublesome things those billet-doux! When I'm *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, I mean to propose a *tax* on them (*mimicking some public speaker*). 'Mr. Chairman! I move that all love-dealings shall be transacted upon *stamps*. Soft nonsense, sir, upon a *one-and-sixpenny*; when the passion is to any amount, an eighteen-pen'orth more; and a proposal for marriage——' No, curse it, I'll not lay anything additional upon marriage. It never came under the head of *luxuries*, and is quite tax enough in itself. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in Mr. HARTINGTON'S House.*

Enter Miss HARTINGTON.

Miss Hart. How long this loitering girl is away ! my heart sickens with anxiety for her return. It cannot surely be De Rosier whom I saw at the library ; and yet his features, air, manner, altogether scarcely leave a doubt upon my heart. Oh, De Rosier ! What strange caprice of fortune can have lowered thy station in life so suddenly ? And yet, wealth was not the charm that attracted me, nor could riches shed one additional grace upon that which is bright and estimable already.

SONG.*—*Miss HARTINGTON.*

When Leila touch'd the lute,
Not *then* alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute ! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah ! how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre ?
Sweet lute ! thy chords she breaketh ;
Golden now the strings she waketh !

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told ?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute ! we see thee glisten,
But, alas ! no more we listen !

* Reprinted in Moore's *Poetical Works*, ix. 389.

Enter SUSAN.

Well, dear Susan, what news?

Susan. Why, you see, miss, I went to the circulating library, and as I forgot the name of the book you bid me get, I thought I would ask for one of my own choosing. So, says I, 'Sir, Miss Hartington sent me for the "Comical Magazine," with the blue and red cuts in it;' upon which he blushed up, and——

Miss Hart. Who blushed? Tell me, is it he? Is it, indeed, Mr. De Rosier?

Susan. La! miss, there's no comfort in telling you a story; you are always in such a hurry to get at the contents of it.

Miss Hart. Nay, but, my dear Susan!

Susan. Well, if you *will* have it all at once, it *is* he—it is the same elegant young Mr. De Rosy, who used to walk by the windows in London to admire you, and there he is now behind the counter of that library, with a pen stuck in his beautiful ear, and his nice white hands all over with the dust of them dirty little story-books.

Miss Hart. There's a mystery in this which I cannot account for. I *did* indeed hear from one who knew him well that he depended upon precarious remittances from France; but 'then——

'*Susan.* Lord, miss! your emigrants are always purcarious people, though, indeed, to give the devil his due, Mr. De Rosy is as little like one as may be; for, I purtest and wow, he speaks English almost as well as myself; and he used to give a pound-note as prettily as if he had been a banker's clerk all his life-time.

'*Miss Hart.* He has given you money, then, Susan?

'*Susan.* Once in a way, miss. A trifle or so. And,

God knows ! I earned it well by answering all his troublesome questions about *who* were your visitors, and *who* you liked best, and whether you ever talked of him after the night he danced with you at the ball.

‘*Miss Hart.* That night ! The only time I ever heard his voice ! And, did he seem to know you to-day, Susan ?’

Susan. Indeed, miss, I made believe not to know *him* ; for I have lived too long among my betters not to learn that it is bad taste to go on knowing people after they have come into misfortune. But when I told him you sent me for the ‘Comical Magazine,’ with the blue and red cuts in it, la ! how he did blush and stare !

Miss Hart. What a taste must he impute to me ! It would be imprudent, perhaps cruel, to go there myself, and yet I feel I cannot resist the inclination. Give me the catalogue, Susan, and in a quarter of an hour hence bring my walking dress to the drawing-room. (*Goes out reading the catalogue.*) ‘Fatal Attachment.’ ‘Victim of Poverty.’ Heigho ! [*Exit.*

Susan. Ay—Heigho ! indeed. It must be a very, very stout, hardy love that will not take cold when the poverty season sets in, for it is but too true what some fine poet has said, that ‘When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window.’

SONG.*—SUSAN.

Young Love lived once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish’d,
For young Hope nourish’d

* Reprinted in Moore’s *Poetical Works*, ix. 385.

The infant buds with beams and showers;
 But lips, tho' blooming, must still be fed,
 And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
 Should e'er come hither,
 Such sweets to wither!
 The flowers laid down their heads to die,
 And Hope fell sick, as the witch drew nigh.
 She came one morning,
 Ere Love had warning,
 And raised the latch, where the young god lay;
 'Oh, oh!' said Love, 'is it you? good bye;'
 So he oped the window, and flew away!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Circulating Library.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. Bless me! Bless me! Where is this fine gentleman, my shopkeeper? Idling his time, I warrant him, with some of the best-bound books in the shop. Ah! 'Tis a foolish thing for a scholar to turn bookseller, just as foolish as it is for a jolly fellow to turn wine-merchant; they both serve themselves before their customers, and the knowledge and the wine all get into their own heads. And your poets too! extraordinary odd fish! only fit to be served up at the tables of us booksellers, who feed upon them, as the dogs fed upon poor Rumble's Pegasus.

SONG.—LEATHERHEAD.

Robert Rumble, a poet of lyric renown,
 Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!
 Was invited to dine with a 'Squire out of town,
 With his hey scribble—hy scribble ho!

His nag had a string-halt, as well as his lyre,
So he mounted and rode to the house of the 'Squire,
Who was one of those kind-hearted men, that keep hounds
Just to hunt off the vermin from other men's grounds,
With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !

The huntsman that morning had bought an old hack,
Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !
To cut up as a delicate lunch for the pack,
With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !
But who can describe Robert Rumble's dismay,
When the 'Squire, after dinner, came smirking to say,
That, instead of the dog-horse, some hard-hearted wag
Had cut up, by mistake, Robert Rumble's lean nag,
With his hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !

But 'Comfort yourself,' said the 'Squire to the Bard,
Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !
'There's the dog-horse still standing alive in the yard,'
With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !
Then they saddled the dog-horse, and homeward he set,
So suspiciously eyed by each dog that he met,
That you'd swear, notwithstanding his cavalry airs,
They suspected the steed he was on should be *theirs*.
With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !

Arrived safe at home, to his pillow he jogs,
Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !
And dreams all the night about critics and dogs,
With his hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !
His nag seem'd a Pegasus, touch'd in the wind,
And the curs were all wits, of the true Cynic kind,
Who, when press'd for a supper, must bite ere they sup,
And who ate Robert Rumble's poor Pegasus up,
With a hey scribble—hy scribble, ho !

Why, De Rosier ! Mr. De Rosier ! I say—

Enter HENRY DE ROSIER, with a book in his hand.

Leath. What is the meaning of all this, sir ?

What have you been about? Do you mean to ruin me?

De Ros. I ask pardon, sir. I have been just looking over the last new publication to see if it be fit for the young ladies of the boarding-school.

Leath. Which is as much as to say, sir, that you would sooner ruin *me* than the young ladies of the boarding-school! I am ashamed of you.

De Ros. I really thought, sir, I had done everything that——

Leath. Done, sir? everything's *undone*, sir; and I shall be so myself very soon. Here's books to go out, sir, and they won't walk of themselves, will they? Here's *Tricks upon Travellers*, bespoke by Mrs. Ringwell, who keeps the Red Fox; and there's the *Road to Ruin* for the young Squire, that sets off for London to-night. Here are parcels too to go by the coach; *Ovid's Art of Love*, to be left at the *Transport Office*; and the *Lady of the Lake*, to be delivered at the *Lying-in Hospital*.

De Ros. We have had a new subscriber this morning, sir; Miss Hartington.

Leath. (*Bustling among the books on the counter*). So much the better—hope she's a good one—reads clean and neat—won't double down the corners, or favour us with proof impressions of her thumbs. Come; put these volumes back in their places. Lord! Lord! how my customers ill-use my books! Here's nothing but scribbling in the *Lives of the Poets*; and, dear me, the *World* all turned topsy-turvy by Miss Do-little! There's our best set of *Public Characters* have been torn to pieces at the Good-natured Club; and, bless me! bless me! how the *Wild Irish Girl* has been tossed and tumbled by Captain O'Callaghan! There, that will do; now mind you don't stir from this till I come back; I am just going to remind neighbour

Rumble that he forgot to pay for the *Pleasures of Memory*; and then I have to step to the pawnbroker's up street to redeem the *Wealth of Nations*, which poor Mr. Pamphlet popped there for a five-and-sixpenny dollar. Bless me! bless me! how my customers ill-use my books! [Exit.

De Ros. There is some little difference between this and the gay sphere I moved in, when Miss Hartington's beauty first disturbed my mind; when through the crowded world I saw but her alone, and felt her influence even where she was not. Well, the short dream is over! the support of a beloved mother must now sweeten the toil to which I am destined; and he but little deserves the smile of Fortune who has not the manliness to defy her frown. Besides, Heaven has blessed me with that happy imagination which retains the impressions of past pleasure, as the Bologna-stone treasures up sunbeams; and the light of *one* joy scarcely ever faded from my heart before I had somehow contrived to illuminate its place with *another*.

SONG.*—HENRY DE ROSIER.

Spirit of joy! thy altar lies
In youthful hearts, that hope like mine,
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sight, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known,
But breath so soft and drops so clear,
That Bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches even our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

* Reprinted in Moore's *Poetical Works*, ix. 388.

The child who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek
Dissolve, when touch'd, and turn to pain ;
The flush they kindle leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches even our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

(*Looking out.*) 'Tis Miss Hartington herself, and this way she comes. How shall I avoid her? Yet no ; since hope is fled, come, honest pride, to my relief, and let me meet my fate unshrinkingly. I must not, however, seem to know her ; nor let her, if possible, recognise me. [*He retires to the counter.*]

Enter Miss HARTINGTON and SUSAN.

Miss Hart. Yes ; there he is. How altered from the lively, fashionable De Rosier !

Susan. I told you, miss, what a figure he cuts ; but I'm glad to see he has taken the black pen out of his ear.

Miss Hart. I surely ought to acknowledge him : he will think me proud and cold if I do not. Mr. de Rosier——

Susan. *Mister*, indeed. La ! miss, you would not *Mister* a shopkeeper, would you? Let *me* speak to him. Young man !

Miss Hart. (*drawing Susan back*). Hush, Susan, for Heaven's sake.

De Ros. (*coming forward*). Is there any book, madam, you wish me to look out for you?

Miss Hart. No, sir; but——

De Ros. On this shelf, madam, lie the French Memoirs, which are, of course, not unknown to you——

Miss Hart. They are very interesting, but——

De Ros. Oh, most particularly so (*turning away from her, and talking rapidly*). While history shows us events and characters as they appeared on the grand theatre of public affairs, these Memoirs conduct us into the green-room of politics, where we observe the little intrigues and jealousies of the actors, and witness the rehearsal of those scenes which dazzle and delude in representation.

Susan. Ah! he wouldn't have talked politics to her so when he was a gentleman (*aside*).

Miss Hart. It was not for this purpose, Mr. de Rosier, that——

De Ros. Oh, your pardon, madam; then perhaps you prefer the poets here (*pointing to another shelf*).

Susan. Lord, no, young man! She hates poverty and all its kin, I assure you.

Miss Hart. I desire that you will be silent, Susan; he will think that we come to sport with his misfortunes.

De Ros. The few English poets who have worshipped Love (*he looks at Miss Hartington, and both become confused*).

Susan. Oh ho!

De Ros. I must not forget myself (*aside*). I was saying, madam, that the few English poets who have worshipped Love seem so coldly ignorant of his power and attributes that the shrine which they raised to him might be inscribed, like the famous altar at Athens, 'to the unknown God.' 'Cowley here, and Donne (*taking down two books*), are the chief of these unenlightened idolators'—far from wishing us to *feel*

what they write, they appear very unwilling that we should even *understand* it; and having learned from mythology that Love is the child of Night, they visit upon the *son* all the coldest obscurity of the *parent*. There is nothing less touching than these quibbling, pedantic lovers, who seem to think that their mistresses, like the Queen of Sheba, are to be won by riddles.'

Miss Hart. I perceive that he is determined not to acknowledge me; yet, if he could but know what is passing here (*laying her hand on her heart*) at this moment, he would not, perhaps, regret that fate has disturbed the balance between us; since just as much as *fortune* has *sunk* on *his* side, I feel that *love* has *risen* on *mine*.

Susan. La! come away, miss; I'm sure it can't be proper things he's saying to you; for I never heard such rigmarole words in my born days.

De Ros. But here is a poet born in a softer clime, who seems to breathe the true temperature of affection, the air of that habitable zone of the heart, which is equally removed from the bright frost-work of sentiment on one side and the tainting meridian of the senses on the other.

TRIO.*—*Miss HARTINGTON, SUSAN, and DE ROSIER.*

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
 To weep, yet scarce know why;
 To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
 Then throw it idly by;
 To kneel at many a shrine,
 Yet lay the heart on none;
 To think all other charms divine,
 But those we just have won—
 This is love—careless love—
 Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

* Reprinted in Moore's *Poetical Works*, ix. 387.

To keep one sacred flame
Thro' life, unchill'd, unmoved;
To love, in wintry age, the same
That first in youth we loved;
To feel that we adore
To such refined excess,
That tho' the heart would break with *more*,
We could not live with *less*—
This is love—faithful love—
Such as saints might feel above!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Part of the Race-Ground.*

*A Crowd of PEASANTS, HAWKERS, &c., among whom are
DAVY and LA FOSSE.*

SONG.—DAVY and Chorus of Peasants.

Come, lads, life's a whirligig;
Round we whisk
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig.
Merry go round's the life for me.
You, standing surly there,
You, with the curly hair,
Dick, that's laughing here,
Tom, that's quaffing here,
You too, my gipsy lass,
Spite of your lips, alas!
All must give up this world of glee.

Then come, lads, life's a whirligig ;
 Round we whisk
 With a joyous frisk,
 And till death stops the turn of our twirligig.
 Merry go round's the life for me.
 Time's short—but we'll have our fun of it ;
 Life a race is,
 That tries our paces,
 And, when Mirth makes a good run of it,
 Devil may take the hindmost for me.
 Lads that love filling bowls,
 Girls that have willing souls,
 Those can soothe the way,
 Roll life smooth away.
 While there's a glass to drink,
 While there's a lass to wink,
 Who would give up this world of glee ?
 So come, lads, life's a whirligig, &c., &c.

Davy. Come, lads, the races are just nigh to begin. There's John Bull going up the hill. Two to one on John Bull. Dang it ! that's my favourite horse (*looking out*).

La Fosse. Oui, certainly ; that Bull is vare pretty horse.

Davy. Just look how noble-minded he steps. Old Monsieur here must be taken in for a bit of a bet, I think (*aside*). Come, boys ! Oh, zounds ! (*looking out*) here's my old *litter of a lady*, as she calls herself ; and now shall I be tied behind her all day, and not get a sight of John Bull or Cronyhotontollygos. But I say, lads, stand before me a little—mayhap, as she ha'nt got her *tellumscope*, she'll not spy me out. (*They stand round him.*)

Enter Lady BAB and Miss SELWYN.

Miss S. Nay, my dear aunt——

Lady B. I tell you, miss, my resolution is fixed—'pon my word, I believe you think I am like a *moveable pulley* in mechanics, to be twirled about just as it suits your fancy.

Miss S. Oh madam! if you did but see Captain Canvas, so unlike his brother!

Lady B. I don't care for that, miss; I never did see him, nor never will—that's categorical.

Davy (behind). She says she won't see me——

Lady B. And as I perceive by your reveries, young lady, that you think there is some chance of his arriving here, I will give positive orders that he shall not be admitted; no, not even within the *penumbra* of my roof. Where's that fool Davy?

Davy. Here, my lady (*coming forth from the crowd, who all run off laughing, except the Frenchman*).

Lady B. Why, what's all this, sir?

Davy. Why, my lady, you see, I ware only giving a piece of my advice to this poor outlandish mounseer here, not to let the knowing chaps trick him out of his half-pence at the races.

La Fosse (advancing with bows). Oui, my lady; Jean Bull——

Davy. Hush, mon! (*putting his hand on his mouth*).

Lady B. Run home, fellow, instantly, and tell the servants that if a gentleman of the name of Captain Canvas should call, he is to be told that we have given orders not to admit him. Captain Canvas, mind, Sir Charles's brother; and then return hither instantly to attend me to the Stand-House. Fly.

Davy. I fly, my lady. (*He beckons to LA FOSSE to follow him, and exit.*)

La Fosse. Oui, certainly, but I cannot fly.

[*Exit after Davy.*]

Lady B. I'll teach you, miss, what it is to fall in love without consulting your relations. I declare the young ladies of the present day shock me. Quite *reversing* the qualities of what we chemists call the *perfect metals*, they are anything but *ductile*, and most shamefully *combustible*. It was very different in *my* time.

Miss S. Nay, do not, dear aunt, take example by those times, when marriage was a kind of slave-trade, and when interest carried her unfeeling commerce even into the warm latitudes of youth and beauty. No, let Love banish such traffic from his dominions, and let Woman, mistress of her freedom, resign it only with her—heart !

SONG.—*Miss SELWYN.*

Dear aunt ! in the olden time of love,
 When women like slaves were spurn'd,
 A maid gave her *heart*, as she would her *glove*,
 To be teased by a fop, and—return'd :
 But women grow wiser as men improve,
 And tho' beaux like monkeys amuse us,
 Oh ! think not we'd give such a delicate gem
 As the heart, to be play'd with or sullied by them ;
 No—dearest aunt ! excuse us.

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal
 What impression the heart will take ;
 If shallow the head, oh ! soon we feel
 What a poor impression 'twill make.
 Tho' plagued, Heaven knows ! by the foolish zeal
 Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
 Oh ! think not I'd follow their desperate rule,
 Who get rid of the folly by wedding the fool ;
 No—dearest aunt ! excuse me.

Enter Sir CHARLES, in a hurry.

Sir C. Ladies! ladies! ladies! you'll be too late! you'll be too late.

Lady B. What! have the races begun, Sir Charles?

Sir C. Begun? yes, to be sure they have begun; there's the high-blooded horse Regent has just started, and has set off in such a style as promises a race of glory!

DAVY enters.

Lady B. Bless me! I wouldn't lose it for the world. Here, blockhead (*to Davy*) take this volume out of my pocket, 'tis Professor Plod's 'Syllabus of a Course of Lectures upon Lead,' and much too heavy to walk up hills with. (*Gives him a large book.*) Now, Sir Charles.

Sir C. Come, madam, you'll be delighted; I am but just this moment come from the House (I mean the Stand-House), where the knowing ones take different sides, you understand, according as they think a horse will be *in* or *out*; but upon this start they are all *nem. con.*, and the universal cry from all sides is Regent against the field! Huzza! Huzza! [*Exeunt.*]

Davy. I say, Mounseer, Mounseer (*calling on LA FOSSE*). I must follow the old one now, but do you, you see, come up behind the Stand-House by-and-bye, just as if you had no concarn you know, and you and I will have a snug bet upon Cronyhotontollygos.

La Fosse. Ah! oui, certainly, sure, good master Davy. Dam rogue! he want to get at my money, but pardi! he as well look for brains in an oyster. Ah! my money be all gone vid my cookery! every ting but my poor tabatiere here (*pauses, and looks with interest at his snuff-box*). Ah, mon cher maître! you vas fond of my cookery, and I vas grand artiste in dat vay, to

be sure ; but now, by gar, I am like to de barber widout customer, I have not even one sheephead to dress. My lady, Madame de Rosier, eat noting at all, young Monsieur de Rosier eat little *or* noting, and moi, pauvre moi ! I eat little *and* noting, just as it happen. Ah ! de Revolution destroy all de fine arts, and eating among de rest !

[Retires.]

Enter Captain CANVAS.

Capt. C. Faithless, faithless sex ! your hearts are like the waves, that keep no trace of us when we have left them ; another love soon follows in our wake, and the same bright embrace is ready for it. My letter apprized her of my return, and yet here, instead of a smiling welcome, I find her doors are shut against me. Brother ! brother ! I could resign to you with ease the rank and fortune to which I am entitled ; nay, even the brand of illegitimacy I could smile at ; but to see you thus bear away from me the dearest object of my affections is more than even this tough sailor's heart can endure. My poor departed messmate ! like thine, alas ! has been my fate in love ; like thine, too, be my destiny in death !

SONG.—*Captain CANVAS.*

When Charles was deceived by the maid he loved,
 We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting,
 But proudly he smiled, as if gay and unmoved,
 Tho' the wound in his heart was deep and lasting ;
 And often, at night, when the tempest roll'd,
 He sung, as he paced the dark deck over,
 'Blow, wind, blow ! thou art not so cold
 As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover !'

Yet he lived with the happy and seem'd to be gay,
 Tho' the wound but sunk more deep for concealing ;

And Fortune threw many a thorn in his way,
Which, true to *one* anguish, he trod without feeling !
And, still by the frowning of Fate unsubdued,
He sung, as if sorrow had placed him above her,
'Frown, Fate, frown ! thou art not so rude
As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover !'

At length his career found a close in death,
The close he long wish'd to his cheerless roving,
For Victory shone on his latest breath,
And he died in a cause of his heart's approving.
But still he remember'd his sorrow—and still
He sung, till the vision of life was over—
'Come, death, come ! thou are not so chill
As the heart of the maid that deceived her lover !'

I must find out De Rosier. They told me, at his former lodgings in town, that he had retired hither for his health. Pray, friend, can you direct me to the house of Mr. Leatherhead, the bookseller ?

La Fosse. Ah ! oui, sare, yes, vare well indeed ; dat is vare my young master is bound up in a shopman (*aside*).

Capt. C. Does a gentleman of the name of De Rosier lodge there ?

La Fosse. Oui, sare, he lodge there in the shop.

Capt. C. The shop ?

La Fosse. Yes, sare, in de shop, pon de bookshelf, vat you call——

Capt. C. Oh ! I understand you, always among the books. I know De Rosier is of a studious turn. He does not then see much company, I suppose ?

La Fosse. Pardon, monsieur, all de young ladies of dis place make visit to him exactement as they come out of de water.

Capt. C. Indeed.

La Fosse. Oh! yes, he have de name of all de pretty little girl down in von book.

Capt. C. Happy De Rosier! who can thus trifle away your time in those light gallantries which require so little expenditure of feeling to maintain them, and for which the loose coin of the senses is sufficient, without drawing upon the capital of the heart, while I—— oh, Harriet Selwyn! what a rich mine of affection have you slighted!

La Fosse. Dis way, sare.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Circulating Library.*

Enter SUSAN and DE ROSIER.

Susan (looking at a bank-note). Well I purtest, sir, you are quite yourself again, and if you had but a three-corner hat on you now, you'd be just as much a gentleman as ever.

De Ros. Come then, now, my good Susan, do tell me what are those little favourable symptoms, which you think you have discovered for me in your mistress.

Susan. Why in the first place, she says so often you are not worth thinking of, that it is very plain she thinks of nothing else. And then she is as jealous of you——

De Ros. Nay, Susan, there you mock me; jealous of me! these books are my only mistresses; and fashionable ones they are, I grant, for they circulate through half the town.

Susan. These books indeed! No, no, Mr. De Rosey; for all you look so modest, we have found out the lady in the cottage down the lane, so we have. She that was smuggled over to you, you know, from France.

De Ros. My mother, by all that is excellent! (*aside*)

and she is jealous of me, is she? Did she trace me to the cottage herself? What does she say of it? tell me, tell me quick, dear Susan (*with impatience*).

Susan. Well, if ever I saw anything so audacious! he does not even deny it, hasn't even the virtue to tell a lie about it. I'll be hanged if I don't now believe every word they said about you last night at the tea-party.

De Ros. Why, what did they say, good Susan? Oh, happiness unexpected! (*aside*.)

Susan. They said you had as many wives as the great Cram of Tartary; that your Lady in the lane was a French Duchess or thereabouts, that smuggled herself over to you in a large packing-case, purtending to be crockery-ware—pretty crockery, indeed!

De Ros. This discovery gives me new life;—jealous of me!

Susan. There, if he isn't quite proud of the discovery! oh rakery! rakery! but I'll go and tell it all to my mistress. Lord! Lord! what will the times come to, when Duchesses are sent about, like *other* brittle ware, in packing-cases? [*Exit SUSAN.*]

De Ros. Jealousy! thou shadow from Love's form, which still the darker falls the warmer light he moves in—her heart has felt thee, then. Happy, happy De Rosier! it may be folly perhaps to feel so happy, but Wisdom herself can do no more; and there is nothing in life like that sweet philosophy, which softens all that is painful, and enhances all that is pleasant, by making the best of the one, and the most of the other. [*Exit.*]

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. (calling). Mr. De Rosier! Why, De Rosier, I say. If this young Frenchman keeps me bawling after him this way, I shall split my voice into two, like

Orator Puff, of the Debating Society, whose eloquence is a happy mixture of bubble and squeak, and who begins all his sentences in the garret, and ends them in the cellar (*mimicking*).

SONG.—LEATHERHEAD.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so* ;
 In each sentence he utter'd he gave you your choice,
 For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
 Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
 One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
 So distracting all ears with his *ups* and his *downs*,
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say
 ' My voice is for war,'—ask'd him, ' *Which* of them, pray ?'
 Oh ! oh ! &c.

Reeling homewards, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the Crown,
 He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
 ' Sinking Fund ' the last words as his noddle came down.
 Oh ! oh ! &c.

' Good Lord ! ' he exclaim'd, in his he-and-she tones,
 ' Help me out—help me out—I have broken my bones !'
 ' Help you out ! ' said a Paddy who pass'd, ' what a bother !
 Why, there's *two* of you there ; can't you help one another ?'
 Oh ! oh ! &c.

Oh ! you are here, sir, are you ?

Enter DE ROSIER, with printed sheets in his hand.

Leath. So, so ! a specimen of my new printing-press.
 A bright thought of mine, Mr. Thing-o-me, wasn't it,
 eh ?

De Ros. Oh ! excellent, sir (*laughing*).

Leath. I think so. Poet Rumble here must have sent to London, if I couldn't print for him.

De Ros. Oh! most inconvenient, sir: his Pindarics must have gone by the waggon, and his Epigrams by the long heavy coach. Ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Ha! ha! ha! Damn the fellow, I believe he is laughing at my printing-press (*aside*). But let's see; how goes on my new compositor?

De Ros. Why, pretty well, sir; he generally puts one word in place for another, which, in poetry like Mr. Rumble's, does not make much difference. Indeed, as in the *militia*, the substitute is always a better man than the principal, so here in the line—I mean Mr. Dactyl's line, sir; you'll excuse me. Ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Curse the grinning puppy! I wish the types were down his throat, large Roman letters and all (*aside*).

De Ros. Allow me to give you an instance or two, sir, of your printer's happy deviation from the copy (*reads*). 'The dear and fragrant sigh of infancy,' he has converted into a 'dire and flagrant sign of infamy:' 'sweets of morning,' he has turned into 'suits of mourning;' and 'haunted by all the mellow dreams of Horace,' he has made 'hunted by all the melo-dramas of horses. Ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Ha! ha! Impudent rascal! how merry he is! but I'll teach him to take liberties with the press, the Jacobin! He'd give his eyes to go to the races, I know he would; but I'll not let him, I'll go there myself to spite him. I'll give him a job, too, that my gentleman won't like (*aside*). Here you, Mr. Scholar, here's some books to go to Lady Bab Blue's library, and you must take and arrange them for her.

De Ros. What! I, sir?

Leath. Yes, you, sir; and leave the porter to look

after the shop. She is a lady of learning, they say, and ought to have a *critic* to wait on her. Happy to recommend you for that situation. She might like to have a reviewer on her establishment, fifty pounds a year and the run of the kitchen. Sorry to part with you—but—(*all this time Leatherhead is at the counter arranging the books*).

Enter Capt. CANVAS and LA FOSSE.

Capt. C. (*staring at seeing De Rosier*). De Rosier! for heaven's sake, what is the meaning——

De Ros. Hush! and I'll tell you all presently.

Leath. Who is that, eh?

De Ros. Merely a gentleman, sir, who wishes to see our catalogue.

Leath. And who is that foreign-looking thief, that stands grinning at you there?

De Ros. Oh! that, sir,—is—What shall I say to get a few moments' explanation with Canvas? (*aside*). That, sir, is a French man of letters, who having heard of your new printing-press, is come to engage with you as a translator (*retires to the back of the stage with Capt. C.*)

Leath. Translator! himself an original quite: I must talk to him though. Servant, sir. Well acquainted, I'm told, with the learned tongues?

La Fosse. Ah! he have heard of my cookery—(*aside*)—Oui—certainly, sare, dress the tongue à merveille,—and de sauce! by gar you would eat your fader with it.¹

Leath. Eat my father! what the devil does he mean?

La Fosse. You like it, sare, done English way?

¹ A cette sauce-là on mangeroit son père.

L'Almanach des Gourmands.

Leath. Yes, yes, done into English, to be sure; and let it be something that will go down, you know.

La Fosse. Ah! pardi, he will go down fast enough (*laying his hand on his stomach*). Den, sare, I can make you de finest nick-nack out of noting at all.

Leath. How well he understands the art of authorship! (*aside*).

La Fosse. Hash up de old ting like new——

Leath. Right—book-making!

La Fosse. Vid plenty salt——

Leath. Attic—bravo!

La Fosse. Vare much acid——

Leath. Satiric—excellent!

La Fosse. And den de little someting varm and piquante for de ladies——

Leath. Oh! it will do—it will do (*throwing his arms round La Fosse*)—I am so lucky to meet you. But let's see (*looks at his watch*), have you any objection, sir, to walk towards the race-ground? We may talk of these matters on the way.

La Fosse. Oui, sure, certainly; tho' pardi, sare, your conversation give me appetite enough widout de walk.

Leath. Oh! you flatter me, sir.

La Fosse. Après vous, monsieur.

[*Exeunt ceremoniously.*]

Capt. CANVAS and DE ROSIER come forward.]

Capt. C. But why did you not answer my letter, and acquaint me with this fall of your fortunes?

De Ros. The truth is, my dear Canvas, I have such an aversion to letter-writing, that I have sometimes thought the resolution of Sir Phelim O'Neal, never to answer anything but a *challenge*, was the only *peaceable*

way of getting through life. But let us not talk of misery—love is our only theme.

Capt. C. And that way lies *my* misery. Oh! if I could but see the faithless girl once more, I'd take a last, an eternal farewell! fly to my ship, forget the very name of woman—and, like the Doge of Venice, marry myself to the sea.

De Ros. Her aunt, Lady Bab, you say, has forbidden you the house?

Capt. C. Positively excludes me.

De Ros. Heaven send she may do me the same favour! 'But though her ladyship is not at home to *Love*, she seldom refuses the visits of *Learning*, an acquaintance whom she treats ceremoniously, not being on very *familiar* terms with him;' there lie *my* letters of introduction to her presence (*pointing to a parcel on the counter*).

Capt. C. What! those books?

De Ros. Yes, those books, 'which are as *welcome* and about as *useful* to her ladyship as an opera-glass to a South-Sea islander.'

Capt. C. But what did you say of an introduction to her presence?

De Ros. Why, simply, that my master has inflicted upon me the honour of carrying that parcel to Lady Bab's library, and if *you* have the least ambition for the employment, I will *depute* it to you with all my soul; happy if, like other great men, I may be the means of making the fortune of my deputy, and if *carrying out books* should prove as profitable to you as *keeping books* has been to many others.

Capt. C. 'Tis an excellent thought; I thank you from my heart for it.

De Ros. You are not serious, Canvas?

Capt. C. Never was more serious in my life.

De Ros. Ha! ha! ha! Why, what will your ship's company think of you, when they hear you have turned bookseller and stationer?

Capt. C. No matter, it will give me an opportunity of seeing her once more, and of returning into her hands this long-loved picture, whose colours, though fleeting, have not faded like her affections.

De Ros. Very pretty, 'faith! But I think I could match it. Where the deuce? (*searching his pockets, and then going to a corner of the library*) Oh! here it is—hid under the *Baisers* of *Dorat*—covered, as it ought to be, with a whole volume of kisses! (*produces a miniature*). There, I have as little right to that copy, as any other man but myself has, in *my* opinion, to the *original*. It was done by my friend *Crayon*, from his own miniature of Miss Hartington, and I ran away with it. Prometheus *had* the image, when he stole the flame, but I, being provided with the *flame* (*laying his hand on his heart*), stole the image.

Capt. C. (*looking at his own miniature*). How many ghosts of departed promises haunt those faithless lips!

De Ros. (*looking at his*). And how many little unfledged hopes lie nestling in that dimpled smile!

DUET.—*Capt. CANVAS and DE ROSIER.*

Capt. C. Here is the lip that betray'd,

De Ros. Here is the blue eye that warm'd;

Capt. C. Lips for bewildering made!

De Ros. Eyes for enamouring form'd!

Both. While on her features I gaze,

And trace every love-moulded line.

Capt. C. Memory weeps o'er the days

When I fancied her faithfully mine.

De Ros. Hope bids me dream of bright days,

And fancy her faithfully mine.

De Ros. Here is the glance that inspired—

Capt. C. Here is the blush that deceived ;

De Ros. Glances too wildly admired !

Capt. C. Blushes too fondly believed ;

Both. While on her features, &c., &c.

De Ros. But come, if you mean to be my deputy, there is no time to lose. Give me your coat.

Capt. C. What ! must I——

De Ros. Of course, my dear fellow (*taking off Capt. C.'s coat*) ; though the lady herself is as blue as indigo, your coat need not be of the same livery with her stockings.

Capt. C. Where do you mean to hide my uniform ?

De Ros. Here, behind this large History of England ; and I believe it is the first time that anything *naval* has ever been *kept out of sight* by an English historian. Now put on this apron. Does Lady Bab know you ?

Capt. C. Never has seen me.

De Ros. So much the better. I have no doubt she will be taken with your scientific appearance—and you may tell her you are versed in the *Cannon Law*, you know. Now for the books. ‘God help you, if she should take a fancy to read any of these folios to you.

‘*Capt. C.* I should never stand that. Like a reprobate Quaker, I should be soon *read out* of the meeting.

‘*De Ros.*’ There, there’s a hat for you, and now be off.

Capt. C. Thanks, dear De Rosier ; it is consoling to think, that though Love should break off *one* arm of Hope’s anchor, there is yet another left for Friendship, upon whose hold my heart may rely. [*Exit.*

[*During this scene, Capt. C. puts on De Rosier’s shop-jacket, into the pocket of which De Rosier*

had, at the end of the duet, put his own miniature. Capt. C., when about to change, lays his miniature on the counter.

De Ros. Poor Canvas! Let me see (*approaching the counter*). Hey-day! what's this? By all that's perplexing, he has left his mistress's miniature behind him, and taken away mine with him in his pocket. Hollo! hollo! (*calling after him*). It is too late to catch him, and this exchange of mistresses may be fatal to us both. But away with apprehension! I will not, this day, let one dark thought come near me. Oh woman! woman! who is there would live without the hope of being loved by thee?

SONG.—DE ROSIER.

When life looks lone and dreary,
What light can dispel the gloom?
When Time's swift wing glows weary,
What charm can refresh his plume?
'Tis Woman, whose sweetness beameth
O'er all that we feel or see;
And if man of heaven e'er dreameth,
'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
Oh, Woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory,—
Too dearly the meed they gain;
Let patriots live in story—
Too often they die in vain.
Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,
This world can offer to me
No throne like Beauty's bosom,
No freedom like serving thee,
Oh, Woman!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—MADAME DE ROSIER'S *Cottage*.

Enter LA FOSSE.

La Fosse. Diable t'emporte, you big bookseller—vid your tongues and your bacon—and après tout—after all—his Bacon turn out to be an old dead Chancellor. Morbleu! and ven I tell him I vas *Cook*, by gar, he begin beat me, as I do de young live pig to make him tender. Ah! here is my maîtresse—and vat de devil old beggar-man she got vid her?

Enter Madame DE ROSIER and Mr. HARTINGTON.

Mad. de Ros. I am afraid, my poor man, those rude servants must have hurt you.

Mr. Hart. They might have hurt me, madam, had you not kindly opened your door and admitted me.

Mad. de Ros. I am sure their master, whoever he may be, would have punished them for their rudeness, if he had seen them.

Mr. Hart. I do not know *that*, madam; there is such congeniality in the pursuits of modern masters and their servants, that we can hardly expect more civilization from the *amateur* coachman than from the *professor*.

Mad. de Ros. You seem to want refreshment; sit down, and you shall have something. (*He sits down.*) Here, La Fosse, bring this poor man some cold meat.

La Fosse. Oui, my lady.—Ah! dat is the way all my cookery goes (*aside and exit*).

Mad. de Ros. You have seen better days, I doubt not.

Mr. Hart. And so have *you*, lady, if rightly I can conjecture from those manners, which, like the orna-

ments of a fallen capital, may be traced long after the pillar, on which it stood, is broken.

Enter LA FOSSE (bringing in a tray with cold meat, &c.)

La Fosse. Here is de little beef for him. Ah! if ma pauvre maîtresse had de larder so large as her heart, de ugly malady of starving would be soon banish from the world like the small-pock (*lays it on the table, and exit*).

Mr. Hart. My words seem to affect you, lady.

Mad. de Ros. I know not why they should; 'tis but a languor of spirits arising from ill-health.

Mr. Hart. (*at the table, while she is standing forward*). I see it, 'tis the heart's ill-health—the pang of honest pride struggling with poverty.

Mad. de Ros. (*turning round*). Nay, prithee, eat, my good man.

Mr. Hart. Thanks, lady, I am quite refreshed (*rises*); and now, forgive me if I ask, how long you may have felt this illness under which you suffer.

Mad. de Ros. Not very long; and, in truth, so many have been my hours of health and cheerfulness, that I feel as if I had already shared my full proportion of blessings, and can thank Heaven for the balm that has been at the top of my cup, even while I drain the bitterness that lies at the bottom.

Mr. Hart. O Patience! how thy smile adorns adversity! (*aside*). You may think it presumptuous, inadam, that one so poor and humble as I am should venture to prescribe a remedy for the languor that oppresses your spirits; but——

Mad. de Ros. Alas! my good man! 'tis far beyond the reach of art even more refined than yours.

Mr. Hart. Pardon me, lady. During the wander-

ing life I have led among the poor and wretched, and the various sicknesses of heart and spirits which I have met with, I have frequently witnessed the efficacy of one simple medicine, which, if delicately administered, seldom fails to remove at least a part of the pressure under which the patient languishes.

Mad. de Ros. Some village charm, I doubt not—but I must indulge the poor old man (*aside*).

Mr. Hart. There is a portion of it in this small bag; 'tis what the old philosophers looked for in crucibles, and what the modern ones think they have found in paper-mills. Too large a dose of it is apt to make the head giddy; and in some temperaments it produces a restless itching in the hands, which requires a constant application of the medicine to that part. When this symptom breaks out in *certain* ranks of life, the operation of the drug has been found to be ruinous to the *Constitution*.

Mad. de Ros. (smiling). It seems to be rather a desperate remedy you recommend me.

Mr. Hart. No, lady, *you* may take it safely. When prescribed by 'friendship or' humanity for the relief of those we 'esteem or' compassionate, it is then indeed a precious balsam, whose cordial not only refreshes the heart of him who *takes*, but whose fragrance long lingers on the hand of him who *administers* it.—There, open it when I am gone, and before it is exhausted you shall be furnished with a fresh supply.

Enter LA FOSSE hastily.

La Fosse. Oh madam! madam! here is a gentleman have driven himself and his carriage into de ditch, and de coachman and de rest of the *inside* passenger have been pull out of de window.

Mad. de Ros. Is there anyone hurt?

La Fosse. Only de gentleman's head a little crack, I believe— mais—le voici—here he is come.

Enter Sir Charles CANVAS.

Sir C. Curse that awkward post! caught in the forewheel and spilt me off the dickey. Just the way in *the House*, though, when a Member arrives at a *post*, he always *vacates* his *seat* immediately.

Mad. de Ros. I hope, sir, you have not suffered any serious injury.

Sir C. Not much, ma'am, head a little *out of order*, as we say—all owing to the spirit of my leaders—Greys, madam—fine creatures. Your *Greys* make excellent leaders in *Opposition* coaches. Ah! my old gauger-that-is-to-be, how d'ye do? Don't remember me, eh?

Mr. Hart. Oh! yes, sir; you call yourself Sir Charles Canvas. (*Madame de Rosier starts, and looks earnestly at Sir Charles.*)

Sir C. Call myself! damn the fellow—doubts my claim, I suppose (*aside*).

Mad. de Ros. It cannot surely be the same! (*aside.*)

Sir C. I say, my old boy, I have a little job for you—Do you like *jobs*? no getting on without them—I shall want you, in a day or two, to deliver a letter for me to Miss Hartington.

Mr. Hart. To Miss Harting—

Sir C. Mum—I have every reason to suspect that little Tory has taken a fancy to me.

Mr. Hart. To you, sir! (*with contemptuous surprise*).

Sir C. To me, sir! yes, sir—to me, sir—to Sir Charles Canvas, Bart., M.P., son and heir to the late Sir William Canvas, of Huntborough Hall, Cornwall.

Mad. de Ros. It is indeed the same—the eldest son of my dear friend, Lady Canvas (*aside*).

Sir C. And, between ourselves, it is not impossible but the *measure* of an *Union* might be *carried*. However, say nothing about the matter at present, as I am just now *candidate* in another quarter; but if I don't like *the state of the poll*, damme but I'll out, and be returned *Member* for *Hartington* (*slapping Mr. H. on the back*).

Mr. Hart. This fellow's impudence is intolerable (*aside*).—But are you then so sure, sir, of being accepted by Miss Hartington?

Sir C. Oh! no doubt of it—women can't refuse. They'd never do for *the House*—couldn't say *no* for the lives of them—but—mum, my old fellow, that's all, and call upon me to-morrow at the boarding-house.

Mr. Hart. I have no doubt, Sir, that the compliment which you intend Miss Hartington will be felt by her exactly as it deserves (*significantly*); and be assured, no effort of mine shall be wanting to impress her with a *proper* understanding of its value. [*Exit.*

Sir C. Well said, my old boy. (*Madame de Rosier approaches.*) Ask pardon, madam, a little *secret committee* with my *honourable friend* in fragments here.

Mad. de Ros. Not so secret, Sir Charles, as to prevent me from discovering that I have the honour of receiving under my roof the son of one of my best and earliest friends, Lady Canvas.

Sir C. Oh! you knew my mother, madam; an excellent woman, as women go, certainly.

Mad. de Ros. I knew her in Paris, when she was married, and was the only friend to whom she entrusted it; we were in the same hotel together when you were born.

Sir C. The devil! she mistakes me for my eldest brother; I don't quite like this (*aside*). You are wrong, madam; my mother was not exactly what you call—married, you know, till she came to England.

Mad. de Ros. Pardon me, Sir Charles, I was present at the ceremony.

Sir C. Present! I'm ruined—like a lost Bill—negatived, thrown out, and sent to the pastry-cook's (*aside*). Yet stay, I'm safe yet, one witness won't do—no, no, 'twon't do, madam (*turning round to Mad. de Rosier, he is caught round the neck by La Fosse, to whom, during Sir C.'s speech aside, Mad. de Rosier had whispered something*).

La Fosse. Ah! my dear little Master Canvas, bless my soul, how vare often I have pinch you little ear, when you not dis high, and you squawl and squawl, and vish me at de devil!

Sir C. I'm sure I wish you there now with all my heart—what *shall* I do? (*aside*).

Mad. de Ros. This faithful old servant, Sir Charles, was likewise at your mother's wedding.

Sir C. And what infernal—I say, madam, what strange fate has brought you both here?

Mad. de Ros. Upon my return to France last year, I found that my husband the Comte de Rosier was dead, that his money had been all embezzled, and his estates confiscated; my dear son Henry (whom you may have seen at the library) was the only comfort left me, and upon his industry we now depend for our humble, yet sufficient maintenance.

Sir C. So, so, the young emigrant at the library—I have it (*aside*). Your son's name, you say, is Henry de Rosier? (*takes out his tablets, and writes*).

Mad. de Ros. Yes, sir.

Sir C. Aged?

Mad. de Ros. About one-and-twenty.

Sir C. 'Aged one—and twenty—middle size—fair complexion,' (*writing*).

La Fosse. Ah de brave homme! he mean to patronage my young master!

Sir C. Glad to have the particulars; must send information to *the Alien Office* immediately.

Mad. de Ros. For heaven's sake, Sir Charles, what is it you mean?

Sir C. Your son Henry, madam—a very suspicious character—must be got rid of—unpleasant office for me—but must do my duty.

Mad. de Ros. My unfortunate boy! what *can* he have done?

Sir C. Nothing *overt*, as yet, perhaps, but quite enough to be suspected of being suspicious. 'Doctor Shuffle-bottom and some dowagers of distinction have long had their eyes on him, he has been caught laughing at a novel of Voltaire's, and has even been seen to yawn over a loyal pamphlet of Doctor Shuffle-bottom's—an incendiary quite!

'*Mad. de Ros.* Oh, sir! I will answer with my life that, whatever imprudence my Henry may have been guilty of, his heart is in the right; his heart is always in the right.

'*Sir C.* Very likely—but we politicians have nothing to do with the heart—must send him off—and that ugly old sinner there with him.' Shall go now, and write to *the Alien Office*.

Mad. de Ros. (*kneeling*). For pity's sake, Sir Charles! by the memory of your dear mother, I entreat you.

Sir C. I have her now (*aside*). As to that, madam, though always rigid in my public duties, yet when so fair a *petitioner humbly sheweth*, I am as easily moved as

—*the question of adjournment (raises her)*—and there is one condition upon which I consent to let your son remain safely behind his counter.

Mad. de Ros. Name it, sir, name it.

Sir C. Simply this—that you never betray to man, woman, or child, the secret of my mother's marriage in Paris.

Mad. de Ros. Though ignorant of your motive, Sir Charles, most willingly do I promise—(*trample without*)—and here is my poor Henry himself.

Sir C. Does *he* know it?

Mad. de Ros. I have never mentioned it to him.

Sir C. Mum—then—that's all.

Enter DE ROSIER.

De Ros. I have stolen one moment from business to tell my dear mother of my happiness—What! in tears, mother! and Sir Charles Canvas here?—What is the meaning of this?

Mad. de Ros. Nothing, Henry; we were merely talking of some old——(*Sir Charles shows the tablets secretly to her, and checks her*). This gentleman, I mean, has met with an accident at our door, and it has alarmed me.

De Ros. There is some mystery in this, which must be explained to me. La Fosse! (*La Fosse nods significantly towards Sir Charles, and exit*). Sir Charles! I perceive plainly that your intrusion is the cause of this embarrassment, and, notwithstanding my respect for your eldest brother, Captain Canvas, whom I have the honour to call my friend, and of whose title and fortune you have—(I will not say how generously) possessed yourself——

Mad. de Ros. This then was the motive—Oh, Henry! (*She is going towards him, when Sir Charles*

seizes her hand, and reads the tablets in an under-voice to her.)

Sir C. 'Aged twenty-one—middle size—fair complexion——'

De Ros. Come, madam, you must not stay here to be insulted. Another time, Sir Charles, I shall know the meaning of your conduct. I *did* think, sir, that you modern men of fashion, when coming to a domestic sanctuary like this, could leave your arrogance at the club, and your vulgarity at the race-ground; but I find that, in the circle of social life, you are as *misplaced* as monkeys in a flower-garden, having just *strength* enough to trample on what is *delicate*, and just *wit* enough to ruin what is *beautiful*.

[*Exeunt* MAD. DE ROSIER and HENRY.]

Sir C. Hear him! hear him! That young gentleman has a taste for oratory—would cut a figure upon a *Turnpike Bill*.—Flatter myself, however, I have muzzled the principal witness—'and my brother, a careless fellow, will never think of sifting the matter when he returns, but pocket the affront, and away to sea again.'—As to *fighting*, my young Mr. Emigrant (for you seemed to *give notice of a motion* to that effect), before *I* fight, I must *consult my constituents*, as I hold it *unpatriotic* to do anything without their *instructions*. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*An Antechamber at Lady BAB BLUE'S.*

Lady BAB, and *Capt. CANVAS* in his disguise, *arranging the books in a large bookcase. Miss SELWYN and DAVY*, the latter a little tipsy.

Lady B. Come hither, you stupid Davy, and assist this young man to arrange the books. Foh, fellow! your breath smells like *hydrogen*.

Davy. Hydergin—gin—gin (*hiccups*)—Ecod, so it was gin, sure enough. How well the old toad knows the smell of it! (*aside*).

Lady B. (to Davy). Here, put up these two volumes of *Sallust*. That is the *Jugurthine*, and that the *Cataline*.

Davy. (spelling the letters on the back). T, O, M, Tom, C, A, T, Cat, Tom Cat. Come, I guess now, that's something deuced comical, (*spells the other*). T, O, M., J, U, G, Tom's Jug. Ah! that's the larning, after all.

Capt. C. One word with her will be sufficient. Miss Selwyn! Miss Selwyn! (*apart to Miss S.*).

Miss S. Good Heavens! is it possible? Captain Canvas!

Capt. C. Be not alarmed, madam—I come not to interrupt your happiness, by disputing my brother's claim to that inheritance, which Miss Selwyn is so worthy and so *willing* to share with him—I come merely to return this picture into your hands, and (what I cannot think you will regret) to bid you farewell for ever! [*He returns to the bookcase.*]

Miss S. What can he mean? 'Worthy and *willing* to share his brother's fortune!' My picture, too, returned! (*opens it*)—Yet—no—no—can I believe my eyes?—It is—it *is* Miss Hartington. Oh! this accounts for her confusion when I mentioned his name, her sighs when she acknowledged that she knew him. False, cruel man! to insult me thus with the display of her love-gifts. But I'll—Oh! that his brother were here now—I could even do my heart a violence to be revenged of him.

Lady B. Why, what are you about, young man? (*to Capt. Canvas, who has been employed at the bookcase*). You are mixing up my science with all sorts of

rubbish. Here's *Thoughts upon Gravity* on the same shelf with *Broad Grins*; and—as I live!—*Sir Isaac Newton* in the corner with *Betsy Thoughtless*!

Enter Sir CHARLES.

Sir C. Oh, dear ladies! I have had the saddest tumble off my dicky—exactly such as happened to me last spring—you recollect—immediately after the *snows* and the *Parliament* had *dissolved* away, and the *new Ministers* were just budding into *patronage* and *majorities*.

Miss S. Dear Sir Charles, you alarm me beyond expression (*affecting anxiety about him*).

Sir C. 'Dear Sir Charles!' Ho! ho! She begins to trim, I find (*aside*).

Capt. C. (*behind*). Perfidious girl!

Lady B. and Miss S. (*on each side of Sir C.*). No material hurt, I hope?

Sir C. Not much—head a little discomposed—but it was this that saved me (*striking the crown of his hat*). *The crown* is the best friend to us M.Ps., after all. But don't be alarmed, ladies, I am not so ill but that I shall be able to attend you to the lottery at the library; and afterwards, if you will allow me, to Miss Hartington's card-party.

FINALE TO THE SECOND ACT.

Lady BAB BLUE, Miss SELWYN, Captain CANVAS,¹ Sir C. CANVAS, and DAVY.

Capt. C. The last gleam of hope is vanish'd now,
Misery's night surrounds me.

¹ Captain Canvas, during this Finale, must keep as far back as possible and appear carefully to avoid the eyes of Sir Charles.

Davy. I could read mighty well, if they'd just show me how,
But this printing like quite confounds me.

Miss S. The pain in your head, is it better? oh tell.

Capt. C. The pain in my heart who can tell?

Sir C. C. Pretty well—it may swell.

Davy. I can spell—very well—F, E, double L.

Miss S. Think, if aught should harm thee,
How it would alarm me.

Capt. C. Patience! arm me,
Let not anger warm me.

Miss S. How I should deplore thee!
Tenderly weep o'er thee!

Capt. C. None will e'er adore thee
With the love *I* bore thee:
Oh! happier, happier he,
Whose heart is cold to thee.

Miss S. } Oh! happy, happy we,
Lady B. } Thy safe return to see.
Davy. }

Sir C. C. I'm happy, ma'am, to see
Your kind concern for me.

Capt. C. } Can Falsehood then boast of her power to destroy,
 & } And not even blush o'er the ruins of joy?
Miss H. } Can hearts leave the load-star they used to obey,
 } And not even tremble in turning astray?

(*DAVY, who has been fixing books upon the shelves,
lets a large parcel of them, at this moment, fall
about his ears.*)

Davy. Dang it! what a clatter!
How my head they batter!

Capt. C. Booby! what's the matter?
How the books you scatter!

Lady B. See! you awkward lout,
My ancients thrown about;
My wits all tumbling from above!

Davy. If larning be about
As hard inside as out,
'Twould soon get thro' my skull, by Jove!

Capt. C. }
 & } Farewell—farewell—to hope, joy, and love !
 Miss H. }

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Circulating Library.*

Lady BAB BLUE, Sir CHARLES CANVAS, Miss SELWYN, Miss HARTINGTON, SUSAN, and a motley group of persons are discovered attending the drawing of a lottery, which LEATHERHEAD is busied about behind the counter. Various prizes are lying upon the counter.

SONG, RECITATIVE, DUET, CHORUS, &c.

SONG.¹—SUSAN.

A Lottery, a Lottery,
 In Cupid's court there used to be,
 Two roguish eyes
 The highest prize
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery ;
 And kisses too,
 As good as new,
 Which were not very hard to win,
 For he, who won
 The eyes of fun,
 Was sure to have the kisses in.

Chor. A Lottery, &c.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
 In Cupid's court went merrily,

¹ Vol. ix.

And Cupid play'd
 A Jewish trade
 In this his scheming Lottery !
 For hearts, I'm told,
 In *shares* he sold
 To many a fond believing drone,
 And cut the hearts
 In sixteen parts
 So well, each thought the *whole* his own !

Chor. A Lottery, a Lottery,
 In Cupid's court there used to be,
 Two roguish eyes
 The highest prize,
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

RECITATIVE and SONG.—LEATHERHEAD.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Gentlemen and Ladies—Go not to
 Cupid's court ;
 For (whatever the young woman may say) 'tis a place of very
 bad resort.

AIR.

But mine is the Lottery—hasten to me ;
 Here's scissors and satires, as sharp as can be :—
 Here's a drawing of Cork—here's a cork-screw for wine,
 Here are pills for the cough—and here's Gibbon's 'Decline ;'
 Here's a bright carving-knife—here's a learned Review—
 Here's an Essay on Marriage, and here's a Cuckoo.

CHORUS.

Our Lottery—our Lottery—
 Ye youths and maidens, come to me !
 'Tis ne'er too late
 To try your fate
 In this our lucky Lottery.

Leath. Thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for your attendance this evening; hope for *your* patronage, madam (*to Lady Bab*)—Have everything in your way ‘that has appeared since *Nebechudnezzar’s* work upon *Grasses*—Clever book that, ma’am.

‘*Lady Bab.* I cannot say that I have ever seen it.

‘*Leath.* ’Pon my soul, nor I’ (*aside*). Have got a new printing press, ma’am; would be glad to have some of your *Flights of Fancy*.—Wish you could be prevailed upon to try your hand at a battle.—Wonderful taste for battles now, ma’am.

Lady B. No wonder, sir, when those *indulgent* critics, the Park guns, stand always ready to *report* the merits of such performances.

Leath. Ha! ha! ha! Very sharp, ma’am, very sharp. If you please to step this way, ma’am, I’ll give you a sight of my typographicals. [*They retire.*]

Miss Hart. I look in vain for De Rosier. What can be the meaning of his absence? (*aside*).

Sir C. (*who is all this time paying his court to Miss Selwyn, and is repulsed by her in all his advances*). Nay, my dear Miss Selwyn, ‘you change sides as quick as an Union Member;’ just now at your own house you were so kind to me!—I declare it quite intoxicated me.

Miss S. Did I intoxicate you, Sir Charles? The Spartans, too, occasionally made their slaves drunk; but ’twas from anything but *love* for them, I assure you.

Sir C. What a tongue she has! But I’ll *cough her down* when we’re married (*aside*).

Miss Hart. I suppose, Sir Charles, you know that your brother is arrived.

Sir C. My brother! impossible—madam—impossible. He would not leave his ship to be made First Lord of the Treasury.

Miss Hart. But to be made Lord of *Love's Treasury!* (*looking archly at Miss Selwyn, and then addressing her*). Come, my dear, *you* can tell us, perhaps, whether Captain Canvas is arrived.

Miss S. How insultingly she triumphs over me! (*aside*). Really, Miss Hartington, Time makes such changes in mind as well as features, that it is possible I *may* have seen Captain Canvas without being able to persuade myself that it was the same I had known formerly.

Miss Hart. I'll send to the hotels to inquire after him. Perhaps he may be prevailed upon to join our card-party this evening. Sir Charles, you have no objection to see your brother at my house?

Sir C. Me, madam!—objection, madam! (*confused*). Afraid to meet the eyes of my brother! Damned bad sign—symptoms of a *rotten Borough* here, I fear (*lays his hand on his heart*) must brazen it out though (*aside*). Oh no, Miss Hartington, not the least objection. My brother is well aware of the hopelessness of his claims, and will be happy, of course, to find that the title, though it has slipped off the higher branch, has settled upon such a promising twig as your humble servant.

Miss Hart. Oh! very well. Susan! (*beckons Susan, and exit with her*).

Lady Bab (*coming forward with Leatherhead, and giving him a letter*). You will be amused and edified by that letter—'tis from my friend, Doctor O'Jargon, the great Irish chemist, and you may read it at your leisure.

Leath. Ma'am, you do me honour.

Lady Bab. Come hither, niece (*to Miss Selwyn*); I want to speak with you upon a matter of much importance to me.

Miss S. This eternal marriage with Sir Charles!
(*aside*).

Lady Bab. I want to ask your advice upon a grand literary scheme I have in view.

Miss S. Heaven be praised! Even her literature is a relief (*aside*).

Lady Bab. You must know I have been, for some time past, employed in writing a *chemical* poem upon *Sal Ammoniac*.

Miss S. Upon sal ammoniac?

Lady Bab. Yes, my dear, a poem upon *sal ammoniac*—in which, under the name of the *Loves of Ammonia*, I have personified this interesting *alkali*, and described very tenderly all the various *experiments* that have been tried on her.

Miss S. This is what has been called ‘enlisting poetry under the banners of science,’ dear aunt.

Lady Bab. Exactly so. And now—look on that venerable Chamberlain of the Muses there.

Leath. What the devil are they staring at me for?
(*aside*).

Lady Bab. That man, humble as he stands there—unconscious, as yet, of the glory that is intended him—that man shall I select for the high honour of introducing my *Ammonia* to the literary world.

Miss S. Happy man!

Lady Bab. And I will go home this instant and write him such an epistle on the subject as will *electrify* him.

Miss S. I have no doubt it will.

Lady Bab. Sir Charles—I had nearly forgot—but there is a paper which I have had in my pocket for you all day (*giving him a letter*). It concerns the subject nearest your heart. Farewell—we meet at Miss Harrington’s assembly.

Leath. Give me leave, my lady (*showing her out*).

Lady Bab (*to Leath.*). Man! man! thou little knowest the honour and glory to which thou wilt be *sublimated*.

[*Exit* LADY BAB, LEATHERHEAD *showing her off*.

Sir C. Let's see what the old lady has given me here (*reads*)—‘*Most scientific Madam!*’ Hey-day! ’tis a letter, addressed to herself, and signed Cornelius O’Jargon, Professor of Chemistry. ‘*Most scientific Madam! I need not tell your ladyship that my illustrious countryman, the Honourable Mr. Boyle, was the father of Chemistry, and brother to the Earl of Cork.*’ What the devil have I to do with the father and uncles of Chemistry? I, that am in such a hopeful genealogical way myself! And this, she said, was ‘the subject nearest my heart!’ (*tearing the letter*). What’s to be done? If my brother is arrived, and Madame de Rosier should find out that my threats against her son were mere bluster, ’tis all over with me. What *shall* I do? I’ll try bribery, I will. They are poor, and a bribe will certainly stop their mouths. ‘Besides, it will keep my hand in, and make me a more *saleable* article myself in future,’¹ for nothing breaks a man in for *taking* bribes so effectually as *giving* them. [*Exit.*

Miss S. (*who had been occupied among the books at the back of the stage*). Alas! who can wonder at the choice I have made? Even had Captain Canvas no other qualities to adorn him, the very fame of his heroism would be sufficient to interest me. For we women, the simplest and tenderest of us, love to fly about a blaze of celebrity, even though we receive but little warmth from it; and the sage and the hero are sure of us, whenever they condescend to be our suitors. Not

¹ I forget the words that are substituted for these in representation.

that we have much concern with either their valour or their wisdom, for *our* pride is to produce the very reverse of those qualities which we admire in them ; to see the orator mute, the hero humbled, and the philosopher bewildered.

SONG.¹—MISS SELWYN.

Oh ! think, when a hero is sighing,
 What danger in such an adorer !
 What woman can dream of denying
 The hand that lays laurels before her ?
 No heart is so guarded around,
 But the smile of a victor will take it ;
 No bosom can slumber so sound,
 But the trumpet of glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
 And woe to the heart that allows him !
 For, ah ! neither smiling nor weeping
 Have power, at those moments, to rouse him.
 But, though he were sleeping so fast,
 That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
 Believe me, one soul-thrilling blast
 From the trumpet of glory would wake him !

SCENE II.—*The Outside of the Circulating Library.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD (*bowing off, as if returned from seeing the ladies to their carriage*).

Leath. Charming notion she has of books ! and of booksellers too, I flatter myself. She wouldn't have been half so civil to me, though, if my fine French shopman had been in the way. That fellow's young impudent face took off all the attention of the women from me. But I've got rid of him, packed him off, 'and he may

¹ Vol. ix.

now starve like a wit and a gentleman, as he pretends to be' (*takes out the letter Lady BAB gave him*). Ha! ha! ha! Bless her old tasty heart! Only think of her giving me a letter from an Irish chemist and druggist to amuse myself with. Let's see (*putting on his spectacles*).

SUSAN *enters from behind.*

Susan. I can't think what has become of Mr. de Rosy. My poor mistress was quite in a fright at not seeing him here. Oh! there's the old grampus himself——

Leath. (*reads*). '*I am determined that you shall marry my niece.*' Eh! what! Impossible—it's a mistake. '*I am determined that you shall marry my niece. The girl's heart is set against it*'—Oh! of course; '*but, like the copper and zinc in a voltaic battery, the more negative she becomes, the more positive she'll find me. Come early this evening to MISS HARTINGTON'S, and all shall be settled.*' Oh! 'tis a mistake—a mistake. She gave me the wrong letter.

Susan. Pray, sir, may Mr. de Rosy be in the shop?

Leath. No, young woman, he's packed off, gone to (*turning away from her, wholly occupied with the subject of the letter*)—marry Miss Selwyn, a rich heiress! Oh, it's a hoax, a mere hoax.

Susan. So it is a hoax indeed, if he told you he was going to marry any such thing. La! sir, he is not one of your marrying sort.

Leath. And yet she said something about *honour* and *glory* that were in store for me——

Susan. But in earnest, good Mr. Leatherhead, what is become of the young man?

Leath. Gone to the dogs, I tell you, kicked into the streets. Don't perplex me about him.

Susan. Ah! you hard-hearted old monster! But I *will* pester you. Kicked into the streets! Well, in spite of the crockery duchess, I declare I could almost cry for him. And has the poor dear young man, then, nothing to live upon?

Leath. (reading). ‘Copper and zinc.’

Susan. Copper! Mercy on me! I’ll go tell my mistress this instant. Who would have thought it?

[*Going out, is met by* DAVY.

Davy. Why, Susan, how plump you come up again a body! I say (*apart to her*), just wait a minute or two here, now do’ee: I ha’ gotten a letter to gie to the old book chap here, and then I have something—you know (*cunningly*)—I *have*, indeed: come, now do’ee wait, good girl. I say, Mr. Leatherhead, here be a letter for you from Lady Bab Blue.

Leath. What! another letter! (*anxiously*).

Davy. Ah! you may well say another and another. Nothing but write, write, and them *pistles* (as she calls them) going off from morning till night. Ecod, she spells such a power of words in the day, that I only wonder how the poor old alphabet holds out with her.

Leath. Bless me! I’m in such a fluster I can hardly read a line (*reads*). ‘Dear Sir! I have made up my mind completely since I saw you, and my Ammonia, that treasure for which so many proposals have been made, shall be put immediately into your hands.’ Ammonia—her niece’s name—I shall go wild. ‘Her beauties have hitherto been the delight only of a private circle; but I have no doubt that upon her appearance in public she will draw the whole world to your shop.’ Oh! damn the shop; I’ll shut that up immediately; I’ll throw my wig at the stars; I’ll—
(*capering about*).

Davy. Why, the old chap is beside himself, for sartain.

Leath. ‘You, doubtless, are well acquainted with the history of this volatile creature.’ Volatile! oh! no matter for that: *this volatile creature*, Ammonia, *vulgarly called Sal by the apothecaries.* Her niece called *Sal by the apothecaries!* What the devil does she mean? Oh; I suppose a pet name which her friend the Irish druggist has for her; but *I’ll* always call her Ammonia, Ammonia, my dear Ammonia (*throws his arms round Susan*).

Susan. La! Mr. Bookseller, one would think you want me for an apprentice, you *bind* me so fast to you——

Leath. Let me see what more: ‘*As I can imagine your impatience to possess this treasure, call upon me this evening at Miss Hartington’s, and it shall be made your own.*’ Just what she said in the other note. Yes, yes, I’ll go, I’ll go (*parades the stage consequentially*). Oh, Leatherhead! Leatherhead! thou wert born under a lucky asterisk! Show me a brother type out of Paternoster Row that could smuggle himself into the copyright of an heiress of two-and-twenty so neatly!

Davy. Well—I’ll be shot if there isn’t something in this larning that turns every parson’s head that’s at all concarn’d with it, and I believe what the politician at the ale-house said was true, that the war, and the taxes, and the rest of the mischief, all comes of your devilish Greek and Latin.—I say, Mr. Leatherhead, what answer am I to take back to my lady?

Leath. Answer? Tell her that I’m all rapture and astonishment—that I am stark staring with wonder, like three notes of admiration—and that—I’ll marry her niece in the twinkling of a semi-colon.

Davy. Marry her what?

Leath. Marry her what?—Her niece, puppy—my volatile, but valuable Ammonia! (*half aside*).

Davy. What! you?

Susan. What! you? (*both laughing at him*).

Leath. Yes, I, sir—yes, I, ma'am—What the devil are you laughing at? (*strutting from one to the other.*)

LAUGHING TRIO.

SUSAN, DAVY, and LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. Girl, dost thou know me?

Sus. & Dav. Oh! what a wooer!

Leath. Slave! thou'rt below me!

Sus. & Dav. This wig will undo her.

Leath. Oh! curse your grinning!

Sus. & Dav. This lock so winning!

Leath. Ma'am, if you giggle thus,
And treat my wig ill thus,

I'll let you shortly know who am I.

Sus. & Dav. A handsome lover this!

Leath. You sha'n't get over this;

Sus. & Dav. This laugh will end me quite:—

Leath. Pray heaven send it might!

Sus. & Dav. Ho, ha, ha, hah! hah, ha!

How the fool makes me laugh!—

Oh! I shall die!

Leath. But you shall weep for this fun by-and-by.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—MADAME DE ROSIER'S Cottage.

Enter DE ROSIER and LA FOSSE.

La Fosse. Ah! de barbare!—vat! he turn you out vidout one penny!

De Ros. Yes, La Fosse, dismissed me from his paltry service, without even a hint at the remuneration which he agreed to give me, and I would starve sooner than ask him.

La Fosse. Ah! oui, starve yourself à la bonne heure—But your poor moder!

De Ros. Yes, yes, my mother! Something *must* be done instantly; the little sum we brought with us hither is exhausted, and Heaven only knows whither I shall now turn for a supply.

La Fosse (looking at his snuff-box.) Ah, you little snuff-box! I have hold fast by you long time, when all my oder little articles were pressed into de service of this grumbling tyran here (*hand on the stomach*)—I did tink de *conscription* would come to you at last.

De Ros. What do you say, La Fosse?

La Fosse. Indeed, I vas cracking joke bad enough, monsieur, upon my poor old *tabatière* here, and I vil go dis moment to the jeweller's, and try what I can make of him.

De Ros. To the jeweller's?

La Fosse. Oui, sare, to sell this little box, which your good father gave me, and make the best use of his present by comforting his vife and child.

De Ros. My kind old man! I have never treated you as you deserved, and so it is, alas! with many humble hearts, neglected, perhaps slighted, during our prosperous moments, but which, when the darkness of adversity arrives, come forth like the sweet night-plant, and reproach us only by the fragrance they breathe over our path, for the rudeness, with which we have, perhaps, trodden down their leaves in the sunshine. Keep my father's present, old man; I will not hear of your parting with it.

La Fosse. Pardon, monsieur, but if I continue taking snuff out of silver, while my friend is in want of von shilling, may my gentleman-like *rappée* be turned into *blackguard*, and every pinch go the wrong way.

De Ros. My faithful *La Fosse*! But here comes my mother; she must not know the extent of our distresses. Women should be like those temples of old, from which words of ill omen were carefully kept away.

Enter MADAME DE ROSIER.

Mad. de Ros. My dear Henry! what is to become of us?

De Ros. Become of us? oh! everything that is good and happy.

Mad. de Ros. You are always so sanguine, Henry!

De Ros. And why should I not, dearest mother? I have hitherto steered so safely by the star of Heaven's providence, that even while 'tis clouded, I trust to its guidance cheerfully!

La Fosse. Ah! dat is brave boy! and here is to your good health (*taking a pinch of snuff*). A votre santé, mon petit bon homme!

Mad. de Ros. But what is your present plan?

De Ros. The money I am to receive from old Leatherhead will support us during my short interval of idleness, and I know a thousand situations, in which willing industry, like mine, is sure to meet with employment. In a soil like this, which liberty has fertilised, the very weakest shoots of talent thrive and flourish!

SONG.¹—DE ROSIER.

Tho' sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.

¹ Reprinted in Moore's Poetical Works, ix. 394.

Oh thou ! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
 But diest of languor in Luxury's dome,
 Our vision, when absent—our glory, when present,—
 Where thou art, O Liberty ! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd !
 In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave !
 Unblest is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
 And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
 But hail to thee, Albion ! who meet'st the commotion
 Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam ;
 With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
 Hail, Temple of Liberty ! thou art my home.

[*Exit.*

Mad. de Ros. Alas ! La Fosse, he little knows the cruel perplexity in which I am placed—the injured son of Lady Canvas is, I find, his friend ; and if my Henry were aware of our powers of righting him, his generous nature would forget every personal consideration, and expose him to all the enmity with which that unfeeling Sir Charles threatened him.

La Fosse. (*who has been all this time in a reverie about his snuff-box, and not attending to her.*) I do not like to lose my good rappée, either.

Mad. de Ros. Oh ! that we had the means of flying from this unlucky place, where every thing conspires to perplex and agitate me.

La Fosse. If I could find de little something to put it in (*aside*).

Mad. de Ros. What are you meditating, La Fosse ? Does anything occur to you ?

La Fosse. Oui, my lady, it occur to me that my rappée have not de true relish out of silver.

Mad. de Ros. (*turning away*). Trifling old man !

La Fosse. And if I could find something (*looking round*). Ah ! I have de thought. My lady ! where did

you put that little bag the old beggarman did give you to-day?

Mad. de Ros. I know not where I threw it, and I must say, La Fosse, that, painfully occupied as my mind is, it is cruel to trifle with me thus (*sits down, much agitated*).

La Fosse (*still looking about*). Pardon, my lady. Ah! le voilà (*finds it*). Come here, you little bag, I vil do you an honneur you little dream of (*starts and lets the bag fall*). Diable! vat is I see?

Mad. de Ros. Why do you start, La Fosse?

La Fosse. Start? Pardi, I have seen the ghost of a fifty-pound note, looking as fresh and alive as if he just walk out of Threadneedle Street.

Mad. de Ros. What do you mean?

La Fosse. It cannot be real, mais, I will touch (*takes up the note*). By gar, it is as substantial a *fifty* as ever Monsieur Henri Hase stood godfather for (*shows it to her*).

Mad. de Ros. All-blessing Providence! this is thy agency. Fly, La Fosse, seek your master, and tell him what kind Heaven has sent us.

La Fosse. I will, my lady; and I will pray by the way, that every poor and honest fellow may find as lucky a bag to put his *tabac* in. [*Exit.*

Mad. de Ros. Mysterious stranger! Now I feel the meaning of his words. Thou art, indeed, a medicine for many ills (*addressing the money*), blest, if thou wert not the *cause* of still more; but oh! how many a heart thou corruptest, for the very few to which thou givest comfort! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

Enter Sir CHARLES CANVAS, dressed for the Evening.

Sir C. 'Tis too true—this brother of mine is arrived. Yes, yes, he thinks to *throw me out*—comes to *petition* against *the sitting member*, but it won't do: he'll find me as *sedentary* as the *Long Parliament* (*looking out*). Isn't that my ragged friend coming this way? The very fellow to manage the bribery business for me. Nothing like an agent—a middle-man upon these occasions, for your *bribe* ought never to descend from too great a height, but be let down *easily* into the pocket.

Enter Mr. HARTINGTON.

Ah; how do you do, old boy? how d'ye do? The *very* man I wanted to meet.

Mr. Hart. This everlasting fool (*aside*).

Sir C. I dare say now, my friend, old Hartington has so often employed you as a sort of journeyman in his works of charity, that your hand falls as naturally into a *giving* attitude as that of a physician into a *taking* one.

Mr. Hart. The art of *giving*, sir, is not so very easily learned. It requires so much less exertion of thought to *throw away* than to *give*, that no wonder this short cut to a reputation for generosity should be generally preferred by the indolent and fashionable.

Sir C. A plague on this fellow's moral tongue. What an excellent *dinner-bell* 'twould make in *the House*! (*aside*). But, I say, my old fellow, my reason for asking is, that I have a little charitable job upon hands myself, which must be managed, you know, in a

delicate way, and in which I mean to employ you as my proxy.

Mr. Hart. I have wronged him then, and coxcombs *may* have hearts (*aside*).

Sir C. You know the cottage where I met you to-day: fine woman that! rather *passée*, to be sure; and so is her purse, I fear—*exchequer low*, you understand me.

Mr. Hart. She is poor, sir, but evidently has been otherwise; and of all the garbs in Poverty's wardrobe, the faded mantle of former prosperity is the most melancholy!

Sir C. So it is—quite—like a collar of last year's cut exactly, and I have, therefore, resolved to settle a small annuity upon that lady for her life.

Mr. Hart. Generous young man! what disinterested benevolence!

Sir C. You shall go this instant and settle the matter with her: all I ask in return is that she will (to-night, if possible) pack up all her moveables, not forgetting the old black-muzzled Frenchman, and be off to some remote corner of the island, where even *the Speaker's warrant* can't reach her.

Mr. Hart. But wherefore this strange condition, Sir Charles?

Sir C. Why, you must know that respectable lady has a little secret of mine in her custody; and as women make but tender-hearted gaolers, I am afraid she might let it *escape* some fine morning or other.

Mr. Hart. Ha! all is not right here (*aside*). Certainly, Sir Charles—I shall, with all my heart, negotiate this business for you; but it is necessary, of course, that I should be better acquainted with the particulars.

Sir C. True, and the fact is (remember *the Gaugers'*

List, old boy,)—the fact is, I have just come into a large fortune, which my eldest brother most inconveniently thinks he has a right to, and this lady and her servant are in possession of *certain* circumstances which—um—in short, they must be got out of the way—you understand me.

Mr. Hart. I understand you *now* (*warmly*), though weak enough at first to believe that Selfishness could, for an instant, turn from her own monstrous idol, to let fall, even by chance, one pure offering on the altar of Benevolence!

Sir C. Heyday! here are heroics! why, what the devil do you mean, my old speechifier?

Mr. Hart. I mean, fool! that your own weak tongue has betrayed to me the whole trumpery tissue of your base, unnatural machinations, which if I do not unravel to their last thread before I sleep, may my pillow never be blessed with the bright consciousness of having done what is right before man and heaven!

Sir C. Mr. Hartington, fellow, shall know of this insolence.

Mr. Hart. Mr. Hartington, sir, despises, as *I* do, the man, however highly placed, who depends upon the venality of others for the support of his own injustice, and whose purse, like packages from an infected country, is never opened but to spread contamination around it!

Sir C. Why, thou pauper!—thou old ragamuffin!—that look'st like a torn-up *Act of Insolvency*, how darest thou speak thus to a man of family and a Senator? Venture but to breathe another syllable in this style, and I'll show you such a specimen of the accomplishments of a gentleman as shall—(*advancing close to Mr. Hartington in a boxing attitude, when De Rosier, who has entered behind during this last*

speech, steps between them, and turns away Sir C.'s arm).

De Ros. Hold, sir! Is this your bravery? 'Twas but just now I found you insulting a woman, and now I find your valour up in arms against a poor defenceless old man!—Go—go—I said that you should account to me for your conduct; but there are persons, Sir Charles, who, like insects that lose their sting in wounding, become too contemptible for our resentment, even in the very act of offending us.

Sir C. Was there ever an M.P. so treated? If this is not a breach of privilege, then is the *Lex Parliamenti* a mere flourish—a flim-flam! Damme—I'll send them both to the Tower (*aside*).

Mr. Hart. Your pretensions, sir——

Sir C. Order! order! spoke twice—spoke twice—Curse me if I stay any longer to be harangued by this brace of orators. Better get off with a whole skin, though (*aside*). Gentlemen, my sedan-chair is in waiting to take me to Miss Hartington's, where if *you*, sir, have anything further to say to me (*advancing stoutly to De Rosier*), you will find me all the evening—Safe enough in that—daren't show his nose there (*aside*).

Mr. Hart. One word before——

Sir C. No—no—you'll excuse me, your attacks upon me already have been so very much *out of order* that they force me to throw myself on the *protection* of the *Chairman*—Chair! Chair! Chair!

[*Exit, calling his chair.*

Mr. Hart. This conspiracy must be sifted to the bottom. The lady of the cottage shall come to my house this evening. Young gentleman, I thank you for your interference; and I pray you, let me know to whom I am indebted for it.

De Ros. To one as penniless as yourself, old man!

Mr. Hart. Another claim upon me! Kind heaven! what luck thou hast thrown in my heart's way since morning! (*aside*). And may I ask, sir, whither you were now going?

De Ros. To any place but home,—‘there poverty awaits me, and the forced smile, which those we love put on, when they would hide their wants and sorrows from us.’

Mr. Hart. Come then with me, and share *my* humble meal.

De Ros. What, thine, poor man!—no—no—yet—False pride! thou strugglest now, but I will tame thee (*aside*). Yes willingly, my friend, *most* willingly, and the more rude our fare, the truer foretaste it may give of the hard lot that heaven prepares for me.

Mr. Hart. Come, then, and the first toast over our scanty beverage shall be, ‘May the blessing sent from the poor man’s meal be always the sweetener of the cup at the rich man’s banquet!’ [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*An Antechamber at Mr. HARTINGTON’S.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. Not come yet!—how my old heart beats! I think this suit of my friend the poet’s does charmingly (*admiring his dress*)—*binding* remarkably neat—*frontispiece* (*putting his hand to his face*) rather worn out, I confess, but when *well gilt* by the heiress’s gold, why, a tolerable good *family copy* of ‘*the Whole Duty of Man.*’ Hist!—here comes the old lady. What shall I be doing? looking over the books?—no—curse it—that’s too much of the shop. She shall find me in raptures over the last letter she sent me (*reads it with ridiculous gesticulations*).

Enter Lady BAB.

Lady Bab. Ay—there he is—happy man! quite *saturated* with the idea of getting my MS. into his hands. I perceive, Mr. Leatherhead, that you are *pleased* with the thoughts of possessing my *Ammonia*.

Leath. Pleased, ma'am? I am astonished, ma'am—it has made me wild, ma'am—turned me upside down, like a Hebrew spelling-book, ma'am.

Lady Bab. I knew the effect it would have upon him (*aside*). You will find, I trust, sir, that notwithstanding the *volatility* of my subject, and the various philosophic amours in which *Ammonia* is engaged (*he starts*), I have taken care that no improper warmth should appear upon the surface, but that the little of that nature which *does* exist, should be what we chemists call *latent heat*.

Leath. Ay, true, your ladyship mentioned in your letter that she was a little volatile, but, bless your heart! that is of no sort of consequence, it will only make herself and me the more fashionable.

Lady Bab. You are not perhaps aware, Mr. Leatherhead, of the *discoveries* that have lately been made respecting *Ammonia*.

Leath. Discoveries! oh no—here comes the secret of my getting her—some *faux-pas* of Miss's, I suppose (*aside*). Why—no—my lady, I am not—though I confess when you said the philosophers were about her, I *did* feel a little alarm, for your philosopher, my lady, is a devilish dangerous sort of fellow.

Lady Bab. Oh! not at all dangerous, except when an *explosion* takes place.

Leath. Mercy on me! the morals of your women of quality! (*aside*). But, with submission, my lady,

what may the discoveries be that have lately been made about Miss Ammonia?

Lady Bab. Miss Ammonia! how well he keeps up the personification! (*aside*). It has been found that a lively, *electric spark*——

Leath. A spark! ay—I guessed how it was (*aside*).

Lady Bab. Has produced a very interesting effect upon Ammonia.

Leath. I don't doubt it (*aside*). And pray, my lady, where did this lively spark come from?

Lady Bab. From the *battery*, sir.

Leath. From the battery, ay! some young artillery officer, I suppose. But it can't be helped—second-hand book—a blot or two on the cover—but high-priced in the catalogue—so better for me than a new one (*aside*).

Lady Bab. What do you think the world will say of it?

Leath. Say of it, my lady! Ah, I dare say they'll be severe enough upon it.

Lady Bab. Nay, there I differ with you. To expose anything so delicately brilliant to the rigours of criticism, would be what is called putting a rainbow into a crucible!

Leath. Well, I hope not, but I say, my lady, I think I have some reason to expect that, in the *money* arrangements between us——

Lady Bab. Well, sir?

Leath. Why, that some additional consideration will be made to me for the little flaw in Miss's character——

Lady Bab. Flaw, sir! give me leave to tell you, sir, that the character of Ammonia has been kept up from beginning to end.

Leath. Oh, I dare say, pains enough taken to keep it up, but patching seldom does, and you confess your-

self that your niece is rather—you know—(*putting his finger to his nose*).

Lady Bab. My niece, man; what do you mean?

Leath. Oh! I don't mean to say that it makes any difference, but you own yourself that your niece has been rather a comical sort of a young lady.

Lady Bab. My niece comical! I am thunder-struck: explain yourself, dotard, this instant.

Leath. Lord bless your ladyship's heart, don't be in a passion, for, notwithstanding all this, I'll marry her in a jiffy.

Lady Bab. Marry her!

Leath. Yes, without saying one word more of her flaws or of her comicalness.

Lady Bab. I see how it is: his brain is turned with the thoughts of being my publisher (*aside*). Explain, idiot, if you can, the meaning of all this.

Leath. The meaning! Oh! for shame, my lady; isn't here the letter you gave me in the shop so sily, pretending it came from a great Irish druggist? (*she snatches it from him and reads it.*) And here the other, brought to me not an hour ago, in which you tell me that I am to have miss this very evening, and that her name is *Ammonia*, though she is vulgarly called *Sal* by the *apothocaries*. Oh, my lady!

Lady Bab. I understand the blunder now; and this is the cause of the brute's raptures after all, instead of triumphing, as I fondly imagined, in the possession of my glorious manuscript. But I'll be revenged of him. Here, Davy, kick that impertinent bookseller out of the house.

Davy. I wool, my lady.

Lady B. And teach the vulgar *bibliopolist* to know how superior is the love of the *nine Muses* to that which is felt for mere *mortal* young women—the former being

a pure *empyrean* gas—the latter (to say no worse of it), mere *inflammable phlogiston* ! [Exit.

Davy. I wool, my lady. I'll teach him all that in no time (*gets between Leatherhead and the door*).

Leath. I'm all in a panic (*aside*). By your leave, young man.

Davy. Noa, you don't go in such a hurry ; you come here, you know, to marry the young lady, and it's I, you see, that's to perform the ceremony, only instead of miss's *hand*, you are to have my *foot*, you understand me.

Leath. One word before you proceed. I don't much mind for myself, but I have got on a poor poet's best blue breeches.

Davy. Don't tell me of a poet's blue breeches. I must do as mistress bid me. But come, you shall have a fair chance at starting too ; there now (*gives room for him to run past him*).

Leath. Bless me, bless me ! that a bookseller should be obliged to carry a large *impression of Foote's Works* behind him ! [Runs off, and DAVY after him.

SCENE VI.—*Lighted-up Apartments with folding doors, within which are discovered Lady BAB, Sir CHARLES, Miss SELWYN, and Captain CANVAS at cards, Miss HARTINGTON standing by them.*

Enter DE ROSIER.

De Ros. Where am I ? It seems to me like a dream of enchantment, and as if this strange old man were the magician that called it up. He bid me wander fearlessly through these splendid apartments, and he would soon be with me. I have seen nothing as I passed along but rich sparkling lamps and vases

breathing with flowers ; and I have heard, at a distance, the sounds of sweet voices, that recall to me the times when I was gayest and happiest. (*During this speech Miss Hartington has come forward, and is now close behind him unobserved.*) Yes, Emily Hartington, 'twas in scenes like these I first beheld that endearing smile, first listened to the tones of that gentle voice, which must never again charm my ear.

Miss Hart. Mr. De Rosier !

De Ros. (*starting*). Heavens ! do I dream, or is it indeed Miss Hartington ? Pardon this intrusion, madam, but——

Miss Hart. Oh, call it not intrusion, there is not, in this world, one more welcome (*takes his hand*). Yet, my father coming, and this company assembled, how can I ask him to remain ? (*aside*).

De Ros. Allow me to retire, madam ; I have been led into this awkwardness by a poor, but venerable old man, who is, I suppose, a menial of this house, and who invited me (*hesitating*)——

Miss Hart. He has come with my father. How strange, but oh how happy ! (*aside*). Then you *must* stay—I insist upon your staying.

De Rosier (*turning away, but affected by her kindness*). No, no, dear Miss Hartington !

Sir C. (*who during the few last words has come forward ; De Rosier still keeps his head turned away*). What, Miss Hartington, can anyone be so stoical as to resist your solicitations ? Perhaps the gentleman is going to *another party*, a *change of party* is often very refreshing. 'I *rat* sometimes in that way myself.'

Miss Hart. I must not let him perceive my agitation (*aside*). Perhaps, Sir Charles, you will be more successful in prevailing upon him. [*Retires.*]

Sir C. Ma'am, I'll *second your motion* with all my heart, though after you I can hardly hope to—Pray—

(tapping De Rosier on the shoulder, who turns frowningly.)

De Ros. Well, sir!

Sir C. The devil! this hectoring young emigrant, oh my nerves! (*aside*). Ah! took the hint, I see, and came after me, but you observe there are ladies here, and I'd rather put it off till to-morrow morning if you please, or the morning after, or any time in the course of the winter.

De Ros. Make your mind easy, sir, there is not the least danger I assure you, of our ever being antagonists, unless by some fatality *I* should grow so feeble and defenceless as to tempt *you* to become the aggressor.

[Turns away and retires.

Sir C. Thank you, sir, very kind indeed. What the devil right has this vapouring shopman to be here? Must turn him out—must turn him out—*enforce* the *Standing Order* for the *exclusion of strangers*. (*Turns round to look at Captain Canvas and Miss Selwyn, who have been all this time employed in an explanation about the miniature, which appears to end amicably.*) What! my brother so close with Miss Selwyn! um, this won't do (*advances to them, and seems anxious to get him away from her*). I say, my dear Captain, most happy of course to see you back from sea, but give me leave to tell you that, in *this* quarter *I* am the *duly elected representative*, while you are—(*with contempt*)——

Capt. C. What, sir? (*firmly*).

Sir C. Oh, simply the *returning officer*, and, a word in your ear (*apart*), as you have been so unlucky here, I think you had better try *Old Sarum* yonder (*pointing to Lady Bab*).

Capt. C. Brother! you have robbed me of every worldly advantage, and Heaven, for its own wise purpose, seems to favour your usurpation; but *here* I

have a claim (*taking Miss Selwyn's hand*) acknowledged warmly and faithfully, which never, never, while I have life, will I resign.

Lady Bab. Why, niece, are you mad? or can you seriously mean, miss, to degrade the *standard* blood of the Blues by this *base alloy* of illegitimacy and poverty?

Miss S. You know already, madam, what I think of the claims of Sir Charles (*Sir C. advances smirking towards her*), that they are surpassed in hollowness only by his heart (*Sir C. returns to his former place, disappointed*). Captain Canvas has been, indeed, unfortunate; but though Love is often as blind as Fortune, and sometimes even puts on the bandage of that goddess, in *this* instance he sees with his own warm unerring eyes, and turns from the adopted *changeling* of Fortune, to acknowledge the true genuine inheritor of his soul (*giving her hand to Capt. Canvas*).

Miss Hart. How perfectly my own feelings, if I could but dare to utter them! (*aside*). But, see, my father!

Sir C. Odso—I'm quite happy—have long wished to know your father, Miss Hartington! *Thrown out in the other—must canvas here (aside)*

Miss Hart. I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to him.

Enter Mr. HARTINGTON, in his own dress.

Mr. Hart. Now for the crowning of this sweet day's task! (*aside*).

Miss Hart. (*leading Sir C. to him*). Father! Sir Charles Canvas.

Mr. Hart. (*turning round*). Your humble servant, sir (*Sir C. starts, and sneaks off, Mr. H. following him*). What! do you turn away from me? the 'old pensioner,' your 'gauger-that-is-to-be?' Go, go, weak man. When fools turn engineers of mischief, the

recoil of their own artillery is the best and surest punishment of their temerity. Captain Canvas! you are welcome; we must soon call you by another title; though heraldry can furnish none so honourable as that which the brave man earns for himself. Mr. De Rosier, forgive me for the embarrassment I must have caused you, by so unprepared an introduction among strangers. And, daughter! I have two more guests for your assembly, whom this gentleman (*pointing to Sir C.*), I have no doubt, will recognise with no less pleasure than he exhibited upon being presented to me. Come, madam (*leads in Madame de Rosier and La Fosse*).

Sir C. So, so, I see 'tis all over with me (*aside*).

Mr. Hart. This lady and her servant were present at the marriage of the late Lady Canvas, and will have much satisfaction, I doubt not, in being introduced to the rightful heir of the family, Captain Sir William Canvas.

Mad. De Ros. (*addressing herself to Capt. C.*). I am happy, sir, that it is in my power to pay a tribute to the memory of my friend, by doing justice to the rights of a son, whom, I know, she loved most tenderly.

La Fosse. (*running up to Capt. C.*). Ah! den it is your ear I have pinched so often—Got bless my soul!

Lady Bab. So then, I find you are *not* Sir Charles Canvas after all?

Sir C. No, ma'am, nothing but plain Charlie Canvas, Esq., to which you may add M.P. till the next *dissolution*.

Lady Bab. I declare that alters the result materially; and I begin to think it would not be altogether wise to trust my niece's fortune to you; for though you

are a lively, *mercurial* fellow, yet we chemists know that gold, when *amalgamated* with *quicksilver*, becomes very brittle, and soon flies.

Sir C. So then, there's an end to all *my* dignities; and now that I am decidedly *out*, it is high time for me to *resign*. Brother, I wish you joy, and my lords and gentlemen (ladies and gentlemen, I mean), for any other little delinquencies I have been guilty of, I must only *throw myself on the mercy of the House*.

Mr. Hart. (*coming forward with a miniature, which has, since his last speech, been given to him, with some dumb-show explanation, by Miss Selwyn and Capt. Canvas*). Daughter! (*with assumed severity*), here is a circumstance, which requires serious explanation.

Miss Hart. My father!

Mr. Hart. You gave this miniature of yourself to Mr. de Rosier?

Miss Hart. What! I? Oh! never. Mr. de Rosier (*appealing to him*)—

De Ros. No, madam, you *did* not give it. I confess with shame——

Mr. Hart. Come, children, your friends here have let me into a secret about you; you love each other, and I rejoice, sir, that my daughter's heart has anticipated mine in doing justice to your merits. Take her, and be happy; and may the events of this day be long remembered as a source of hope to the injured, and of warning to the unjust, of kindly omen to the faithful in love, and of sweet solace to the patient in adversity!

FINALE.

DE ROSIER, *Capt.* CANVAS, *Miss* SELWYN, *Miss*
HARTINGTON, *and* CHORUS.

DE ROSIER.

How sweet the day hath ended !
Ne'er yet has sun descended
Leaving bliss
So dear as this
To gild the dreams of night.

Chorus. How sweet the day hath ended ! &c.

Captain CANVAS *and* *Miss* SELWYN.

The bright star yonder
As soon can wander
As I from thee,
As thou from me.

Chorus. How sweet the day, &c.

Miss HARTINGTON.

Hope's rose had nearly perish'd,
No breath its budding cherish'd ;
But one hour
Hath waked the flower
In Love's own tenderest light !

Chorus. How sweet the day, &c.

THE
CHAPTER OF THE BLANKET:
A FRAGMENT.

[This Fragment is now first printed from two manuscript books of Moore's, written in a hand so extremely minute, and with such complicated interlineations and corrections as to have proved decipherable only with the greatest difficulty, and with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. The intrinsic merit of this unfinished romance proves, however, amply to warrant the time and labour spent upon it. It has all the grace and sparkle of one of the romances of Voltaire, and a sunny radiance of wit and poetry glancing over it that make us regret its premature close, like that of a brief day of sunlight passing abruptly into night.]

CHAPTER I.

THE BLANKET.

‘WHAT news from the Khalif’s army?’ asked the young student. His question was addressed to a grave old politician, whom he found seated beside him under a portico of the college Al Mostanseria, at Bagdat.

‘Gloomy enough, sir,’ answered the other. ‘Our troops are flying in all directions from the Tartar general Holagu.’

‘And what mean then those rejoicings through the city?’

‘They are for our last defeat, sir, which the Khalif’s minister declares, as he values his honour and his place, was no defeat at all, but a victory. He has accordingly ordered the inhabitants of Bagdat to rejoice, which they are now at this moment doing with the worst grace imaginable.’

‘How wise are the descendants of Abbas!’ thought the youth to himself; ‘they seem to think that Fortune, like the moon, can be released from her eclipse by the rude clangour of senseless rejoicing.’

‘But,’ he resumed, ‘the Tartar will soon be at your gates. Does not the Khalif mean to arm the inhabitants?’

‘Allah forbid!’ replied the old gentleman, who belonged to the established order of the Sonnites; ‘we should then be indebted for our safety to those heretics

the Shiites. You are evidently a stranger, young man, or you would know better than to suppose we would trust one hair of our orthodox heads to a set of infidels who disbelieve the blessed Chapter of the Blanket.' The student upon this wished the pious Sonnite a good evening, and retired to his apartments.

The name of this youth was C——. He had left Europe under the banner of the Saint-King Louis, and had done honour to the red branch upon his shield¹ at the battles of Mansurah and the Ashmun, in the latter of which that monarch was himself taken prisoner. But when St. Louis, having purchased back his sacred person at a price which few kings have ever been worth to their subjects, concluded peace with Azzodin Aijbec and returned to France, young C——, who had somewhat more taste for learned pursuits than his brother Crusaders could in general boast, resolved to visit the schools of the East, and to exchange the pious task of murdering heathens for the somewhat more useful one of studying and improving by them.

On entering his apartment he found his faithful servant Diarmid stretched at full length over a large sheet of mathematical figures, which the young scholar had drawn that morning with his tutor, and slumbering almost as sound among the triangles as the Egyptian kings under their pyramids.

'These Tartars, Diarmid, will, I fear, interrupt my studies.'

'And my sleep, sir,' said Diarmid, rubbing his eyes, 'which is a much more weighty consideration. I was in hopes that we had done with battles and sieges, and that your valour and my prudence had quite sufficiently distinguished themselves; but here we are again in the

¹ It was my intention to make my hero an Irishman, but, I believe, I should have given up this idea.

very midst of troubles. Ah, sir! 'tis a sad thing to go to one's bed at night with the expectation of being waked by a battering-ram in the morning, and having your head and your slumbers broken together; to catch one's death going out in a shower of arrows, or——'

'Put up those books,' said C——, interrupting him, 'and meet me early in the morning at Masud's villa.'

This villa was a little rural retreat on the banks of the Tigris which belonged to Masud, his venerable preceptor, and to which the youth often fled for coolness during the sultry nights of that climate.

The sun was now setting, and the modest Arabian jasmines, which had kept their odours to themselves all day, were just now beginning to let the sweet secret out, and to make every passing breeze their confidante. To some minds the hour of sunset brings a feeling of sadness, and doubtless a Laplander may well be allowed to look a little pensive on such an occasion. But this was not one of C——'s weaknesses, if we may judge by the gaiety with which he now rowed his boat down the Tigris. Not that there was anything at this moment to make him particularly lively; but he had ever possessed that happy kind of imagination which retains the impressions of past pleasure, as the Bologna stone treasures up sunbeams; and the light of one joy had scarcely time to fade from his heart before he was sure to find some means of kindling it up with another.

He was now arrived in sight of the little villa of Masud, and the mild moonlight which fell upon every object, becalmed the whole scene into such beautiful repose, as gave a tone of softness even to the wild spirits of C——.

Not far beyond this villa was the palace of the Emir Al Omera, the most favourite counsellor of the

Khalif, and chosen, like all other favourite counsellors, for his zeal and courage in recommending measures which he knew his master had fully determined in his own mind already. But the chief point upon which this Emir prided himself, was the superior excellence of his seraglio and library; and, to do him justice, it was agreed on all hands that there was not in all Bagdat a more beautiful collection of women and books. So fastidious was he in these kinds of vertu, that he rejected all but maidens and originals, and would have nothing to say to either widows or translations.

It was rumoured indeed, in the best-informed circles of Bagdat, that the Emir's love was worth about as much as his learning; that he was more of a Platonist in his seraglio than in his library; and that he contented himself with merely admiring the varieties of illumination in the eyes of his mistresses and the margins of his manuscripts, without troubling himself with any further research into either. But, however this might be, he had built, for the reception of both, a most splendid palace upon the banks of the Tigris, and never did its graceful columns and light-springing arches throw a softer shade over the bosom of the river than on this very evening as the boat of C—— approached it. But whither is the youth directing his course? He has already passed the humble villa of Masud, and is now gliding under the shadow of the sycamore trees, which hang from the lofty terrace of Al Omera's seraglio. Is it the beauty of the evening which tempts him so far? or is he about to study the fair planet Venus which is just now shining with that half-retired disc which astronomers tell us is the most engaging of all her attitudes?

Before these questions can be answered with certainty we must return to some events which are left

not undesignedly behind us. Dante says that in going up a hill the hinder foot should always be the firmer,¹ and assuredly in the uphill work of beginning a narrative, the hind-foot of the story cannot be too firmly planted.

CHAPTER II.

THE NOWROWZ.

OUR student loved not only learning, but everything else that a young man ought to love; and accordingly from the very first evening which he passed in the neighbourhood of the palace, he could dream of nothing but the various sorts of treasures which it contained; Aristotles in Greek, and Sapphos of all languages; books of magic, and looks of enchantment, leaves never turned, and lips never breathed upon, so haunted his fancy with their different kinds of charms, that frequently in his sleep, he would confuse them together, and imagine that he beheld some white-shouldered Circassian, with nothing but a manuscript to cover her beauties, like that lady in Boileau,² whose petticoat was made out of three College Theses written upon satin.

One morning during the Nowrowz or festival of the spring, having risen with the sun and walked into the gay green lawn which sloped from the cottage to the river, he observed upon the grass, which was still wet with the night-dew, the prints of a foot so small and beautiful, that he could have sworn it belonged to

¹ 'Il piè dietro il più fermo.'

² Madame Tardieu.

some spiritual being, had he not known how seldom your immortals leave any traces of themselves behind. Surprised at this phenomenon, he followed the direction of the footsteps, and could trace them up close to the windows of a summer-house where he often studied when the nights were warm; from thence they returned and continued by the side of the river till they were lost at the entrance of a deep dark wood which extended along the banks of the Tigris, between Masud's lawn and the gardens of the Emir. In a fancy like that of the young student, this was more than sufficient to engender a thousand vague imaginations, and though doubtless a Hercules may be judged from the foot with somewhat more certainty than a Venus, yet could he not help building on this very slight foundation, so faultless a superstructure of grace and beauty as no foot in this world ever yet supported, except that perhaps of the easel of an Apelles.

'Beware' (said his man Diarmid, who found him examining these footprints), 'beware, sir, of what you are about; there are certain demons in this country so diminutive, that whenever they are inclined to pass for anything human (being unable to take a whole corpse to themselves like your portly European devils), they are obliged to content themselves with animating only particular parts of it; and it depends entirely upon their whim and propensities whether they will rail at you as a tongue, pick your pockets as a hand, snore in your ears as a nose, or do anything else that any other member is capable of. That virtuous and much-tempted philosopher, Essophi, whenever he unlocked and entered his study, used to see a white hand suspended over his writing-desk, which would instantly let fall the pen at his approach, and vanishing leave him a half-finished love-letter from a succubus, scrawled crossways over his

most orthodox orisons. In like manner the Persian poet Massala was haunted wherever he went by a pair of bright blue eyes, which kept constantly staring at him during his moments of composition, till at length he was advised one day to write an ode in their praise, upon which these blue demons disappeared and never troubled him afterwards. Now who knows, sir, but that these footmarks which you are tracing may belong to some peripatetic little demon, who has taken it into his head to become a foot for your bewilderment? They swarm chiefly in seraglios, because there is a certain ——'

At the word 'seraglios' the heart of C—— was awakened from the reverie in which it had continued during the whole of this demonological harangue. He cast one look towards the wood into which the foot seemed to have entered, and leaving Diarmid, as usual, to finish his speech by himself, he flew to his chamber, and taking up a Euclid endeavoured to forget, among the legs of triangles, the impression which the sight of this footstep had made upon him.

'It is certain,' said he, after a few hours' study, as if fully convinced by the demonstrations of his author, 'it is certain that there must be some communication between our lawn and the gardens of the Seraglio.' This point being decided, he resumed his Euclid, and every page he turned proved to him more and more that he ought not to let that night pass over without endeavouring to unravel the mystery of the footmark.

Accordingly when all was dark and quiet, when Masud had extinguished his study-lamp, and Diarmid lay dreaming that his body and members were let out in lodgings to families of little devils, he stole across the lawn to that part of the wood at which his pursuit in the morning had terminated. It was a clear moon-

light night, but the trees were so thick and tangled, and stood up in such bigoted array against the least innovation of light, that he could neither find a path nor make one, but was obliged to contend every inch of his way with the branches, till, wearied and disheartened by the difficulties of the progress, he began to think that Diarmid was in the right, and that nothing under the rank of a demon was privileged to pass through such horrors. Just at this moment he felt something like a path beneath his feet, and at the same instant heard a strain of music as sudden as if he had touched the spring which was to set its melody in motion. The music soon ceased, but the path seemed to continue before him, and never did ignorance rush into an argument more boldly, than he flew through this unseen opening without once thinking whither it would lead him. He had not run far when the music began again, but the sounds appeared to come from behind him, which was not only a mysterious, but a provoking circumstance, as it invited him back into all the horrors he had just been so happy at having surmounted.

During the pause which this dilemma occasioned, he thought the strain came nearer to the place where he stood, nor could he help feeling, if not awed, yet certainly a little serious at the approach of sounds, which seemed to him, at that moment, somewhat more than mere mortal minstrelsy.

[It is a proof surely of the spiritual nature of music, that it is the only art pure enough from earthly associations to be ranked among the pleasures or pursuits of a supernatural being. A rhyming ghost or a painting ghost is a thing not known in the science of pneumatics, while the idea of a spirit wakening the stillness of night with some of Heaven's own native melodies, is at least

as reconcilable to imagination and taste, as the hymning of cherubs round the throne of the Divinity.]¹

In a few minutes the sounds were heard no more, a quiet rustling of the branches succeeded, and a figure rushed precipitately by him. He endeavoured, but in vain, to seize the object as it passed, and it was equally in vain that he flew in pursuit of it, for he soon learned by the dying away of the footsteps on his ear, that it had either outrun him, or, what was more probable, that he himself had struck into a different path. Hour after hour did he struggle through this labyrinth, till at length a friendly vista opened upon him, and he found himself upon the banks of the river, not a hundred yards from the lawn which he had left.

[And the sun was up shining, and Masud was up studying (while shame on the boy and his wanderings in the dark!), he had been neither the warmer for the one, nor the wiser for the other.]²

It was some consolation, however, to remember that in the effort which he made to catch this invisible musician, he had touched a hand, which was at least a match for the foot, and which perfectly relieved him from all the alarms he had felt with respect to the spirituality of the object.

CHAPTER III.

It was indeed no spirit whose footstep the youth had seen, whose lute he had heard, and whose hand he had touched. It was the lovely and learned Haluta, the

¹ Moore has erased this passage in the MS.

² Erased in the MS.

best rarity in the Emir's collection, and marked in his catalogue at the same price with that curious copy of the Koran which had the stains of Mahomet's holy pigeon upon every leaf of it.¹ Her father, a school-master of Lesbos, having no son to inherit his learning, resolved to lay out every syllable of it upon his daughter, and accordingly filled her mind with all that was legible and illegible, without once considering that the poor girl's intellect might possibly be too weak for such an experiment, and that if guns were made of glass we should be but idly employed in loading them. She advanced in beauty as rapidly as in learning, and her tongue and her eyes grew daily more eloquent; but alas! she had no one either to listen to her or look at her, which was a sad state of insulation for a creature so charged and so excited; till at length an artful old Athenian, who was familiar in her father's house, and had long speculated upon the young learner's beauties, took her into the corner one day, and gravely asked her opinion upon the possibility of accommodating matters between the Greek and Latin churches. This first appeal to her learning and judgment was a dawn of new light upon the proud soul of Haluta. After a little blushing and faltering, her voice and her brow became elevated, her arms waved in the air, and her bright eyes shone with self-complacency, while she proved to him as rationally as the Pope himself could have done, that while the monosyllable *ex* stood in the place of the monosyllable *per*, there could be neither peace nor harmony in the Christian world.

During the whole of this display the Athenian sat

¹ This is enumerated among the treasures of Fadladeen, the Chamberlain, in *Lalla Rookh*:—‘His Koran, too, supposed to be the identical copy between the leaves of which Mahomet's favourite pigeon used to nestle.’—ED.

in silent attention, neither minding one syllable of her discourse, nor losing one motion of her person. Such audience was irresistible; accordingly in three days after she eloped with him from her father's house, happy in the sacrifice of home and character to the only man in the world who had taste enough to appreciate her intellectual advantages.

This man was an Epicurean, but not of that simple old sect which held pleasure to be the only good, because it considered good to be the only pleasure: he was rather one of those modern heretics of the Garden, who retain all that is voluptuous in the system with as little of the morality attached to it as possible, and who still keep pleasure in possession of the throne, though they reduce her body-guard of virtue to almost nothing. We may easily suppose then the kind of bias which the morals of Haluta received during the honeymoon moments of their intercourse, but short indeed were those moments and theoretical their delights. He soon even ceased to consult her about the Greek and Latin churches; there was no longer any inspection of her eyes, no longer any patience under her harangues; and if it were not that her chamber had an echo and a looking-glass, she would have forgotten the whole force of her voice and her beauty.

About this time a woman-merchant arrived in Lesbos, who had long been employed by the Emir Al Omera to buy him up everything curious in that line which he could meet with. The fame of the Emir's other propensity had of course reached the erudite Haluta, and the idea of passing into possession of a connoisseur, who had for some years enhanced the prices of love and learning, by draining the market of all the best beauties and books, was too flattering to be surmounted. One morning, therefore, while the Epicurean

was employed in lecturing upon a thinly-robed statue of Venus, and demonstrating that such was the drapery which a philosopher hung over pleasure, more transparent and easy than the cumbrous folds of the vestal, and more tasteful and decent than the unreserved nakedness of the Bacchante, Haluta, who thought her presence unnecessary where nothing but the theory of pleasure was concerned, stole away very quietly to the woman-merchant, and in the course of a few days was shipped off to the coast of Asia, with a cargo such as King Solomon would have valued more than all the navy of Tarshish ever brought him.

She had now been near a year in the seraglio, and had never seen her proprietor, who was too much occupied by the alarming events of the times, to admit of a moment's indulgence in either of his favourite pursuits. To the same cause the nymphs of the seraglio were indebted for much more freedom and gaiety than ever they had been suffered to enjoy; and indeed throughout all Bagdat, there appeared that growing licence, that impatience of control, which, like the relaxation of discipline aboard a ship that is in danger, so often arises in troubled times, from the fears of the Government and the desperation of the people.

In one of those midnight rambles which the negligence of her guards allowed her, Haluta had reached the lawn of Masud's villa, and observing a light at a distance, stole cautiously towards it. The windows of the summer-house were open, and by a lamp which burned upon the table she could discover a youth leaning thoughtfully over a volume, which he seemed to have just that instant closed, but which he had evidently left for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with it. The beauty of C——'s face and form was such as no eye could look at carelessly, and

we may imagine how it must have bewildered the heart of a girl who had never till this moment seen anything better than her ugly, old, theoretical Epicurean and her still more theoretical guardians of the seraglio.

The book was resting upon a helmet, which he had for some time devoted to that peaceful purpose; and the gravity of the student's-robe he wore but ill accorded with the chivalrous air of his person and the gallant animation of his eye.

Haluta gazed till it was no longer safe to stay; and then sighing, hurried back to the loveless chambers of the seraglio, printing, as she went, those memorable footsteps which awakened, next morning, such a spirit of research in the young student.

The adventure of the wood has already been related, and notwithstanding the rapidity with which she then fled from her pursuer, she had courage enough on the following day to venture into the same maze, and take the chance of a similar encounter. Indeed it was not so much from timidity that she delayed throwing herself into his arms, as from that wish which is sometimes felt by us poor mortals, to linger as long as we can on the outskirts of happiness, and make the approaches to joy, like the avenue of a tasteful villa, not straight and direct, but gradual, winding and diversified.

It was little more than mid-day when Haluta, for the third time, directed her way towards Masud's lawn. The heat was excessive, every eye that could afford it was shut up in sleep, and there was at that moment not a man of fashion awake in all Bagdat. The only sounds that interrupted the stillness as she passed with languid step over the lawn, was now and then a half-suppressed laugh from a distant group of girls, who were taking

advantage of that hour of repose to bathe in the waters of the Tigris.

She saw there was no one now in the pavilion; but a kind of instinct whispered her to try the dark walk of limes upon the right; she knew not whither it led, and therefore there must be something interesting at the end of it. A shady walk, and a reserved beauty, are among the gentlest mysteries that a man can have to explore; and the best of it is, they may be explored together. But in the present case the limes had all the modesty to themselves; as Haluta could scarcely be called a reserved beauty. This path opened into a small glade, in the middle of which was a little lake that reflected the full splendours of noon, while the verdure around it slept coolly under the shadow of the encircling trees. The source of the lake was a fountain, hid almost in plane-trees, from which the water stole with a clear but loitering current, as if half afraid to encounter the bold sunshine that wantoned over the lake: By the side of this fountain lay C—— in a light summer sleep, with his cheek resting against the cold marble; whose paleness strikingly contrasted to the dark and manly bloom of his complexion. Haluta's heart, agitated alike by apprehension and hope, beat high with anticipation, while with a trembling hand she wrote the following lines upon a tablet, and hung them from a vase which stood close to his resting-place:—

He that was content to look
At the moonlight in the brook
To reward his humble view
Saw the brook and moonlight too,
While the proud aspiring elf
Who would view the moon herself,
Fell into the brook before him
Ere he saw the moonlight o'er him.

Dost thou love a smile of joy ?
Seek it in the fountain, boy !
Look not up, or thou shalt miss
Present smile and future bliss.

The rustling sound caused by Haluta in placing these verses had somewhat loosened the bonds of sleep round the young student ; and she had scarcely time to escape into the lime-tree walk behind him, when the young student awoke. His first movement upon seeing the tablets, was anxiously to look round for the writer of them ; but she was too well shaded within the foliage for even her bright eyes to betray her ; and, as soon as she perceived that he had read the verses, and that, obeying almost unconsciously their mandate, he leaned down over the watery mirror, with a palpitating heart she stole from her concealment, and, stepping upon the plinth of a column behind him, looked fondly over his head into the basin, with one of those perfect smiles, which blend all that passion has of warmth with all that beauty has of brilliancy.

The youth started with astonishment, and was on the point of forgetting the warning of the verses, when Haluta, gently laying her hand upon his head, with a voice sweet as the song of promise, repeated these words :—

Look not up, or thou shalt miss
Present smile and future bliss !

Then, flying through the lime-tree walk, like an antelope, scarce touched the grass of the lawn, and was once more in the gardens of the seraglio.

‘ Oh Plato ! ’ (exclaimed the student as he returned thoughtfully to the summer-house), ‘ if, as thou hast told us, whatever we behold of good or lovely in this world be but the shadow or the reflection of something

that is above us, let the features I have just seen be the exemplar of all my ideas, and as I gaze upon the passing stream of life, let that bright face for ever lean over my shoulder !'

Haluta, in the meantime, had exulted to think how refinedly she had *graduated* that feeling of interest, which it was her pride to have excited in the heart of the young student ; he had now traced her footstep, touched her hand, heard the sound of her voice, and seen the reflection of her eyes, and though in these four first degrees of the scale she had not followed exactly the old classical climax of love, yet we must suppose that she meant to be more correct as she proceeded ; and indeed, that very night, so impatient was she to learn the effects of her morning apparition, that though there shone not a star in the sky, and the winds sung their war-whoop in the woods, yet she contrived to reach the little light upon the lawn ; and felt neither storm nor gloom, while she gazed through the windows of the summer-house. It was with pleasure she saw that he no longer appeared careless and composed, nor was vanity wanting to tell her the source of the sigh that stole from his lips, and the passion that languished in his looks. His ponderous Aristotle now stood upon the shelf, and, [much as she had been taught to respect the physics of the Stagirite, she thought the restless fire which was in the eyes of the youth at this moment, a more luminous comment on the laws of Nature than all that the philosophers of antiquity could supply.¹] Upon the table before him was a scroll, which he occasionally touched with a pencil, and then, starting from his seat, walked hastily about the chamber, as if dissatisfied with the scroll, and the pencil, and all around

¹ This passage is erased in the MS.

him. The door of the summer-house was open, and Haluta already stood upon the threshold; her curiosity could hold out no longer, and as soon as he had returned to his seat, she stole quietly behind him, and saw (what a triumph for her heart!) that it was a portrait of herself that occupied him, that he was endeavouring to embody the bright vision which he had seen in the morning, and to catch some resemblance of that warm smile, whose reflection had, like Greek fire, burned through the very waters of the fountain.

‘Is that like me?’ said the nymph archly, over his shoulder.

‘Oh no, nor is anything else in this world,’ replied the youth, as he cast himself in impassioned bewilderment at her feet.

The monks of St. Basil, at the opposite side of the river, were singing their midnight panagium, as the youth pronounced these words, and the same monks had nearly finished their matin service, before Haluta could find it in her heart to return among the eunuchs of the seraglio.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SILVER VEIL.

WE can now account for the course which C—— steered on that moonlight evening, when we left him in his boat gliding rapidly past the palace of the Emir. His meetings with Haluta were not always practicable at the summer-house; for Masud, being an astronomer, often sat up at night to study all kinds of celestial conjunctions, which made it unsafe for lovers to come

together in his neighbourhood; and Diarmid was one of those awkward allies, whose interference in such cases is much more to be dreaded than solicited, while his wit, at least as mischievous as it was nimble, would be as misplaced in a love-affair as a monkey in a flower-garden. It had become necessary, therefore, to seek some other rendezvous, and there is no deity whose votaries are more easily accommodated with a place of worship than those of Love.

About a mile below the Emir's palace stood the ruins of an old nunnery, whose abbess, according to tradition, had suddenly disappeared one night and was never after seen, but in a large crystal mirror, which she had had the vanity to hang up in her own apartment, and in which (said the legend), for many a day after, she appeared to stand pale and disfigured, beside the image of every person who looked in it. The sisterhood did not long survive this supernatural crystallization of their abbess, and the walls were left to solitude and decay. For a short time indeed they were taken possession of by a few speculating monks, who thought to establish there one of those regular stages, at which Christian pilgrims used to set up at night, and start afresh with relays of absolution in the morning; but the situation did not answer for such a design; and the building had again been untenanted and desolate when C—— selected it as the scene of his meetings with Haluta. The ruins of religion became thus the asylum of love, reversing the fate of those pious old beauties, who begin by being shrines of love, and generally end by breaking down into tabernacles.

It was hither that C—— directed his course, and as he landed from the boat, he saw a lamp gleaming through the arches, which he knew to be Haluta's, and flew to it as naturally as the winged lover of the glow-

worm when she lights him through the gloom of night to her embraces. He pronounced her name as he approached, and the girl rushed forwards to meet him, but she had just time to reach his arms, when she fell trembling and breathless between them; and as he caught the lamp which had nearly fallen from her hands, he could see by its light that the paleness of terror was upon her cheeks.

‘Let us fly from this place,’ were the only words she could articulate; and when the youth with an assuring caress bid her calm her fears and explain to him the cause of them, a look of earnest supplication and a motion of her hand towards the river were all the reply she seemed able to give him. There was therefore no time to delay or hesitate, and though C—— had rather a taste for danger, it was one of the very few amusements which he did not like women to partake with him; accordingly he raised the trembling Haluta in his arms, and placing her in the boat, rowed back towards the palace of the Emir. They had scarcely put off from the bank, when a harsh and confused noise like the clanging of brass, with murmurs of voices, seemed to come from a distant wing of the building, and as he followed a winding of the river, which led to a fuller view of the ruins, he could see the windows of that part which had originally been a chapel illuminated at regular intervals with flashes of strong blue light. Surprised at these appearances, and impatient to know what Haluta had witnessed, the youth now laid aside his oars, and taking her head upon his bosom, endeavoured to smile away her terrors, and win her into telling what had happened. Like water sleeping safe under the lee of the land, is a woman when protected by the man whom she loves. Haluta gradually recovered her breath and her courage, and while their boat lay

idly floating among the moonbeams, thus proceeded to satisfy his curiosity, not without a shudder now and then, as she caught, through the interposing trees, a glimpse of that blue light which still flashed through the arches of the ruin.

‘Thou knowest, my love, that the followers of Al Mokanna, the wonderful prophet of the silver veil, who disappeared in the 163rd year of the Hegira, have long looked to his return upon earth as their signal of vengeance on the enemies of his sect, and as a harbinger of ruin to the proud race of the Abassides. This avenger is come, he is now within the walls of that ruin. Nay, smile not, incredulous boy! but hear me. Curiosity so far surmounted my terrors, that I stole to a window of the chapel, where Al Mokanna now celebrates his mysteries. I have seen the veil of silver which hides the insufferable radiance of his countenance. I have beheld the white banners of his chiefs. At this moment they stand around the caldron, whose blue fires you have seen reflected through the ruins, and swear to avenge the heroes who fell beside their prophet in Khorassan. I have heard the awful sound of his voice. I have seen the cup of blood go round. I have seen—Oh God! I have seen such rites as my heart sickens to remember, but never, never can forget.’

While she spoke these words, her voice faltered with agitation, the scenes which she described seemed to rise again before her, and she hastily hid her eyes in the bosom of her companion, who, though he knew the warmth and wildness of her imagination too well to rely implicitly upon its colouring, yet could not help feeling his curiosity awakened by the earnestness of belief with which she related these wonders. They had now reached a small gate under the terrace of the seraglio gardens, which opened immediately upon the

river and led to the baths of the black eunuchs. Here they found a female slave waiting for Haluta, and no sooner had he placed her safe within the gate, and made those little compacts and arrangements which lovers generally sign and seal at parting, than he jumped into his boat and rowed rapidly back towards the ruins.

He was well aware that this revival of Al Mokanna, and those ceremonies in the chapel, to which the fancy and credulity of Haluta had given such a tinge of romantic horror, would prove to be no more than one of those gross impostures which spring up so thick in the rank soil of Oriental fanaticism. If the world's best religion comes from the East, its worst superstition is derived thence also, as in the same quarter of the heavens arises the sunbeam that cherishes the flower and the chilling wind that nips it. Though conscious of all this, and expecting to meet with little more than the juggling of knavery or the nonsense of enthusiasm, yet as he approached the ruins, there was a solemnity in the scene which, added to the mystery thrown over the meetings of these fanatics, impressed his mind with that vague kind of awe to which scepticism itself is not always inaccessible. The light from the chapel was now become so dim as scarcely to be visible, and, as he passed through the arches into a long corridor which led to the opening where Haluta had seen all she described, the deep silence which reigned throughout the building made him fear that the prophet and his followers had dispersed, and that he should lose the opportunity of witnessing their orgies.

At this moment a faint flash of light appeared at the end of the corridor, and he hastened to avail himself of the opening which it betrayed; but all was darkness and silence within, except just where the fire of the caldron was giving its last hectic gleam, he

could discover the figure of a man leaning over it, and endeavouring to read a large scroll by its light. His dress was singular and grotesque, but as the blaze fell upon his countenance the youth could perceive that it was a face of no common stamp, that it was one of those proof impressions from the hand of Nature, in which the lines are all vivid, deep and vigorous, and every touch pregnant with original mind. While he paused to consider whether he should interrupt this solitary student, some fragments of the wall upon which he stood gave way, and, crumbling into the chapel, startled the stranger, who, looking anxiously round, put his hand to the white feathered helmet which he wore, and let a veil of silver fall suddenly over his features. At the same moment the last light of the caldron expired, and all was dark and still as the grave. Not a breath, not a sound betrayed the retreat of the false Al Mokanna, and Connal¹ having at least ascertained for Haluta that the face of the prophet, though of very good temporal materials, had nothing of that dazzling spirituality which she imagined, hastened back to his boat, not without a slight malediction upon those midnight apostles, who had thus deprived him of more pleasure in this world than he could venture to take their security for in the next.

The day-break was near, and as he returned towards the villa of Masud, nodding ‘*per arsin et thesin*’ over his oar, he could not help reflecting between sleeping and waking, upon the many baleful purposes to which the very best things of this life are perverted. ‘How excellent’ (said he with a yawn), ‘are the uses of religion and chemistry, but how knavish are the pretensions of the priest and the alchemist, and how pitiable

¹ The name is here written in full in the MS.

are the dupes who stand gaping with expectation, till the one shall make gold out of lead, and the other turn sots into angels !’

CHAPTER V.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

THOUGH the people of Bagdat had been assured every day by their rulers that they were the freest, wisest, and happiest people in the world, yet some doubts upon the subject had lately got amongst them, and now that the conqueror Holagu was at their gates, the very wisest of them began to suspect that they were neither free, nor wise, nor prosperous.

This Holagu was one of those extraordinary agents of Providence to whom the Deity, from time to time, appears to have delegated his powers, of producing as well as destroying, of blessing as well as of blasting. He had already overrun a great part of Asia, spreading fear and desolation through the worn-out dynasties of the East, and though still as he broke the old fetters of a people, he took care to forge them another set of his own manufacture, yet the very change was refreshing, and the new chains had a brightness and polish, which made them feel smooth and portable after the filthy rust of the old ones. His last exploit, before he turned his arms against Bagdat, was the utter extirpation of the impious Prince of the Ismaëlians (the Old Man of the Mountains), so formidable from the guilty devotion of his followers, and the ease with which he could command the life of the most guarded potentate.

What a blessed era of diplomacy it must have been when at every Court there were accredited assassins, who usually made the point of a poniard their ultimatum! Rocneddin, the last chief of the assassins, was routed from all his fortresses by the irresistible Holagu, to the no small relief of some poor Christian princes, whose piety and fears had doomed them to the double subjection of bribing the Pope for their salvation hereafter, and purchasing from Rocneddin their existence here. To a conqueror like this, whose arms and whose arts made him formidable to the oppressor and welcome to the oppressed, Bagdat had nothing to oppose but a doting and an obstinate old Khalif, a weak, corrupt, and bigoted ministry, and a people disunited, degenerate and rebellious.

The Mahometans were at this time divided into Sonnites and Shiites, the former of whom, being the orthodox and established sect, claimed a right of course to trample down the latter, and as long as able and learned Shiites could be excluded by any means from the offices of state, it was no matter how many foolish Sonnites got into them; from which it resulted that the Government was just as silly as it was orthodox, while the people were driven to be rebels as well as heretics. It is a striking fact, but not very hard to be accounted for, that, as the parts of a magnet cut through the axis are observed to repel or avoid each other, so different sects of the same religion are always found to be most actively at variance, and a Christian and a Turk have much better chance of agreeing than a Sonnite and a Shiite, or a Nestorian and a Eutychite.¹

¹ 'A Protestant and a Catholic' was the original reading, for which 'an Arian and an Athanasian' was substituted; that also giving way to the third and final reading of the text.—ED.

The Tartar chief was well apprised of these dissensions, which he smiled at as a philosopher, and profited by as a conqueror, and it was even believed that the folly of the Khalif's ministers, who acted as a kind of recruiting-party for the enemy, had driven into his interest some of the wisest and best men of Bagdat. Nassireddin, the illustrious mathematician and astronomer, had lately disappeared, and was supposed to be in the camp of Holagu. Hosamoddin Torantai, the terrible Hosamoddin Torantai, whom everybody spoke of, but no one acknowledged to have seen, pervaded all Bagdat with a secret and omnipresent influence, for which nothing but the agency of the devil could satisfactorily account, and whatever machination of darkness or danger was discovered, his name still proved to have been the mighty spell that evoked it.

While the public mind was thus rent and agitated, and every hour new omens and rumours of peril from without and treason from within alarmed the fears of the weak and superstitious, there was not an old woman in Bagdat who did not double her number of prayers and ablutions, and grow holier and sweeter than ever she was before. In the midst of this tribulation arrived the nineteenth anniversary of the Khalif's accession to the throne of the Abassides, a day whose celebration had long been a subject of melancholy ridicule to those who saw nothing throughout his reign but disgrace, oppression, and imbecility. Of all the extortions, however, by which this Khalifate had been distinguished, the exaction of merriment at the present crisis, when there was hardly one genuine smile in circulation, was certainly the unfairest that could possibly be levied.

‘It was’ (as one of the satirists of that day remarked) ‘like calling upon a man for a song when he was under the hands of the tooth-drawer.’ There was no evading

it however: the anniversary must be kept with rejoicing, and orders were given to the several Emirs, Imaums, &c., &c., to suppress all insurrectionary sighs, and to see that no face was lengthened below the orthodox standard. Among other ceremonies of the day, the chief merchants of the city were invited to a sumptuous banquet by the Vizier, who, having assured them in the course of a loyal and figurative speech that his gracious master, Al Mostasem Billah, was 'the nutmeg of comfort and rose of delight,' begged leave to trouble them, in the name of the said rose and nutmeg, for the small sum of five hundred dinars, just to meet the extraordinary exigencies of the times. The ease with which the rich fools of that city and other cities have allowed themselves to be melted down into the coffers of royalty, has led some curious philosophers to suspect that Moses must have made use of *aqua regia* when he dissolved the golden calf of the Israelites. To crown the glories of this memorable day the Khalif's chief poet and secretary had prepared a few hundred of neat, sharp, epigrams, which were stuck upon arrows and shot into the enemy's camp (like that pointed Philippic of old directed to the right eye of the Macedonian), and it was supposed in the first circles that Holagu could not possibly survive them. The doctors of the Sonna were, of course, not idle upon this occasion; indeed who ever saw them idle when a prince was to be flattered, a heretic damned, or a good feast attended? Many of the mosques were thrown open to strangers, and discourses in honour of the day delivered by the leading sectaries, which gave C—— an opportunity of hearing two of their most celebrated Sonnites, whose eloquence was said to have the power of keeping even the Khalif awake.

He found, however, that curses against the Shiites

were the most stimulating figures of rhetoric, with which these orators embellished their harangues. 'It is true,' said one of them, 'that these heretics hold faith in the Koran; but then they impiously deny that it is uncreated and eternal, thus derogating from the dignity of that sacred book, by supposing that, like other books, it must have had an author! It is granted that they believe in one God and his prophet, but then have they not embraced the vile opinion of the Motalites, that though God knoweth all things, it is not by his knowledge he knoweth them, but by a method of knowing which he possessed long before his knowledge existed?' Such were the rational differences of opinion for which the people thought it worth while to cut each other's throats. 'Merciful prophet!' exclaimed a second, 'can a reprobate without a hair on his chin ever hope for the kisses of a Houri? Can the unwashed toes of a Shiite ever pass the sharp bridge into Paradise? No, certainly my friends! I have heartfelt satisfaction in informing you that the learned Giafar Effendi has succeeded in proving by no less than seventy passages in the Koran that the whole race of Shiites will be damned to all eternity!'

This language, it must be owned, was not of the most festal complexion, and indeed, between the authorized arrogance of one party, and the hidden, but combustible indignation of the other, it was dreaded by many that this day of rejoicing would have but a sad and sanguinary termination. The sun, however, had gone down without witnessing anything worse than the smiles of those who lived by slavery, and the frowns of a few who would die to get rid of it. The calm and solitude of the streets seemed to promise a night of more than usual tranquillity, when C—— stole out from the college of Al Mostanseria in order to attend

the appointment which he had made with Haluta on the night of her alarm in the ruins of the nunnery. His heart was bent upon a much sweeter pursuit than the intriguing of courtiers and the wrangling of sectaries, when in passing by a mosque in a retired part of the city, he heard a murmur like that of an agitated multitude when the first breath of discord begins to put its waves into motion. The licence of the day encouraged him to enter, and the confusion of the assembly with which he mingled would at all events have secured him from observation. An interval of silence succeeded, and he found that this sensation was produced by the oratory of a Sonnite doctor, who surpassed his preaching predecessors of the morning, as much in virulence of feeling as in splendour of abilities, and who breathed in eloquence worthy of angels a spirit of persecution which would disgrace the fiends.

Never had it entered into C——'s head that genius could be at the same time so bright and so mischievous. The audience alternately listened and murmured, as their taste was charmed or their passions excited; nor did their admiration of the orator's manner divert them in the least from their attention to his matter, for the graces of his style were such as are felt without being considered; the force of the appeal was acknowledged at the same moment that its beauty was admired, and those chains which the Gellic deity of eloquence is represented to have hung between his lips and the ears of his auditors, were in this case such rapid conductors of conviction, that the flash and the shock were felt at the same instant. At length the fire of fanaticism rose to its height, a sympathy of madness spread over the crowd; every scimitar, as if by signal, leaped from its scabbard, and the whole assembly rushed from the mosque, shouting, 'Vengeance on the accursed Shiites!'

The orator who had aroused them was at their head, and, as he passed the place where C—— stood, the youth thought that he could recognise the very same features which he had seen by the light of the caldron on the night of Haluta's adventure in the ruins. It might, he felt, be imagination, but still the face was of that singular character, which it was impossible to forget or confound with any other, and though it was now more agitated by passion than when he had observed it in the chapel, yet its expression was heightened without being altered, and the same spirit now guided the storm, which had before hung brooding over the calm. He did not, however, give his mind time to discuss the probability of the idea, but, escaping as well as he could from the bigoted crowd, and sending a look full of scorn and indignation after them, as they hurried away ripe for all the horrors which fanatical fury can invent, he resumed the course from which he had been diverted, and in a short time found himself in the arms of Haluta.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

WE have hitherto spoken of the loves of C—— and Haluta, as if love had really a considerable share in their intercourse; but those who know the difference between gallantry and attachment are well aware how little expenditure of affection is necessary to the maintenance of the former kind of feeling, and that the loose coin of the senses is quite sufficient for the purpose, without encroaching upon the capital of the heart.

Haluta indeed mingled (as women generally do) a more sentimental degree of interest with the bewilderment which the young Christian produced ; but ambition had too great a share in her soul, for even Love himself to possess it exclusively, and though the softening society of the seraglio, and the luxurious accomplishments which she learned there, had given to her thoughts a certain tone of tenderness, which her adventure with C—— was every way calculated to cherish, yet she had never for an instant lost sight of that proud elevation to which learning and intellect seemed to raise her above the mere vegetating beauties of her sex, and the only time that the Emir, in his few visits to the seraglio, did her the honour of selecting her from the lovely group, she had nearly got into disgrace by asking him in an unlucky moment, whether he knew how to calculate the almuten of a nativity. Even with C——, who was not so easily puzzled, her astronomical knowledge was sometimes rather unseasonably introduced, and more than once he had the mortification to find that himself was not the only ascendant that occupied her.

On the night, however, at which we have just arrived, whether from a vague presentiment that their joys would be soon interrupted, or from a loyal desire to celebrate the anniversary by those best of all possible *feux de joie*, which are lighted up in the eyes of beauty, she received him with even fonder enthusiasm than on the first evening of their intercourse, and the learning of past times, and the pain of future ones, were all forgotten in the full happiness of the present. Before they parted, she pointed to a ring, the stone of which had just broken to pieces upon her finger, and said, ‘ When I was a child, in my father’s house, a magician gave me this ring, in which he had set a precious

drop that fell from a tree of stone in the grotto of Antiparos. This gem he had constellated with wonderful skill, and it was destined, he told me, to fly to pieces the moment I should taste the highest bliss¹ of which my heart is capable. Farewell,' said she sadly, 'I have now seen my happiest moment!'²

It was long after midnight when C—— returned towards Bagdat. The streets which had been so solitary during the evening, were now swarming with busy and baleful animation, while the noise of arms, the moving to and fro of torches, the shouts of triumph, and now and then the yell of despair, most direfully announced to him, as he approached, the spirit of fury that was abroad. Shocked by the contrast which these horrors presented to the scene of romantic endearments which he had left, and indifferent, as far as humanity would allow him, to the fate of either of the conflicting parties, C—— was hastening home with all the bedward propensity of a man who had been too happy to do anything but sleep upon his happiness, when a party of fugitive Shiites rushed by him in all the consternation of flight and discomfiture, some of them falling faint with the wounds they had just received, yet anxiously looking back while they fell, as if they dreaded what followed them still worse than death. Not even this spectacle, distressing as it was, could tempt the youth to swerve from his drowsy neutrality, till, on going a little further, he beheld an unfortunate man, whom by his red turban he knew to be a Shiite, almost overpowered beneath the swords of four able-bodied believers in the Sonna. All the blood of the knight was roused at the cowardly unfairness of this

¹ 'Happiest feeling' was the original reading.

² The original reading, which is erased, stood as follows:—'I have now passed the bright meridian of my existence!'

encounter: without waiting to invoke one saint in the calendar, he flew to the aid of the red-turbaned warrior, and soon made his antagonists feel the vigour of a young Christian polemic. The heretic, finding himself reinforced, returned to the charge most manfully, and two of the Sonnites fell beneath their united prowess. But just as the remaining two were on the point of surrendering, a stone, which was flung either from a window, or from a sling in the distant crowd, laid the brave Shiite breathless upon the ground, and left C—— to continue the combat single-handed. He was not, however, dismayed, though, by the resurrection of one of his former adversaries, the odds against him were now seriously increased; but placing himself before the body of his prostrate ally, he wielded his weapon with such irresistible activity, that in a short time he dispersed the three Islamite confederates. He who had ventured upon the experiment of rising again to the contest, soon found it more prudent to return to his state of repose, and the other two fled towards a mob which was collecting at a distance.

There was now no time to be lost; the Sonnites were assembling in all directions, and as C—— had none of the zeal of those martyrs who have died for opinions which they did not understand, he thought he had risked quite enough in the cause of Shiitism, and was preparing to secure his retreat, but, not deeming it altogether heroic to leave his wounded on the field, at the mercy of the enemy, he stooped to examine the state of the poor overthrown heretic, and had the satisfaction to find that he was little more than stunned by the blow, and that there was still life enough in his heart to bid defiance to all the curses of the orthodox.

The bravery of the man had so interested C——, that this discovery made him sincerely happy, and

though the Shiite was not of the most portable stature, yet the zeal of humanity, and the urgency of the moment, gave nerve to the arms of the youth, and wings to his feet, and having placed the helpless sectary upon his shoulders, he flew with him through a retired street, which presented itself, till they were quite beyond the reach of the multitude. Here, laying down his burden beneath the porch of a mosque, where some wanderers of the night had left a burning torch, he proceeded to wipe off the blood and dust from the face of the Shiite, and, upon viewing him more closely, he beheld, to his unspeakable astonishment, the very same countenance which had already twice haunted him with its almost supernatural expression,—that countenance, which on the evening before, he had seen lighted up with fanatical rage against the very sect in whose cause he had now found him combating so heroically.

We sometimes meet with not only faces, but events, which, though conscious that it is the first time they could possibly have occurred to us, yet we cannot help feeling as if they had already passed before us in some dream, or been anticipated by a kind of second-sight power of the imagination, exactly in the way they are then really presented to us.

The impression upon C——'s mind, however, was something more than this mere fanciful recollection, and the circumstances already connected with these extraordinary features were too striking and wonderful, he thought, not to leave an infallible remembrance of them. At the same time the strange inconsistency of the characters under which this singular personage had appeared, seemed to him such a monstrous and irreconcilable mystery, that he almost judged it safer to distrust the very evidence of his senses than to surrender

his reason to the belief of such unaccountable contradictions. While his mind was engaged in these reflections, the Shiite had gradually recovered himself, and, after laying his hand for a short time across his forehead, as if to recollect the events of the night, he looked up in the face of the youth, who hung in silent watchfulness over him, and, with an eye that seemed versed in the various cipher of the human countenance, surveyed his features for a moment, and then hastily made an effort to rise. When he found himself upon his knees, he turned solemnly towards the East, where the first light of the sun was just beginning to appear, and, raising his sword, which he had held fast during the whole of the adventure, thrice laid the blade across his breast, and thrice extended it towards Heaven, pronouncing each time some words of invocation or prayer, which he muttered in a tone too low for C—— to distinguish their meaning. This ceremony being ended, he rose, but it was evident that the conflict of the night had exhausted even the vigour of his powerful frame, and that the effort which he now made to move with a rapid step was merely the impatience of a sanguine spirit unaccustomed to be checked by the infirmity of the machine that carried it, and indignantly endeavouring to rise above the weakness of mortality. C——, upon perceiving this, though awed and almost repelled by his looks, respectfully followed, and offered the assistance of his arm, which this proud and mysterious man seemed mortified to think he must either accept, or lie fainting and exposed upon the pathway. Before, however, he consented to entrust himself to the youth, he again looked long and intensely at him, as if to take the last soundings of his soul before he embarked his fate upon its faith for ever.

The young man blushed, and not because his heart

was ashamed of being read (for there were few of a fairer type and character), but because this hesitation implied a doubt of which his generous nature deeply felt the injustice. The result of the scrutiny however, was confidence. The Shiite took his arm with a readiness which resembled cordiality, and they proceeded along their way in silence.

The sun had risen, but the quarter of the city through which they passed was but little frequented, and the few persons whom they met were of that unobserving class of mankind, who are too much occupied with their own little parts upon the stage of life to have any leisure or inclination for becoming spectators of others. They accordingly continued their way in silence, till they reached the gate of a simple mansion, which was known to C—— to have been the mansion of the celebrated scholar Nassireddin, who had lately deserted from the service of the Khalif, and gone over to the enemy with the whole force of his library. Here the Shiite stopped, and looking anxiously round him, unlocked a little door beside the gate, and beckoned to the youth to follow him. Though C——'s heart knew as little of fear as those who live beneath the line know of frost and snow, yet it was not without a feeling of awe that he heard the door close after him, and found himself alone with a person, in whose manner, looks and conduct, there was something so grand, so portentous and inexplicable. They passed through the house into one of those delightful gardens, in which the pious and contemplative Orientals love to pass their hours of thought and devotion, and where the incense of prayer and the breath of flowers ascend to heaven most sweetly together. The spirit of the morning played freshly among the blossoms, and the air seemed to breathe new life into the Shiite, who suddenly turning

round, demanded in a solemn voice, 'Young stranger! who art thou?'

A few very modest words were sufficient to satisfy this inquiry; what the diffidence of the relator suppressed the discernment of the hearer supplied, and when C—— said that he had fought and that he had studied, the gallantry of his air and the intelligence of his eye abundantly testified that he had done neither in vain.

When he had finished his short and simple history, the Shiite, after a few moments' pause, addressed him thus:—'To say that you have saved my life, young man, would be to wrong that star of destiny which was born with me, and which must light me through many such scenes of danger ere the mission upon which I am sent shall be accomplished. With gratitude, however, do I acknowledge the promptitude with which you gave assistance through that passing cloud of weakness which came over me, and the confidence I am about to repose in you is the first and noblest return that ever I can make for such a service. Though a stranger, you scarcely require to be told that the days of Bagdat are almost numbered, and that the moment is at hand when the proud rulers and profligate citizens must pay the full penalty of their crimes and corruptions. The would-be sages of this world may sigh over the ruin of her throne, the extinction of her schools, and the bloody profanation of her temples; but to him who has well observed the fated vicissitudes of all things, who has traced the whole length of that mystic chain of which creation and destruction still form the alternate links, to him the declension of glories that have been is but the dawn of a new and a better era, and he sees in the fragments of fallen empires but the precious materials of brighter and more harmonious systems.

As the deluge that sweeps away and the earthquake that rends asunder are the terrible agents that have enriched our earth with the mountains in magnificent swell, and the smiling cultivation of the valley, so by the convulsions of the moral world, the powers of the human mind are roused, exalted and diversified; and that man does not ill perform the ends of his being (however he may be mistaken by the short-sighted multitude) who assists in *ameliorating* the crisis of that chaos from whose anarchy order and beauty are destined to arise.'

Observing that the youth was startled at this sentiment, he said:—'Such thoughts, however, are far beyond the ken of the uninitiated, and at this moment a private feeling presses upon my heart, for which the grander views of my soul must be for awhile forgotten or postponed. I have a treasure within these walls which few eyes have ever beheld, and of which, though my heart can feel, my tongue cannot tell the value. In the dreadful scenes through which it is my lot to pass, the thought of this object and the dangers to which it is exposed, is the only spell that unnerves my arm, and dries up the very fount of enterprise within me. In a few days the fate of Bagdat will be awfully decided, and when once that direful storm is abroad which my spirit hath collected and my arm must guide, who shall answer for the safety of the treasured form, in which the only pure hopes of my life are deposited? Who can be assured that while I wander upon my ministry of terror, some faithless hand may not violate this privacy and steal away the sole dear gem of my existence?

'Young stranger, the voice of my genius whispers me that thou art the person destined to shelter this flower from the storm, and oh! if fidelity be the soul of knighthood, and if the fulness of confidence be the

sweetest triumph of the generous heart, come and behold what a blessing I entrust to thee, and then own how amply I repay what thou hast done for me.' Having said this, he walked towards the door of a retired oratory, which hung over a bright little stream at the end of the garden, like that cool place of silence and prayer which the poet Hafiz loved, beside the waters of Rosaabad.

The youth, with a heart all prepared for wonders, followed till they arrived at the entrance of this fairy mansion, when the Shiite turning round, made a sign to him to pause, while he himself gently lifted the latch and looked in; he then beckoned to C—— and they both stole on tiptoe into the oratory. During those very few moments the youth could employ in considering the nature of the treasure about to be exhibited to him, a variety of conjectures had floated before his fancy, but he concluded at length, that the language of the Shiite was symbolical, and that this gem of his existence, this 'flower,' this 'depository of his hopes,' must be some magic secret, some talisman, perhaps, imbued with the beams of that star which he had said was twinned with him by destiny, or perhaps was a phial of that concentrated essence of life, every drop of which was supposed by the Arabian enchanters to have the power of adding a century to man's existence. Nor did he quite mistake. It was indeed a talisman which heaven had filled with brighter and purer influences than ever the stars could shed. It was indeed that concentrated balm of our being, whose spirit is purity, whose taste is love, and which more than prolongs existence by sweetening it. It was a young and beautiful girl reclining in that calm sleep which is seldom slept but by children or by angels. Yet the day-dress which she wore, and the appearance of the

sofa, upon which she seemed to have only thrown herself for a momentary slumber, looked rather like the wakeful preparation of one who dreaded surprise. Her hair, which had escaped from the silken net that bound it, fell in dark waves over her neck, which glimmered through it here and there like moonlight through an almond grove. Her lips were half opened, with a kind of speaking air, as if slumber had overtaken them in the midst of some sweet sentence, and though her eyes were shut, yet their light still lingered over her features as in those summer nights of the North, where the sky at eve hardly feels the absence of the sun, whose brilliancy is only softened, not lost, by his setting.

She appeared to be about seventeen, that fresh and lovely age, which when Hebe herself hath passed, she is near being no longer Hebe; and in every part of her form there lay a thousand slumbering graces, which awaited but the motions of her waking to give them animation and to bring them into play. It was but a moment, however, that C—— was permitted to look upon these inanimate beauties, which even in the absence of consciousness seemed to blush of themselves at the gaze to which they were exhibited. Twice did the Shiite wave his hand before the youth could understand that it was meant as a signal to depart; at length, scarcely venturing to breathe, they both stole back into the garden.

‘Oh tell me’ (exclaimed the youth), when they were at some little distance from the oratory, ‘tell me ——’

But the Shiite repressed his impatience and said:—
‘The morning is far advanced, the multitudes of Bagdat are abroad; even now it is not without risk that thou wilt leave these suspected walls; but return hither at nightfall and all shall be explained to thee. Come

not unless thy heart is ready to shed its last blood for her who now slumbers within that oratory.'

As he spoke these words they arrived at the outer gate of the mansion. Without allowing a moment for reply he hastily unlocked the door, and C——, as if awakened from an eventful dream, found himself once more in the streets of Bagdat.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE had been bloodshed in many parts of the city during the night, and though in every instance the Sonnites were the aggressors, yet as the Shiites had shown a rather over-presumptuous inclination to defend themselves, the fault was of course all laid upon them, and the minister declared that nothing better could be expected from men who disbelieved the Chapter of the Blanket. In order to quiet the apprehensions of the loyal, it was announced by an official bulletin in the morning, that the Khalif had slept very soundly during the whole of these unnatural disturbances, and he was waited upon accordingly with numerous congratulations upon the powers of sleeping which Providence had given him, and the dignity with which he could repose amidst the clamours and dissensions of his subjects. The Khalif's ministers, too, were not a little pleased at the timely respite which this commotion gave them from the troublesome criticism of an oppressed people; though indeed it was not the first time that they had profited by this kind of diversion, for like cuttle-fish they could only hope to escape by darkening impurely the waters around them; and though the people of Bagdat were a thinking

people (at least, though they thought themselves a thinking people), yet there were not a few amid a sober set of citizens, who could play the fool at a minute's warning, with perfect satisfaction to their rulers.

'It is true,' (said the Vizier in his last annual speech upon prosperity), 'it is true that we have lost an army or two by the unfair attacks of that abortion Holagu, who, contrary to the practice of all well-bred generals, will not even give us a clue to his tactics, or a chance of beating him; but to make up for this I am happy to congratulate the good people of Bagdat upon the brilliant success which has crowned the Khalif's arms in the late attack upon a caravan of European pilgrims, whom our brave troops surprised in the middle of their evening service, and put to death in the coolest and most soldier-like manner. Thirty Christian corpses, not to mention as many witch-shells, wigs, and prayer-books, are among the spoils of this memorable enterprise, in consideration of which it is the will of the sovereign Khalif, that the general who performed this important service shall be called, styled, and accounted a hero, not only by himself and his whole family, but by all the well-affected citizens of Bagdat, during the term of said hero's natural life.'

Rejoicings took place for the destruction of the caravan, and this speech of the Vizier's was very much admired. It was resolved that the new-made hero should be sent to chastise the insolence of the upstart Holagu. Upon another occasion these wise ministers of the Khalifate had succeeded in diverting the public attention, by inflicting the bastinado on a worthy naturalist who had taken the liberty of objecting to a certain breed of rats to which the Khalif was supposed to have a very strong predilection, and which at all events he had suffered to propagate so abundantly, that not only

the palace, but all Bagdat, was overrun with them. The naturalist in question not only objected to these animals, but even suggested a mode by which the entire race could be extirpated easily. The whole court took alarm, and the Imaum Rossy was ordered, at the peril of his place, to write a book forthwith in defence of the rats, and to prove that the holes which they made in the palace were of the greatest possible use to the building. The naturalist was rash enough to answer the Imaum. The Imaum replied by a smart bastinado, and the twenty-first stroke convinced the naturalist that the rats were the most amiable and serviceable creatures in the world.

The events of the preceding night were already beginning to be forgotten, though the sun had hardly passed his meridian resting-place. The courtiers and the eunuchs were recovering their courage, the doctors of the Sonna were regaining their appetite and spirits, and the Khalif himself was near relapsing into the pious belief that he reigned over a most happy and united people, when C—— proceeded to the little villa of Masud, on the Tigris, to take a long farewell of Masud and the library, and prepare for his new and interesting charge, which now occupied every thought of his soul. He was met by his servant Diarmid, whose heart he truly rejoiced by desiring him to prepare for leaving Bagdat that evening. This poor fellow, ever since his arrival in the city, had from motives of safety assumed the Arabian habits, but the difficulties in which this disguise involved him on the preceding night, had not only put him quite out of conceit with his costume, but had quickened his migratory instincts amazingly, and he heard the intelligence of their departure with delight.

‘Only think, sir,’ said he, relating the adventures of the night to his master, ‘I was seized in returning

to the college by two of those unchristianlike fellows, called Sonnites, who, thrusting their torches in my face, said they could tell by the colour of my nose that I was in the habit of mixing wine with my water, which showed that I was a Shiite, a damnable Shiite. In vain did I protest that I was no such thing, that I always took my wine as pure and unmixed as I could get it, and that the child unborn was not more innocent of spoiling good liquor with water than I was. This seemed but to make those Mohametan dogs more angry, and they began to lay about me with their burning brands so unmercifully that I had every prospect of being lighted up into an *auto-da-fé* immediately. I had nothing now left me but to run for it, so off I set with this pair of pious persecutors at my heels, till, as good luck would have it, at the turning of a corner I saw the door of an old Nestorian convent open, and, rushing in without ceremony, gave the slip to my enlightened pursuers. Here I found an old monk, who, perceiving I was frightened and breathless, pointed kindly to a little bed in the corner where I might rest and recover from my alarms. This was exactly what I wanted, and I had just begun to doze very comfortably when a noise in the street startled me. "Mother of God!" exclaimed I, "what's that?" "Oh, ho!" says the Nestorian, "is that your creed? Mother of God, indeed! here is a pretty blasphemer, truly, to insult our sacred walls with such expressions. Mother of God, indeed! Out of my doors this instant, vile follower of Cyril!" in saying which he thrust me forth into the street, muttering something about Judas and the Council of Ephesus, which was all as comprehensible to me as so much Hebrew. I was now again left at the mercy of all the various believers of Bagdat, and the worst of it was I had lost my way. In short, sir,' said

he, seeing that his master grew impatient of the story, 'I might have wandered till now, or been put even more roughly through my catechism by some of these amiable religionists, if I had not met with a compassionate fellow, who, without asking whether I was Turk or Christian, took me home to his house and gave me shelter and protection till morning. He told me when I was leaving he belonged to the sect of the Schoubaat, who think they are as wise as the Shiites or Sonnites, and by his own showing are as ignorant fools as either.'

It was not without a feeling of tender regret that C—— took leave of the quiet little study where he had passed so many hours of calm communion with the silent spirits of the departed wise and good. Perhaps by him who truly loves books those moments of intellectual repose which he has enjoyed in their company are remembered with a better, a more unalloyed pleasure than all his brilliantest hours of intercourse with the gay, the wise, the witty, or even the beautiful. He could not help too thinking (notwithstanding the chivalrous and romantic sentiment with which he now devoted himself to the service of another), he could not help thinking with many an anxious sigh upon the fate to which poor Haluta might be doomed amidst the ruin and confusion that hung over Bagdat. He had never loved her, but there is something in the recollection of pleasures as well as of dangers which seldom fails to attach us to those who have shared them with us, and there was a wild enthusiasm in the character of this extraordinary woman, which the very thought of the errors it might lead her into was sufficient to render strongly interesting.

His armour was brightened up for the first time since he had bathed it in Saracen blood at the battle of

the Ashmim. And as he put it on he prayed that, for her in whose cause he wore it, his heart might be chaste as his arm was strong, and that selfish passion should never tempt him to forget that the purest and gentlest duties of chivalry were the disinterested service of the fair, and the unpresuming protection of the innocent. He had taken it for granted, without exactly knowing why, that the sleeper in the oratory was the daughter of the Shiite. Her youth, and the age of her mysterious protector, who had already passed the summer of manhood, had but little of the air of those sighing veterans who seem to think that the evening sun of life sets most comfortably upon the bosom of a youthful Thetis—all led him to conclude what his heart too perhaps rather wished, that the smile of parental love was the warmest she had ever encountered. It was dusk when he hastened towards the mansion of Nasser-eddin, and having ordered Diarmid to wait for him in some quarter of the neighbourhood, he soon found out the little gate which had made such an impression on his memory, and which had led him the night before to as beautiful a vision as ever played round the ivory portals of sleep. He had not stood there very long when he perceived a remarkable figure passing backwards and forwards on the opposite side of the street, and, as well as he could distinguish through the dusk, looking towards him now and then rather anxiously, apprehensive lest he might betray the haunt of his mysterious acquaintance. He passed on, but the figure which he had noticed followed him, and it was not till they came within a few paces of each other that he perceived it was the Shiite himself, who had been upon the watch for him. The youth now threw aside the cloak that hid his shining armour, which the Shiite observing, approached him and said: ‘Welcome,

knight: in this habit thou art most welcome; that garb inspires a sacred confidence which I trust its young wearer will never betray. There is a pledge of purity in the white plume of a Christian knight, which blood may steep, but dishonour never tinges. In an hour or two hence thou must fly with my Amera from Bagdat to a retreat I have chosen which she will point out.'

[*Cetera desunt.*]

LETTERS.

LETTERS TO LEIGH HUNT.

LETTER I.¹

On receiving a letter and some books.

[1811.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I am just about to step into the mail for a week's absence from town, and have only time to say that I have received your letter, which I have read with gratitude and admiration. How you, who write so much in public, can *afford* to write so well in private, is miraculous. I shall take your books with me, and hope to tell you all I think and feel about them at Beckenham.

Bury Street, Monday Evening.

LETTER II.

*On Mr. Moore's Opera of M.P., or The Blue-stockings;
Mr. Leigh Hunt's Feast of the Poets, &c.*

[Post-mark, 1811.]

MY DEAR SIR,—It was my intention upon receiving the last letter with which you favoured me, to answer it by a visit, and that immediately; but I was hurried off to the country by the sickness of a friend; and since my return I have been occupied in a way that makes me very unfit society for *you*, namely, in writing bad jokes for the galleries of the Lyceum.

¹ The italics in all the following letters are the writer's own.

To make the galleries laugh is in itself sufficiently degrading, but to *try* to make them laugh and *fail* (which I fear will be my destiny) is deplorable indeed. The secret of it however is, that, upon my last return from Ireland, in one of those moments of weakness to which poets and their purses are too liable, I agreed to give Arnold a piece for the summer, and you may perceive by the lateness of my appearance, with what reluctance I have performed my engagement.

It will no doubt occur to you, upon reading the first page of this note, that the whole purport of it is *to ask for mercy*; but the kind terms in which you have spoken of some things I have written, make me too much interested in your *sincerity* to ask for, or *wish*, the slightest breach of it. I have no doubt that in this instance you will treat me with severity, and I am just as sure that, if you do, I shall have deserved it. Only say that you *expected something better* from me, and I shall be satisfied.

I must (though late) thank you for your last *Reflector*. The poem to which you were good enough to direct my attention interested me extremely; there is nothing so delightful as those alternate sinkings and risings, both of feeling and style, which you have exhibited in those verses, and you cannot think how gracefully it becomes the high philosophy of your mind to saunter now and then among the flowers of poetry. Do indulge her with a few more walks, I beseech you.

I am afraid you look upon me as a bad politician, or you would likewise have bid me read the fine article, entitled (if I recollect right) 'A Retrospect of Public Affairs.' It is most ably done; but you write too well for a politician, and it is really a pity to go to the expense of *fulminating gold*, when common *gunpowder* serves the purpose just as well.

I shall not call upon you now till I have passed the ordeal ; but till then, and ever, believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours with much esteem,

THOMAS MOORE.

Bury Street, Saturday.

The fragment which Carpenter told you I had for the *Reflector* was *wickedly* political. Some of the allusions have now lost their hold, but you shall see it, and perhaps something may, with your assistance, be yet made of it.

LETTER III.

On M.P., or The Blue-stockings.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not the least fear that *you* will make any ungenerous use of the anxiety which I express with respect to your good opinion of me. I dare say you have read in *The Times* of yesterday the very well-written, and (I confess) but too just account which they give of the *shooting* of my *fool's-bolt* on Monday. The only misrepresentation I can accuse them of (and *that* I feel very sensibly) is the charge of Royalism and courtiership which they have founded upon my foolish clap-trap with respect to the Regent ; this has astonished me the more, as the Opera underwent a very severe cutting from the Licenser for a very opposite quality to courtiership, and it is merely lest *you* should be led into a mistake (from the little consideration you can afford to give to such nonsense) that I trouble you with this note.

If the child's plea,—‘ I'll never do so again,’ could soften criticism, I may be depended upon from this moment for a most hearty abjuration of the stage, and

all its heresies of pun, equivoque, and claptrap : however humble I may be in other departments of literature, I am quite conscious of being contemptible in this.

Yours, my dear Sir, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

27 Bury Street, Wednesday.

Did you receive a note I sent you about a week ago ?

LETTER IV.

On the Feast of the Poets ; Lord Moira, &c.

[Post-mark, August 1812.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to find by your *Examiner* of last Sunday that you are ill, and I sincerely hope, both for the sake of yourself and the world, that it is not an indisposition of any serious nature. I have very often since I left town had thoughts of writing to you ; not that I had anything to say, but merely to keep myself alive in your recollection, till some lucky jostle in our life's journey throws us closer together than we have hitherto been. It is *not* true, however, that I have had nothing to say to you, for I have to thank you for your poem in the *Reflector*, which I would praise for its beauty, if my praises could be thought *disinterested* enough to please you—but it has won my heart rather too much to leave my judgment fair play ; and the pleasure of being praised by *you* makes me incapable of returning the compliment : all that I can tell you is, that your good opinion of me in general is paid back with interest tenfold, and that my thoughts about you are so well known to those I live with, that I have the pleasure of finding you acknowledged among them by no other title than 'Moore's Friend.' I suppose you have heard that I suddenly burst upon my acquaintances last

spring, in the new characters of husband and father, and I hope you will believe me, when I say that (though my little intercourse with you might have made such a confidence impertinent on my side) I often wished to make you one of the very few friends who knew the secret of my happiness, and witnessed my enjoyment of it. I rather think, too, that if you were acquainted with the story of my marriage, it would not tend to *lower* me from that place] which I am proud to believe I hold in your esteem. I have got a small house and large garden here in the neighbourhood of Lord Moira's fine library, and feel happy in the consciousness that I have *indeed* 'mended my notions of pleasure,' and that I am likely, after all, to be what men like you approve. Mrs. Moore and I have been for these ten days past on a visit to our noble neighbour, who is at length preparing for an old age of *independence*, by a manly and summary system of retrenchment. He has dismissed nearly all his servants, and is retiring to a small house in Sussex, leaving his park and fine library here to *solitude and me*. How I have mourned over his late negotiation! A sword looks crooked in water, and the weak medium of Carlton House has given an appearance of obliquity even to Lord Moira; but both the sword and he may be depended on still—at least I think so.

I was very much flattered by your taking some doggerel of mine out of the *Morning Chronicle* some months since, called 'The Insurrection of the Papers.' I don't know whether you saw 'The Plumassier' about the same time. It was mine also, but not so good. I hope next year, when I have got over a work I am about, to help you with a few shafts of ridicule in the noble warfare you are engaged in, since I find that you have thought some of them not unworthy your notice.

With best regards to Mrs. Hunt and your *little*

child, for whom I could supply a *companion picture*,
I am, my dear Sir,

Most truly yours,
THOMAS MOORE.

Wednesday.

I shall take the liberty of paying the postage of this, lest it might not be received at the Office.

LETTER V.

On Mr. Hunt's Imprisonment; Lord Moira, &c.

Kegworth, Leicestershire, Thursday.
[February 1813.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I was well aware that, on the first novelty of your imprisonment, you would be overwhelmed with all sorts of congratulations and condolences, and therefore resolved to reserve *my* tribute both of approbation and sympathy, till the gloss of your chains was a little gone off, and both friends and *starkers* had got somewhat accustomed to them. If I were now to tell you half of what I have thought and felt in your favour during this period, I fear it would be more than you know enough of me to give me credit for; and I shall therefore only say in true Irish phrase and spirit, that *my heart* takes you by the hand most cordially, and that I only wish heaven had given me a brother whom I could think so well of and feel so warmly about. I hope to be in London in about four or five weeks, when one of my first visits shall be to Horsemonger Lane, and I trust I shall find your restrictions so far relaxed as to allow of my not merely *looking at you* through the bars, but passing an hour or two with you in your room.

I have long observed, and (I must confess) wondered

at your *retenué* about Lord Moira, and have sometimes flattered myself (forgive me for being so vain, and so little just, perhaps, to your sense of duty) that a little regard for *me* was at the bottom of your forbearance, for you have always struck me as one whom Nature never destined ‘*accusatoriam vitam vivere*,’ and who, if you were to live much among us Lilliputians of this world, would soon find your giant limbs entangled with a multitude of almost invisible *heart-strings*; but be this as it may, I must acknowledge (with a candour which is *wrung* from me) that Lord Moira’s conduct no longer deserves your approbation, and when I say this, I trust I need not add, that it *no longer has mine*. His kindnesses to me of course I can never forget, but they are remembered as one remembers the kindnesses of a faithless mistress, and that esteem, that reverence, which was the soul of all, is fled. His thoughtfulness about me, indeed, remained to the last, and in the interview which I had with him immediately on his coming down here after his appointment, he said that, though he had nothing sufficiently good in his *Indian* patronage to warrant my taking such an expensive voyage, yet it was in his power, by *exchange* of patronage with Ministers, to serve me at home, and that he meant to provide for me in this way: to which I answered, with many acknowledgments for his friendship, that ‘I begged he would not take the trouble of making any such application, as I would infinitely rather struggle on as I am, than accept of anything under such a system.’ I must add (because it is creditable to him), that this refusal, though so significantly conveyed, and still more strongly afterwards by letter, did not offend him, and that he continued the most cordial attentions to us during the remainder of his stay. I know you will forgive this

egotism, and would perhaps trouble you with a little more of it, if the unrelenting post-time were not very nearly at hand.

* * * * *

From yours ever,
THOMAS MOORE.

LETTER VI.

Mayfield Cottage, Monday Evening.

[Post-mark, August 1813.]

MY DEAR HUNT,

* * * * *

I hope you see my friend Lord Byron often ; one of the very few London pleasures I envy him, is the visit to Horsemonger Lane now and then.

Faithfully yours,
THOMAS MOORE.

LETTER VII.

On the Story of Rimini.

Mayfield Cottage, March 7, 1814.

MY DEAR HUNT,—I do forgive you for your long silence, though you have much less right to be careless about our non-intercourse than I have. If I knew as little about you and your existence as you know of me, I should not feel quite so patient under the privation, but I have the advantage of communing with you for a very delightful hour every Tuesday evening : of knowing your thoughts upon all that passes, and of exclaiming ‘right!—bravo!—exactly!’ to every senti-

ment you express ; whereas, from the very few signs of life I give in the world, you can only take my existence for granted, as we do that of the

little woman under the hill,
Who, if she's not gone, must live there still.

However I *do* forgive you, and only wish I could pay you back a millesimal part of the pleasure which, in various ways, as poet, as politician, as partial friend, you have lately given me. Your 'Rimini' is beautiful, and its only faults such as you are aware of, and prepared to justify : there is that maiden charm of originality about it—that '*integer, illibatusque succus*,' which Columella tells us the bees extract ; that freshness of the living fount, which we look in vain for in the bottled-up Heliconian of ordinary bards ; in short, it is poetry—and notwithstanding the quaintnesses, the coinages, and even affectations, with which, *here* and *there*——

I had just got so far, my dear Hunt, when I was interrupted by a prosing neighbour, who has put everything I meant to say out of my head ; so, there I must leave you, impaled on the point of this broken sentence, and wishing you as little torture there as the nature of the case will allow. I have only time to say again, that your poem is beautiful, and that, if I do not exactly agree with some of your notions about versification and language, the general spirit of the work has more than satisfied my utmost expectations of you. If you go on thus you will soon make some of Apollo's guests sit 'below the salt.' The additions to this latter poem are excellent, and the lines on Music at the end are full of beauty.

There are many of the lines of 'Rimini' that 'haunt me like a passion.' I don't know whether I ought to

own that these are among the number—I quote from memory:—

The woe was short, was fugitive, is past !
The song that sweetens it may always last.

I am afraid you will set this down among your regular, sing-song couplets; to me it is all music.

Is it true that your friend Lord B. has taken to the beautifully ‘mammosa’ Mrs.——? Who, after this, will call him a ‘searcher of dark bosoms?’ Not a word to him, however, about this last question of mine.

Ever, my dear Hunt, most faithfully yours,
THOMAS MOORE.

I hope to deliver my mighty work into Longman’s hands in May, but of course it will not go to press till after the summer.

LETTER VIII.

Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, January 21, 1818.

MY DEAR HUNT,—Having the opportunity of a frank, I must write you a line or two to thank you for your very kind notices of me, and still more to express my regret that in my short and busy visits to town, I had not the happiness, to which I looked forward, of passing at least one day with you and your family. I am always so thrown ‘*in medias res*’ when I go to London, that I have never a minute left for anything agreeable; but my next visit will, I hope, be one of pleasure, and then you are *sure* to be brought in among the ingredients. For the cordiality with which you have praised and defended me, I am, I assure you, most deeply grateful; and though less alive, I am sorry to say, both to praise and blame than I used to be, yet coming from a heart and a taste like yours, they cannot fail to touch

me very sensibly. You are quite right about the conceits that disfigure my poetry ; but you (and others) are quite as wrong in supposing that I *hunt* after them—my greatest difficulty is to *hunt them* away. If you had ever been in the habit of hearing Curran converse—though I by no means intend to compare myself with him in the ready coin of wit—yet, from the tricks which his imagination played him while he talked, you might have some idea of the phantasmagoria that mine passes before me while I write. In short, St. Anthony's temptations were nothing to what an Irish fancy has to undergo from all its own brood of Will-o'-th' wisps and hobgoblins.

I was sorry to find that Cobbett found such a sturdy defender in your correspondent of last week ; indeed, I am grieved to the heart at many things I see among the friends of liberty, and begin to fear much more harm from the advocates of the cause than from its enemies. You, however, are always right in *politics* ; and if you would but keep your theories of religion and morality a little more to yourself (the MANIA on these subjects being so universal and *congenital*, that he who thinks of curing it is as mad as his PATIENTS), you would gain influence over many minds that you unnecessarily shock and alienate. I would not say this of you in public (for I cannot review my friends), but I say it to you thus privately, with all the anxious sincerity of a well-wisher both to yourself and the cause you so spiritedly advocate. I intended to have written you a long letter, but the post-belle (an old woman whom I employ for that purpose) is ringing her alarum below, and I must finish.

My best regards to Mrs. Hunt.

Yours very faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

LETTER IX.

Sloperton Cottage, Devizes, October 10, 1818.

MY DEAR HUNT,—I intended that a letter from me should accompany your copy of the seventh number of my ‘*Melodies*’; but I rather think, from your paper of Sunday last, that Power has had the start of me; and I only write now to get a little credit from you for my *intentions*, which in general, indeed, are the best things about me, but which, unfortunately, the matter-of-fact people of the world are never satisfied with. As you have imagination, however, as well as heart, I shall leave you to fancy all the kind things I have felt towards you during the long, long time I have passed in saying nothing whatever about them; and I am the more inclined just now to trust a good deal to your imaginative power, as I am disabled from writing much from a slight strain in my shoulder which I received the night before last—when the world was near being a bad poet out of pocket by the upsetting of a carriage in which I was returning from Bowood.

Shall you be in London about the latter end of November? I hope to be there about that time, and we *must* meet; for I have much to say to you, much to give and receive sympathy about. I suppose that you have heard of the calamity that has befallen me through the defalcation of my deputy at Bermuda, who has made free with the proceeds of two or three ships and cargoes deposited in his hands, and I am likely to be made responsible for the amount. You will, it is most probable, have an opportunity of returning my *prison visits*; as, if it comes to the worst, the Rules must be my residence. However (as I have just written to Lord Byron), *Unity of Place* is one of Aristotle’s

Rules, and, as a poet, I must learn to conform to it. By-the-bye, he has made many inquiries about you in his two last letters to me, and I should be glad to hear from you before I write to him again. I hope you will like my *Irish Melodies* better than you liked *Lalla Rookh*.

You were right about the verses to Sir H. Lowe.

Yours, my dear Hunt, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

LETTER X.

Paris, August 20, 1821.

MY DEAR HUNT,—I take the opportunity of a frank to send you a hasty line of acknowledgment for your kind mention of me. I was indeed most happy to see the announcement of your recovery, for public as well as private reasons—for, though you have right good auxiliaries, there is but one Richmond in the field after all.

This is a very delightful place to live in, and if I was not *obliged* to stay in it, I should find the time pass happily enough; for were

Ev'n Paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

Your friend Mr. Bowring and I were rather unlucky in our attempts to meet, but we *did* meet at last, and I liked him exceedingly.

THE LATE DUEL.

To the Editor of *The Morning Post*.¹

SIR,—Though I am conscious how little the affair in which I have been lately engaged can merit a moment's attention from the public, yet, as some pains have been taken to misrepresent the motives and the manner of it, I hope I shall be forgiven for addressing a few words to you upon the subject. In the first place the quarrel is not to be considered as *literary*. Though by no means indifferent to the decrees of criticism, I am aware that they are not to be reversed by an appeal to the pistol. The review, however, which Mr. Jeffrey had written, appeared to me to contain more personality than criticism; to impute to me motives for publication which my heart disclaims and detests, and to assail me altogether, much more as a man than as a writer. Conceiving, therefore, that in the present state of manners, no gentleman can hold such language towards another with impunity, I returned a contradiction to the assertions of Mr. Jeffrey, in terms too plain to be for a moment misunderstood, and the meeting, of which the public has heard, was the consequence.

With respect to the ridiculous story about the loading of the pistols, I shall only say, in addition to the declaration of our seconds, who are men not likely to prefer the safety of a friend to his honour, that any person who takes the trouble of inquiring at Bow Street will learn that the pistol which the officer took from *me*, was found, upon examination, to be regularly loaded; though from some accident in the carriage of the pistols to town, that of Mr. Jeffrey was without a ball, and that the discovery of this circumstance was made a

¹ *Morning Post*, Monday, August 18, 1806.

ground for detaining my pistols a day or two after the magistrate had consented to restore them.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,

T. MOORE.

Bury Street, St. James's, August 16, 1806.

TO MRS. SHELLEY

ON RECEIPT OF HER COLLECTED EDITION OF SHELLEY'S POEMS.

April 17, 1839.

I am quite ashamed of not having acknowledged sooner your precious and welcome present, precious doubly, as Shelley's work and your gift. I have a horror of *sitting down* to write, and in that respect, at least, am *fièrement poète*, always on my *feet*. Villainous pun! but I have not time to make a better, and so you must forgive me. I forget whether I told you that I am also embarked in a Collective Edition, and am just now employed in pruning my juvenilities (cruel operation!) for the Press. In looking over these young things (which I had almost entirely forgot) I find myself alternately chuckling over what's good in them, and wondering and cursing at what is bad.

I do not think of being in town before the middle of May, but hope to find you then well and flourishing.

Yours ever,

T. MOORE.

NOTES
FOR
LIFE OF LORD BYRON

(Printed from the original MS.)

[The following paragraphs are derived from a quarto manuscript book of Moore's, partly in pencil, partly in ink, containing in his minutest hand, and with innumerable corrections and interlineations that render it almost indecipherable, a mass of extracts, memoranda, and rough notes, on the cover of which he has written, 'Chiefly References for my Byron.—T. MOORE.']

NOTES FOR LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

B.'s DISLIKE to company and love of solitude, common to persons with very lively imaginations, and who have not the power of giving their fancy vent in conversation.

The stagnation of Byron's talent during his married life. Had he sunk into a good husband, would have lost his subsequent and finest things. For such wonders a great price must be paid, and one cannot have the tame and the grand together.

B. disposed to fall gently into the ways of those he lived with—to respect what they respected. Would have followed to a certain degree the standard set up for character in England, but ill-used and chased as he was from its society, he became irritated, and, placed out of the reach of these social influences, degenerated.

The praise he gives me in his letters is so evidently the result rather of his good nature and affection than his judgment, that I have the less scruple in laying it before the world.

Lord B.'s modesty—his looking up to all the men he lived with—mention this in talking of his praises of me.

His slowness in discovering his talent for humorous poetry.

The wonderful power his mind showed in being able to concentrate itself upon great subjects in the midst of such society as he kept in Italy—applicable chiefly to Ravenna.

I always anticipated opposition from Lady Byron, &c., about the Memoirs, and could easily perhaps have braved it, but was not prepared to expect his sister, all his friends, &c.

The freedom of spirit against religion all did very well in Voltaire's time, before the grand experiment was tried; but since the Revolution it has become rather *mauvais ton*, and of late, fortunately perhaps for the world, literature has gone rather on the other tack.

Avow my having endeavoured to dissuade him from the connexion with Hunt. Had myself refused to join him in a journal, because I thought he ought to stand alone. Had often asked me to join him in undertakings, but I never would.

Excited himself, evidently, by *reading* on the subjects he was employed about.

Who is M. S. G., to whom one of the early poems is addressed?

To ask Hobhouse or Kinnaird or Drury if they know who are the boys mentioned in 'Childish Recollections,'—Lycus, Euryalus, &c.

Must write to Rees to get me *Anecdotes of Lord Byron*, published by Knight and Lacy in 1825.

People are deceived by the *sound* into rating the *sense* far above its value. Translation exposes this. Read Homer in Madame Dacier.

Byron, the first very great poet who did not range himself on the *right* side of human things.

Inquire of Drury and others whether there exists any copy of that private edition of Lord B.'s early

poems, which he had printed before he published them in 1807, and to which he alludes in a note on 'Childish Recollections.'

Inquire of Drury about Hobhouse's poems, published while he was abroad. There were some of Lord B.'s in the volume.

His parody on the speech from the 'Medea' on the summit of the Cyaneans, a strong proof of the strange mixture of the sublime and ridiculous in his mind.

B.'s great love for Lord C. lay entirely in his recollection and fancy—he did not see enough of him to have these cooled by collisions of opinion, by 'troublesome sincerity,' as he himself calls it, and all those little rubs and shocks which the best friends, who live much together, must experience from each other.

Must get Sheppard's *Devotions*, in which there is a letter from B. Must see also in Dr. Clarke's Remains what he says of him.

Scrope Davies' sending to ask the loan of B.'s pistols to shoot himself. Answer—he should be very happy, but that the pistols were great favourites of his, and he was afraid that they would be taken as a deodand.

What was the exact period of his love for Miss Chaworth? It could not have been 'during the year he passed in Notts away from college,' for though he speaks of 'a violent though pure passion' at that time, he says that the object of it is dead.

The change of my style not so much in deference to my critics as to my subject. In treating of politicians or political subjects, one may venture to excite a little the imagination of the reader by occasional flights, but when a poet like Lord Byron is the subject, so many images remembered and derived from his Works occur to the mind of the reader, that it would be both

presumption and bad policy to intrude one's own meddling images.

Must see the reviews of the *Hours of Idleness* at the end of 1808 and beginning of 1809, *Critical, Monthly*, and particularly the *Eclectic*, in which there was a personal attack on B. (as he mentions in his first letter to Dallas), written, as he supposed, by a reverend doctor in theology. It is evident that B. was flattered by being thus attacked, and still more by the thought that it was a clergyman who did it. The comparison, too, between himself and the bad Lord Lyttelton evidently tickled that peculiar vanity of his, which made him delight in being thought worse than he was.

There could not be a worse preparation for marriage than Byron's preceding life. Had never known any domestic connexions, no regularity of a home, none of that deference to women and that respect for their good qualities which a youth passed among female relatives inspires. The women he had been intimate with all of the worst kind; even what he called love having been squandered on worthless and corrupt persons—then marrying a woman so rigidly the opposite of all he had been accustomed to—who brought virtue in its least agreeable form—a pedant in goodness, precise and cold in all her tastes and habits.

Inquire about the edition of his *Hours of Idleness* which contains the verses to the Duke of Dorset, quoted by Madame de Belloc.

Confess myself too much under the influence of attachment and admiration to be able to sit in judgment upon his character. Besides, I myself (whatever I may have heard) never saw or experienced anything from him that was not, &c., &c.

The general impression left upon us by B.'s Works is a sense of *power*—power wantoning, as it were, in

the excess of its own strength, and too versatile in its operations to produce any one simple and durable feeling in our hearts. Vivacity, gloom, tenderness, sarcasm, succeed each other too rapidly for the current of ordinary feeling to follow them; we wonder without sympathising; and the very power of the artist leads us to doubt the sincerity of the man. That diversity of character, which dramatists represent through fictitious personages, Byron assumed himself; and he was either the villain, the enthusiast, the lover, or the jester, according as the wantonness of his omnipotent genius suggested. This the great secret of his whole course, his descents as well as his flights, exuberant power throwing itself out in all directions. B. the first poet that ever mixed these incongruities. Ariosto, whom he originally intended to make his model in *Childe Harold* (and failed), was altogether different.

The two Journals exhibiting the turn of his thoughts and habits at two such very different periods of his life, and in such different scenes—the one in the first blaze of his fame in London, &c., &c.

Egoism almost invariably a characteristic of men of genius. Their mental resources make them independent of others. Besides, their imagination is with difficulty satisfied: everything combines to throw them back on themselves. Have, in general, been homeless animals.

Whatever deduction may be made from Lord B.'s generosity in his praise of me from the consideration of how little he had to dread from my rivalry, the same cannot be said of his enthusiasm about Scott, whom he had every reason to consider a dangerous rival.

Dependence upon others is the great source of social affection. Men of great genius, who are independent of

external resources, who love solitude, and generally live in a state of abstraction, are in every respect unfit for domestic life.

The true province of poetry is to embellish and dignify this life, and shed a light over the future, and the poet who employs his art in blackening and degrading human nature, and throwing the darkness of eternal death over the prospect before us, runs counter to the purposes of his high calling. Byron could not help shedding these glories as he went, in spite of the general perverseness of his intention. The light escaped, in spite of him, at every instant.

Another consideration is that superior natures have almost invariably taken the bright side of things. As we see in ordinary life that it is generally the least enlarged minds that are most ready to find fault and be fastidious, so it is in the views taken of the world by the poetic observer and the mere grumbler. There may be a tinge of sadness in the admiration which the former feels, but there is no malignity or depreciating spirit. The *ton moqueur* was never yet the tone of a lofty genius, and it was what alone, perhaps, prevented Voltaire from being a great man. Even he avoided it in his loftiest efforts. The doubter may be conscientious, but the scoffer never.

In general the lives of poets have but little to do with their works—their habits, affections, peculiarities, are but faintly reflected in them. We therefore seldom feel much interest in them. In B.'s case, however, it is altogether different. He has not left a scrap of writing upon which he did not stamp an image of himself.

B.'s scene with Lady Blessington—the B.'s near their departure—lying on the sofa while they were at

dinner—burst out a-crying. Lady B., fearing that he might be ashamed of it, saying, ‘One is often in that sort of mood, when one cannot help crying from nervousness.’ ‘Nervousness!’ angry that she should think it arose from anything but feeling.

Lord Holland expostulating with Lord B. on the line about Lord Carlisle—

The paralytic puling of Carlisle,

as an attack upon a personal misfortune. ‘What, good God! do you mean to say he is actually paralytic, and me of all men [looking down at his foot] to attack such an infirmity. I’ll alter it instantly’ (or, ‘I’ll apologise instantly’—*query*?—the satire, I believe, had been then suppressed). However, that evening some attack appeared on Lord B., in the *Courier*, I believe, and next day he said to Lord H.: ‘It is now out of the question; I cannot after this retract anything, as the fellows would triumph over me.’ Must ask Lord H. about this.

The Rebellion at Harrow—three claimants for the mastership—Evans, Mark Drury, and Butler. Wildman at the head of the party for M. Drury. A boy telling him ‘Byron’ (who was at first inclined to Evans) ‘will not join because he will not act second to any one, but you can secure him by giving up the leadership to him.’ W. did so, and Byron placed himself at the head of the party. B. was never pupil to Butler, though he lived in the house with him. Butler sending his invitations according to the usual form at the end of a term—considered always as a sort of Royal command. B.’s answer that he could not dine with him. Butler afterwards questioned him before the boys on the subject—

whether he had anyone coming to dine with him? 'No.' 'You must have some reason, Lord B.' 'I have.' 'What is it?' 'Why, if you, Dr. Butler, should happen to pass through my part of the county when I was at Newstead, I certainly should not ask you to dine with me, and therefore feel that I ought not to dine with you.'

Lord Delaware one of his pets at Harrow. W. thinks his passion for him, Clare, Dorset, and Wingfield was very much their being brother nobles. W., being a monitor, one day had put Delaware on his list for punishment. B. coming up to him, said, 'W., I find you have got Delaware on your list; pray don't lick him.' 'Why not?' 'Why, I don't know, except that he is a brother peer; but pray don't,' &c. W. *did*.

It was the grating of the window in Butler's hall that B. pulled down.

Mrs. B., arriving from Aberdeen with B. and Mary Gay, asking at the toll-bar whether there was not a nobleman's estate near—whose was it? 'It was Lord Byron's, but he is dead.' 'And who is the heir now?' 'They say it's a little boy that lives at Aberdeen.' 'This is him, God bless him!' said Mary Gay, turning to the child and kissing him. Mrs. B. then stayed at Newstead, while Byron was put under the care of Lavender at Nottingham. Lavender's method was, filling his hands full of oil and rubbing the foot with it for a long time, and then twisting it round and screwing it up in a wooden machine. Byron in great pain. Rogers, who was employed at this time to read Latin with him (read Virgil and Cicero), said, 'My lord, I don't feel comfortable at having you sitting opposite

me there, in such pain as you must be.' 'Never mind, Mr. Rogers, you shall not see any signs of it in me.' His quizzing Lavender, who was an ignorant quack; writing down letters in all sorts of forms, and asking Lavender what language it was; and Lavender, wishing to appear to know, would say it was ——. On Lord B.'s being in the neighbourhood after his return from abroad, he bid some one tell Rogers that, beginning from a certain line which he mentioned in Virgil, he could recite twenty lines on, which he remembered having read with Rogers while he was suffering the most dreadful pain.—When B. came of age, there was a ball given and an ox roasted. Hanson danced at the ball. Byron's system of starvation began early; sweating himself down; had himself buried in the manure-bed, and remained three-quarters of an hour; walking up the hill in a great-coat.—Was never at any expense; the girls (his harem) all in service about him; was remarked to have been like his grand-uncle in this, who kept a woman, but made her work very hard.

Mrs. B. lived at Southwell while B. was in London and at Harrow; during this time Newstead let to Mr. Clay (?) and to Lord Grey de Ruthyn, who had it some time. When B. came home from Harrow he used to have a bed at Lord Grey's and board with Mrs. Nealy in the yard. B. sent down a girl from St. James's Street; the consultation of Mrs. Fletcher about her with my informant—'a nice, modest-looking girl.' This girl wheedled B. out of a (Nottingham) lace gown of his mother's, one of the relics he had preserved; the other relics were a muff and a work-bag.

The melancholy letters of B. from abroad used to make his mother cry. Mrs. B. died in a fit of passion about the bills of the upholsterer, Brothers. Was sitting on her bed when the fit seized her; her death

very speedy. B. did not arrive till she was a corpse. His mother's waiting-woman, in passing at night by the room where the body was, found that B. was sitting with it in the dark; went and expostulated with him. He burst into tears, and said, 'Oh, Mrs. —, I had but one friend in the world, and I have lost her.' Hobhouse and he quarrelled once (before the voyage), and Hobhouse went off to town.—B. boxing with Rush-ton during his mother's funeral.

Byron's habit of carrying little pocket-pistols while a boy. This passion in some degree hereditary, for Sir S. Warren related that once when he dined with the old Lord, there was a case of pistols placed on the table.

The neighbourhood all thought it would be a match between B. and Miss Chaworth. She, Miss Munday, (afterwards Duchess of Newcastle) and B. used to be always riding and playing together.¹

B. used often to show old Murray the place he had prepared for him, B. himself, and the dog. Old Murray, on Wildman's mentioning the subject (from somebody joking with the old man about it), said, in answer to Wildman's question, 'whether it was still his wish to be buried there?' 'I have been thinking of that, sir, and if I was sure my lord would not be put there, I must say that I wouldn't like to be with the dog alone.'

Never would visit any of the neighbouring gentlemen; very close with respect to expenditure.

The page that came down from Lady Lamb's—doubt among the servants whether it was a boy or girl.

Wildman's account of Cameron at Madame D——s;² the first night B. saw her; his going away with her;

¹ The second sentence is erased in the MS.

² This name is illegible in the MS.

redeemed her from D——¹ for 100 guineas. Breakfasted with B. afterwards out at ——. The separate beds B. *always* had with women. ‘Tell Miss Cameron to come down.’ Wildman’s surprise.

There was an execution on Newstead by Brothers, the upholsterer, in 1810 for 1,500*l*. A notice being pasted on the house, old Murray, fearing to take it down, yet feeling for the dignity of the house, pasted some brown paper over it.

There were four skulls placed upon light pedestals in Byron’s study found at the same time with the cup skull. B. alludes to this in one of his letters to Dallas.

The private play at Mr. Leacroft’s at Southwell; acted Penruddock and Tristram Fickle; the dining-room at Leacroft’s fitted up as a theatre. See his Prologue, which he spoke himself, in his Poems. Colonel Lightfoot, of the Forty-fifth, one of the actors. Dr. Pigot another, and the two Miss Leacrofts. One of the latter married to Captain Oakes, Gloucestershire. The epilogue, in which there were good-humoured portraits of all the actors, written by Beecher and spoken by Byron. Reports that it was satirical, and that they were all to be taken off; previous rehearsal, in which it was to be heard and withdrawn if thought wrong. B.’s suppression of his mimicry, in consequence of which the actors themselves entreated it might be preserved. His coming out with the imitation on the night.

The first publication of B. was for private circulation, *Fugitive Pieces*. Beecher’s poetical expostulation on the licentiousness of some of the pieces. B.’s ready

¹ This name is illegible in the MS.

concurrence in his view of it. Embarrassed about the copies he had sent out; recalled them, and Beecher saw the whole of the impression burned, except the copy he has in his possession, and, I believe, another which was sent to too great a distance to be recalled. This was in 1806. The burning took place immediately on the day of his correspondence with Beecher, which, according to the date of Byron's poem, was November 26, 1806. He immediately then set about printing another edition, in order to substitute copies for those which he had withdrawn from his friends. This impression was about 100, and was printed the beginning of 1807, but never published. Almost immediately after followed the publication of the *Hours of Idleness*, which went into a second edition, the title *Hours of Idleness* being omitted, and the volume called merely *Poems, Original and Translated*. This second edition was dedicated to Lord Carlisle.

B. saying to Miss Pigot: 'I don't know how it is, I sing a great deal better to your playing than to other people's.' 'That's because I play to your singing, while others make you sing to their playing.'

Being one day out of spirits, Beecher represented to him all the advantages he possessed, among other things 'a mind that placed him above the rest of mankind.' 'Ah!' he said, 'if this [laying his hand on his head] places me above the rest of mankind, this [pointing to his foot] places me far, far below them.'

Captain Leacroft's expostulating with him on his attentions to his sister—some threats of calling him out. Byron ready to meet him. Afterwards, on consulting Beecher, resolved never to go near the house again, and firmly kept his resolution.

B.'s habit of answering his correspondents immediately gave to his letters all the aptitude and freshness of replies in conversation.

His peculiarity in not being able to describe anything that he had not actually seen. What he saw, he embellished; but he must have seen it, could not imagine it. Difference between this and those persons whose imagination deals best with what they have not seen; whom, from their love of truth, facts chill, because they cannot depart from them, and consequently cannot elevate them.

Must see the file of the *Morning Chronicle* at the beginning of 1816 on the subject of B.'s separation from Lady B.

It was natural that such times should produce such a poet as Byron. The revolutionary spirit of the day was as much embodied in him *poetically* as it was in Napoleon *politically* and *militarily*.

Hobhouse's account of the storm in which B. and Shelley were so nearly lost on the Lake. Shelley wishing to die shortly and easily,—going down and sitting on the great trunk and holding by the rings; the contest between them. B. insisting that he would endeavour to save Shelley, and Shelley refusing. At length B., by threatening to go down with him, prevailed on him to let go the rings, and tied S. and himself together by a handkerchief, I think. S. as brave as a lion, H. says.

Lord B. a poet through every moment of his existence. The avowals (or rather imputations) of his own wickedness—which people took *au pied de la lettre*—

were but shadows of poetry passing over his imagination, and, as it were, reflected in his conversation.

As B. showed much of the man in the boy, he also continued afterwards to show the boy in the man; and an inspired schoolboy was what he more than anything else gave one the idea of. The intellect and passions of the man showed themselves prematurely in the boy: and the folly and *fanfaronade* of the boy mixed with the understanding of the man.

B.'s attempt at Ariostoism in the first cantos of *Childe Harold* a failure; easier to introduce touches of pathos or sublimity in a work generally comic than to descend from the grave and grand to the light or humorous.

Success at the University requires undivided attention to its studies. A lively and versatile mind thirsting for general information will not apply itself in this manner, but will wander in all directions; and hence generally the dullest most succeed there.

Such a combination of contrary powers always at work, could the brain have stood it long? The only sign of monomania his passion to be thought bad.

What produced in Byron's poetic characters the inconsistent union of 'one virtue with a thousand crimes' arose from his combining in these fanciful creations the generous qualities he really possessed with the bad ones he wished to pass for having.

What all think (bad as well as good) he uttered—the shadows that pass through other people's minds he *fixed* and *embodied*.

Nor was it in the creations of his fancy only that this versatility and love of variety showed itself; one of the most pervading mishaps of his life may be traced to the same fertile source. The pride of personating every description of character, evil as well as good, influenced, as we have seen, but too much of his conduct; and as in his poetry, his own experience of the ill-effects of passion was made to furnish materials to his imagination, so in action his imagination supplied most of the dark colouring under which this pride of appearing all things, dark as well as bright, so often led him to disguise his true aspect from the world. To such a perverse length, indeed, did he sometimes carry this fancy for self-defamation, that if, as he himself in moments of depression supposed, there was any tendency to derangement in his mental faculties, on this point alone could it be pronounced to have showed itself. In the early part of my acquaintance with him, when he most gave way to this humour (it was observable afterwards, when the world joined in his own opinion of himself, he rather shrunk from the echo), I have known him, when a little under the influence of wine, as we have sat together after dinner, to fall seriously into one of these dark and self-accusing moods, and throw out hints of his past life and its deeds, with an air of mystery designed evidently to evoke curiosity and interest. He was, however, too promptly alive to the least approaches of ridicule not to see that gravity was becoming somewhat of an effort of politeness on the part of his hearer, and from that time he never again tried this sort of romantic mystification upon me. From what I have known, however, of his experiments in this way upon more impressible listeners, I have little doubt that to produce effect at the moment there is hardly any crime so dark of which in the excitement

of this acting upon the imagination of others, he would not hint that he had been guilty; and it has sometimes occurred to me that the real secret cause of his lady's separation from him, round which herself and her legal advisers have thrown such a formidable mystery, may after all have been nothing more than some dramatic trial of his own fancy and of her credulity, some invention in the dramatic guise of confession of undefined horrors meant merely to mystify,—his temptation to such tricks being increased by the precise character of his hearer; but which the lady, unluckily for both, so little understood him as to take seriously.

From the time of our first meeting there seldom elapsed a day that Lord Byron and I did not see each other, and our acquaintance ripened into intimacy and friendship with a rapidity of which I have seldom seen an example. I was, indeed, lucky in all the circumstances attending my first introduction to him. In a generous nature like his the pleasure of repairing an injustice would naturally give an additional stimulus to any partiality I had the good fortune to inspire him with; while the manner in which I had sought this reparation, free as it was from resentment, anger, or defiance, left nothing painful to remember in the transactions between us, no compromise or concession that could wound self-love, or take away from the grace of that frank friendship to which he at once so cordially and unhesitatingly admitted me. I was also not a little fortunate in forming my acquaintance with him before his success had yet reached its meridian burst, before the triumphs that were in store for his genius had brought the world all in homage round him, and among the splendid crowds that courted his society, even claims far less humble than mine could have had but a

feeble chance of fixing his regard. As it was, the new scene of life that opened upon him with his success, instead of detaching us, as it might have done, from each other, only multiplied our opportunities of meeting and increased our intimacy. In that society where his birth entitled him to move, circumstances had already placed me, notwithstanding mine; and when, after the appearance of *Childe Harold*, he came to mingle with the world, the same persons who had been my intimates and friends became his: our visits were mostly to the same places, and in the gay and giddy round of a London spring we were (as in one of his own letters he expresses it) 'embarked in the same Ship of Fools together.'

But at the time when we first met his position in the world was most solitary. Even those coffee-house companions who, before his departure from England, had served him as a sort of substitute for more worthy society, were either relinquished or had disappeared, and, with the exception of three or four associates of his college days (to whom he appeared very strongly attached), Mr. Dallas and his solicitor seemed to be the only persons whom even in their very questionable degree he could boast of as friends. Though too proud to complain of this singularity in his lot, it was evident that he felt it, and that this sort of cheerless isolation to which his youth had been abandoned, was, on entering into manhood, one of the chief sources of that resentful disdain of the world which even his subsequent success in it came too late to remove. The effect, indeed, which his commerce with society afterwards had, for the short time it lasted, in softening and exhilarating his temper, showed how fit a soil his heart would have been for the growth of all the kindlier feelings, had but a little of this sunshine of the world's smiles shone on him earlier.

At the same time, in all such speculations as to what *might* have been, under other circumstances, his character, it is always to be borne in mind that his very defects were among the elements of his greatness, and that it was out of the struggle of the light of his nature with its darkness that his mighty genius drew its strength. A more genial and fostering introduction into life, while it would doubtless have softened and disciplined its mood, might have impaired its vigour, and the same influences that would have diffused smoothness and happiness over his life, might have been fatal to its glory. In a short poem of his, which appears to have been produced at Athens (as I find it written in a leaf of the original MS. of *Childe Harold*, and dated Athens, 1811), there are two lines which, though hardly intelligible as connected with the rest of the poem, may, taken separately, be interpreted as implying a sort of prophetic consciousness that out of the wreck and ruin of his heart the immortality of his name was to arise.

We frequently, during the first months of our acquaintance, dined alone together; and having no Club in common to resort to—the Alfred being the only one to which he at that period belonged, and I being a member of none but Watier's, our dinners were either at the St. Alban's or at his old haunt ——. Understanding me to have expressed a wish to belong to the same Club with him, he good-naturedly lost no time in proposing me as a candidate; but the resolution I had then nearly formed of leading in future a country life being at variance with this, I wrote to beg that he would, for the present at least, withdraw the proposal.

During all this time, and through the succeeding

months of January and February, his poem of *Childe Harold* was in progress through the press; and to the changes and additions which he made in the course of printing, some of the most beautiful passages of the work owe their existence. On comparing, indeed, his first rough draught of the two Cantos with the poem as we have it at present, we are made sensible of the power which true genius possesses, not only of surpassing others, but of improving on itself. . . . There were also in the poem, as first written, several stanzas full of direct personality, and some degenerating into a style even more familiar and ludicrous than that of the description of a London Sunday, which still disfigures the first Canto.

In thus mixing up the light with the serious, it was the design of the poet to imitate Ariosto. But it is far easier to rise with grace and effect from the level of a story generally familiar into an occasional burst of pathos or splendour than to interrupt a prolonged tone of solemnity by any descent into the ludicrous or the light.¹ In the former case the transition may soften or elevate, but in the latter it almost invariably shocks; for the same reason, perhaps, that a touch of pathos or high feeling in comedy has a peculiar charm, while the intrusion of comic scenes into tragedy, however sanctioned among us by habit and authority, rarely fails to offend. The noble poet was himself convinced of the failure of the experiment, and in none of the succeeding cantos of *Childe Harold* repeated it.

It is a scepticism whose sadness calls far more for pity than blame, and through whose very doubts is discernible an inborn warmth of piety, which they have been able to obscure, but not to chill, and which

¹ *Vide supra*, p. 422.

even under this cloud is worth all the cold, shallow belief of the dignities in religion who as little reason as they feel.

At the same time with *Childe Harold* he had three other works in progress through the press. . . . The note upon the . . . poem which had been the hasty origin of our acquaintance was withdrawn in this edition, and a few words of explanation substituted, which, before they were committed to the press, he had the kindness to submit to my perusal. But as my sole object had been the satisfaction of my own feelings, without any view whatever to a public atonement, I attended but little to the terms of the explanation, and have since wholly forgotten them.

In the month of January, the whole of the two cantos of *Childe Harold* being printed off, some of the poet's friends, and among others Mr. R. and myself, were so far favoured as to be indulged with a perusal of the sheets. In adverting to this period in his memoranda Lord B. mentioned, as one of the discouraging omens that preceded the publication of this poem, that some of the literary friends to whom he had shown it expressed doubts of its success, and that one of them had told him 'it was too good for the age.' Whoever may have pronounced this opinion (and I am, I fear, the person that must plead guilty to it), the age has, it must be owned, most triumphantly refuted the imputation upon its taste which the remark implied.

ANCESTORS OF LORD B.

A biographer, to do justice to Lord B. in the manner he himself would have wished, should certainly not omit

to notice the antiquity of the family from which he descended. Among his strongest feelings was that of his rank and ancient descent. The first poem in his *Hours of Idleness*, written in 1803, when he was fifteen years of age, contains a proud enumeration of some of the heroes of his race. Old Robert, John of Horiston, &c. (Must inquire into all these—the old pictures at Newstead—some still remaining—‘Little Sir John with the great beard.’) Some story thought to be connected with the images on the panels at Newstead, as on all of them there is the head of a female, with a Moor on one side, and generally a Christian on the other, gazing at her. As some of Byron’s ancestors served in the Holy Wars, as he says in the poem just alluded to :

Proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine’s plain,

these groups are supposed to allude to some of the adventures that befel them.

Byron standing before the tomb of Galileo, with Rogers, in the Santa Croce, at Florence (where there are also the tombs of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, &c.), said: ‘I have a pleasure in looking upon that monument—he was *one of us*’ (meaning *noble*).

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

Born January 22, 1788—Dallas says at Dover, the inscription on the urn says in London. Mdme. de Belloc (on what authority?) represents him as born ‘dans une terre de sa mère, à 30 milles d’Aberdeen.’ Dr. Ewing, of Aberdeen, in quoting to me the authority of Byron’s nurse, Mary Gray, says her impression was that he was born in London, for she understood that the celebrated

Dr. William Hunter, accoucheur in London, attended his mother on the occasion. Dr. Ewing tells me the Aberdeen people are much inclined to claim him as a native. He used sometimes to speak of himself as Scotch.

His name of Gordon was that of his mother (Miss Gordon), and assumed in compliance with a condition imposed by will on whoever should marry her.

He appears to have been sent when four years old to a school at Aberdeen kept by Mr. Bower, from whose day-book the following extract has been sent to me by Mr. Grant, of Aberdeen, successor to the said schoolmaster, Mr. Bower:—

George Byron Gordon, 19th November, 1792. 1793, paid one guinea.

Mr. Bower's terms for reading (says my correspondent, Mr. Grant) were five shillings per quarter, so that young Byron must have been under his care about a twelvemonth. On entering her son at this school Mrs. Byron said to Mr. Bower, 'I have sent him to you that he may be kept *in about*,' from which Mr. Grant infers that she already found it difficult to manage him. From 1793 to 1795 Mr. Grant cannot trace him, but supposes he may have been during that interval at Banff Academy, or in the Highlands. In 1795 he entered the Grammar School of Aberdeen, where he remained till the summer of 1798. Mr. Grant had examined the public catalogue of the school, and says that his name does not appear after that period.

Must not forget Byron's consolation for his lameness in the Greek proverb quoted in one of his letters. Can hardly, however, quote it, if I recollect the words aright.

Mrs. Shelley tells me she heard a heedless girl once say to him, 'I think you have a little of the Scotch accent.' 'Good God! I hope not. I am sure I haven't. I'd rather the whole d——d country were sunk in the ocean. I the Scotch accent!'

MRS. MUSTERS.

B. was a rough boy—was two years younger than herself—she thought nothing of him—was in love with Musters at the time. Byron's hatred of dancing. Scene at Matlock on her dancing with some person who was unknown to her; his saying pettishly, 'I hope you like your friend.' A vulgar Scottish cousin some time after coming up to him, Miss Chaworth retorted the same phrase: 'I hope you like your friend.' Was alarmed once by a ghost he saw at Newstead—(this at a later period) something indistinct he saw in the dusk—related by Mrs. Leigh, who was with him at the time. B.'s quarrel with his mother at Southwell, each thinking that the other meditated self-destruction, and going round to the apothecaries to warn them against supplying poison.

Asked her whether the hall at Annesley was the oratory he mentions? Said she supposed it might be.

Thinks it possible she might have said what he mentioned in his Memoirs: 'What! me care for that lame boy!'

His mother had his nativity cast when he was very young. Mrs. B. wished to pass for a single woman, but the fortune-teller told her she was married, and had a son who was lame—that he would be in danger of being poisoned before he came of age, and would be twice married, his second wife to be a foreigner.

Passed six weeks at one time at Annesley while his

mother was at Southwell. Used at first to go back to Newstead every night to sleep, saying he was afraid to sleep at Annesley because he thought that the pictures had taken a grudge to him on account of the duel, and would come down from their frames. At last one evening he said, 'I saw a *bogle* last night,' which when the girls (Miss C. and her cousin) were puzzled to know the meaning of, he repeated, 'I saw a bogle—a ghost—and will not go home to-night.' From this time he always slept there. Used to pass his time chiefly in riding with Miss C. and her cousin, or in sitting doing nothing, pulling his handkerchief, or in firing at a door which opens on the terrace, and which still (Mrs. M. says) has the marks of his bullets. (By-the-bye, Miss Pigot told me that whenever he had nothing else to say he would always say 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10).

The only thing Mrs. Musters remembers to justify the passage about her lover on his hasty steed was their going up to the top of the hill together to see the races at a distance. He was very fond of sitting to hear her play the air of Mary Anne, a great favourite of his—partly on account of the name. Used to boast of a locket he had that somebody had given him. Was proud of his beauty: used to say, 'I think I'm a good-looking fellow.'

Appearance of B. at Cephalonia excited great sensation. The figure of Tartar with his high feather and his silver epaulets. B., while he retained his brig, riding often by the Marina, or Parade, out to the point opposite to the Guardiania island—people all trying to get a glimpse of him. Used to put spurs to his horse when any group of ladies appeared, and set off with his attendants after him. Used sometimes afterwards to ride attended by a Suliote in his picturesque costume.

Mr. H. B. most in his confidence. His visit to Ithaca and going to the Fountain of Arethusa with the resident. Said, 'If the Greek Government cannot pay me what I have advanced, I will take land or some villages, and collect the Suliotes and live as their landlord.'

Arrived at Argostoli August 6, 1823, in the brig 'Hercules,' which he had freighted to convey himself and stores. Gamba, H. Brown, Trelawney, and Dr. Bruno, an Italian physician, on board the ship in the harbour for four weeks. Despatched first H. Brown, and shortly afterwards Trelawney, to get accurate information of Greece. Paid off the vessel, landed stores, and took up his residence at Metaxata, a pleasant village four miles and a half from Argostoli. Continued till December 27, when he embarked for Missolonghi. Received with respect—waited on by Colonel D. (?) who commanded in the absence of the governor—went to an evening party at Colonel D's. Dined with the officers of the garrison—made a short speech on his health being drunk, with which he was pleased. Asked Colonel D. very often if he had done well, if he had acquitted himself properly, so little as he was in the habit of public speaking. Dr. Kennedy's intended lecture to a few friends on the truth of the C. religion—one of them mentioned it to B.—his expressing a wish to be present. 'You know,' he said, 'I am reckoned a black sheep; yet after all,' he continued, 'not so black as the world believes me.' Said he would convince Dr. Kennedy that if he had not faith he had at least patience, and would listen throughout the prescribed time (twelve hours) without interrupting him. Lord B. said that he did not like to be called an infidel, as it was 'a cold and chilling appellation.'

The lecture was on a Sunday. The audience did not hear Dr. K. through his twelve hours. I saw, says the Doctor, that his lordship's patience was evidently at an end, and that he wished to be a speaker, and no longer a hearer. B. said that when he was young he went regularly to church, read theological works, and was particularly pleased with Barrow; said that he was not an infidel who denied the Scriptures and wished to remain in unbelief; that, on the contrary, he was very desirous to believe, as he experienced no happiness in having his religious opinions so unsteady and unfixed. But he could not understand the Scriptures. Respected those who conscientiously believed, but saw so many who were Christians because they were paid for being so, and from some other such motive which he found out in them, that his reliance on the sincerity of their believing was much shaken. To the similitude used by Dr. K. of the potter and his clay, B. remarked that he would certainly say to the potter, if he were broken in pieces, 'Why do you treat me thus?' He also observed that if the whole world were going to hell, he would prefer going with them to going alone to heaven. Byron astonishing the standers-by with his theological knowledge (mentioning Barrow, Stillingfleet, &c.), which Dr. K. questions, and contradicts the assertion that went about that he himself was astonished at B.'s knowledge. 'Lord Calthorpe was the first who called me an atheist when we were at school at Harrow, for which I gave him as good a drubbing as ever he got in his life.' B.'s liveliness and affability. Speaking on the utility of prayer, B. said to Dr. K.: 'Prayer does not consist in the act of kneeling, nor in repeating certain words in a solemn manner. Devotion is the affection of the heart, and this I feel; for when I view the wonders of creation I bow to the majesty of Heaven,

and when I feel the enjoyments of life, health, and happiness, I feel grateful to God for having bestowed them upon me.' Had his sister's pocket-bible with him, and read it continually. The thing that seemed most to strike Byron (merely because it was poetical) was Dr. K.'s idea that Satan's appearance before God in Job must be taken literally. 'Lord B. again expressed how much the belief of the real appearance of Satan to hear and obey the commands of God added to his views of the grandeur and majesty of the Creator.' B. did not attend any more of the meetings before mentioned, and Dr. K. seemed to be glad of it, as the remarks of B. (talking as he would be excited to do for impression and effect) could be of little service to his military hearers. The other conversations were with B. alone. B.'s comparison of the witch-scene in Saul with Goethe's devil (Mephistopheles), his opinion that the former was, taking actors, circumstance, &c., into account, the finest and most finished witch-scene ever written or conceived. Goethe's, one of the finest and most sublime specimens of human conceptions. The anecdote of the man in the papers (which Dr. K. mentioned to him), who one evening brought *Cain* in his hand to a friend, and read some passages of it to him, in which doubts of immortality and of justice upon earth are expressed, and directed his attention to what you had said. Next morning he shot himself. Lord B. looked serious. This seemed to make a great impression on B., and he frequently after recurred to it. 'I do not reject the doctrines of Christianity, I only want sufficient proofs.' A frequent question of his, 'What, then, you think me in a very bad way?' 'But,' answered he, 'I am now in a fairer way. I already believe in predestination, which I know you

believe in, and in the depravity of the human heart in general, and of my own in particular. Thus you see there are two points in which we agree. I shall get at the others by and by, but you cannot expect me to become a perfect Christian at once.' Lady B., he said, was a great person among the Socinians. Had had many disputes with her upon religion, but on comparing all points together, found that her religion was very much the same with his own. Praised Shelley highly. Lord B. on these occasions never let an opportunity for a joke or pun escape, but still nothing in his manner of levity, or a wish to mock at religion. Showed great misgivings and unwillingness about going to Greece. 'After all,' said he, 'it is my own indolence that makes me dislike to move, for though I have been a sort of wanderer on the earth, I have always quitted each place of residence with some regret, from a dislike of trouble and care, I suppose.' Byron had Southwood Smith's book with him, and was much pleased with its opportune [reference] to the 'shocking doctrine,' &c. &c. 'I cannot decide the point,' said his lordship, 'but to my present apprehension it would be a most desirable thing could it be proved that ultimately all created beings were to be happy. This would appear to be most consistent with a God whose power is omnipotent, and whose principal attribute is love. I cannot yield to your doctrine of the eternal duration of punishment; this author's opinion is more humane, and I think he supports it very strongly from Scripture.' The Doctor, of course, all for eternal damnation. Dr. Kennedy sent him the account of Rochester's death. Had great contempt for the Greeks, and looked only to their cause—*nil boni præter causam*. 'I am nearly reconciled to St. Paul, for he says there is no difference between the Jews and the Greeks, and I am exactly of

the same opinion, for the characters of both are equally vile.' Dr. K.'s grave proofs that he had mistaken the meaning of the passage very amusing. The liberal way in which he spoke of Hunt as a man of talents and sincerity, and that he would *not* desert him. 'Do you continue to read your Bible?' 'I do,' he said, 'every day.' 'Do you add prayer to it?' 'No,' he said, 'I am not so far advanced, and, as I said before, you must give me time.'

Hearing of his daughter Ada being ill—her complaint a determination of blood to the head—a complaint, he said, to which he himself was subject. His right eye inflamed while at Cephalonia—imputed it to having read a good deal of late. 'If I said anything disrespectful of Lady B. I am very much to blame. Lady B. deserves every respect from me, and certainly nothing could give me greater pleasure than a reconciliation. (K. had expressed his hope to see this some day or other). His bringing actresses to the house all false. Had sent Hobhouse to her to know the cause of her leaving him, who almost went down on his knees to her. 'I am, and always have been, ready for a reconciliation.'

No more tragedies, having so completely failed in them, as they say.

Left his house at Metaxata on the eve of his departure, and took up his residence at an English gentleman's. On the day he was to embark found him reading *Quentin Durward*. He was, as usual, in good spirits. Left a donation for the school for Greek females at Cephalonia. Dr. K.'s anger at the motto of the Greek Telegraph.

From the time of his arrival till his death was the happiest and brightest (Dr. K. says) of his life. He was not writing any poem, nor engaged in any vice.

He was kindly received, and had a prospect of glory before him. He had expected not to be so well received. It was while living on board the brig he made his trip to Ithaca. Had some idea of going to Constantinople to release some Greek captives. As to the danger, the worst they could do was to put him in the Seven Towers.

‘You must have been highly gratified,’ said a Scottish gentleman who accompanied him from Ithaca, ‘by the classical remembrances,’ &c. &c. ‘You quite mistake me,’ said Lord B., ‘I have no poetical humbug about me. I am too old for that. Ideas of that sort are confined to rhyme.’

‘Take care,’ said a gentleman who was riding with him, when they came to a difficult pass of the road, ‘take care, lest you fall and break your neck.’ ‘I should not like that,’ said his Lordship, ‘but should this leg of mine be broken, of which I have not much use, I should not mind, and perhaps I might get a better.’

The woman who washed for him (at Cephalonia), a soldier’s widow, had a smart, genteel-looking girl, her daughter, about fifteen, whom she occasionally sent to his lordship’s house with the linen. Lord B. noticed this, and wrote to Wm. H. of the regiment, and requested he would tell her mother not to send her daughter any more. ‘You know,’ he said, ‘what a parcel of rascals my household is composed of, and I should not like the poor girl to get any injury. And don’t fail,’ he added, ‘to let Dr. K. know this good action of mine.’

Said that he came out to the islands prejudiced against Sir T. Maitland’s government of the Greeks. ‘But I have now changed my opinion. They are such barbarians that, if I had the government of them,

I would pave these very roads with them.' With the officers who went out to him he used to jest, laugh, smoke, and drink brandy-and-water and porter with the best of them.

Had generally, he said, a sullen and ill-natured fit every evening at eight o'clock; used then to scold the servants, &c., till the fit was passed.

Wrote letters from Nelasah to the Greek Government, warning them of the consequence of dissension, &c. &c. Tribute to his strong and sound political views by Count Delladicemo—nothing fanciful, &c. &c., but all correct and enlightened. His comfortless residence at Missolonghi—the household always in confusion—servants in different uniforms, just whatever they liked, some very grotesque.

He said that when he and Hobhouse were together in Albania, Hobhouse laid hold of a great quantity of manuscript paper, which had fallen out of his portmanteau, and asked what it was. On being told that it was an account of B.'s early life and opinions, he persuaded him to burn it, 'For,' said he, 'if any sudden accident occur they will print it, and thus injure your memory.' 'The loss,' he said, 'is irreparable.'

In hearing the different causes alleged for his separation, he seemed amused at the falsehood and absurdity of them. When he had heard all he said, 'The causes were too simple to be soon found out.'

He used to say Trelawney was an excellent fellow till his *Lara* and *Corsair* spoiled him by his attempting to imitate them.

Byron (Fletcher says in a letter to Dr. K.) used while at Nivier, near Venice, to dismount from his horse when a procession was passing and fall on his knees till it passed, and once gave a severe reproof to his groom for not doing the same.

Fondness for alliteration. In fifth edition altering

For well had Conrad learn'd to awe the crowd,
changed to '*curb* the crowd.'

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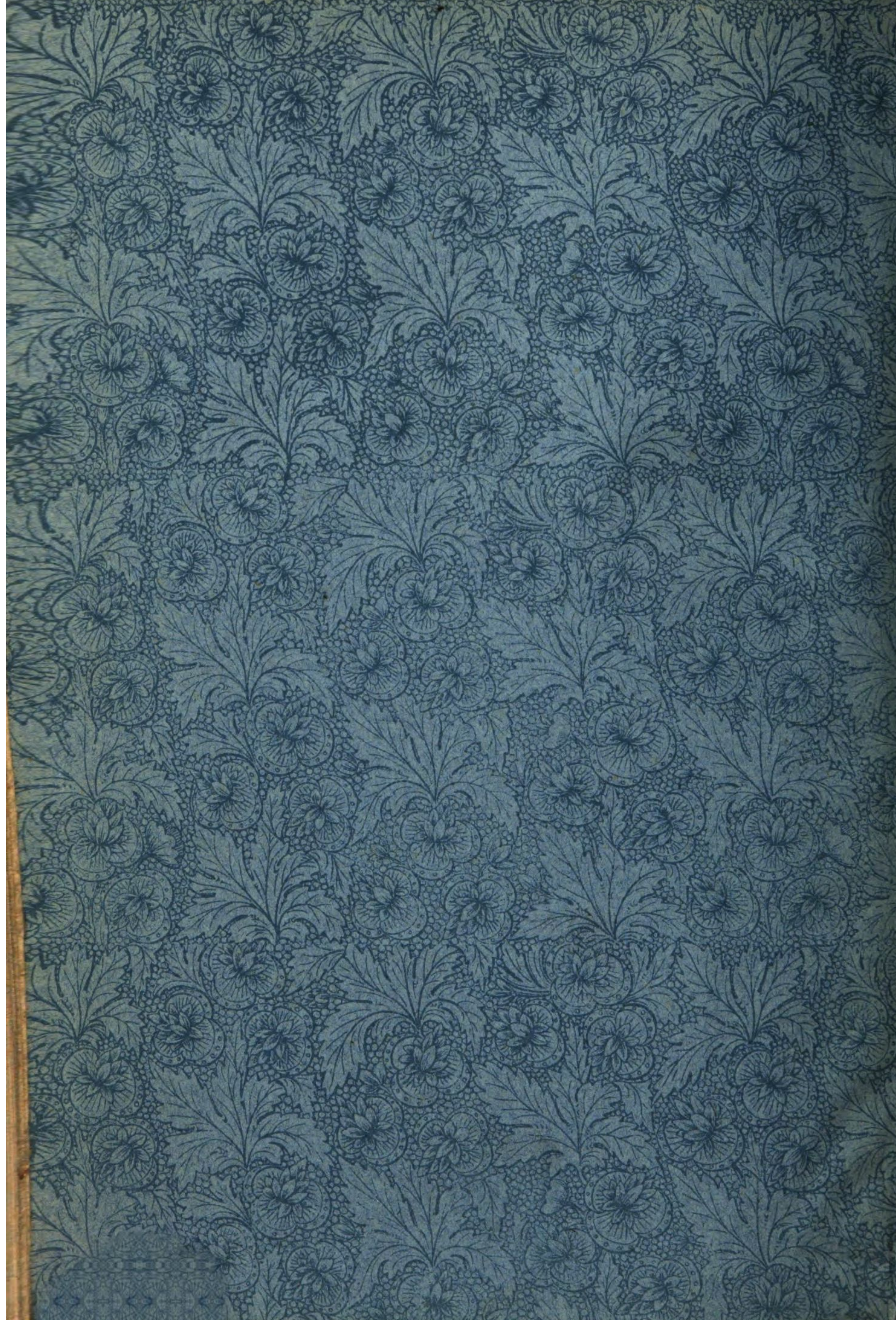
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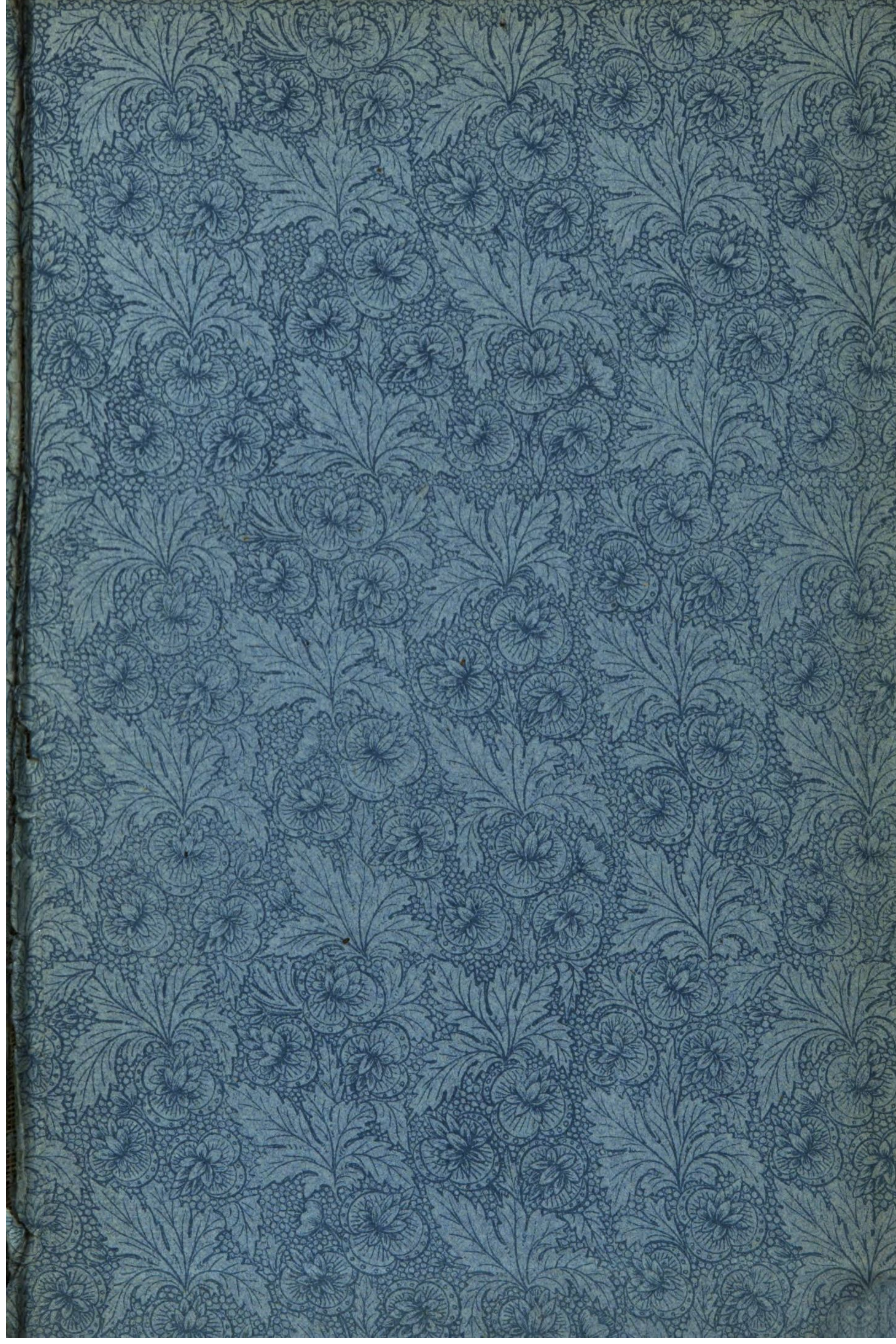
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